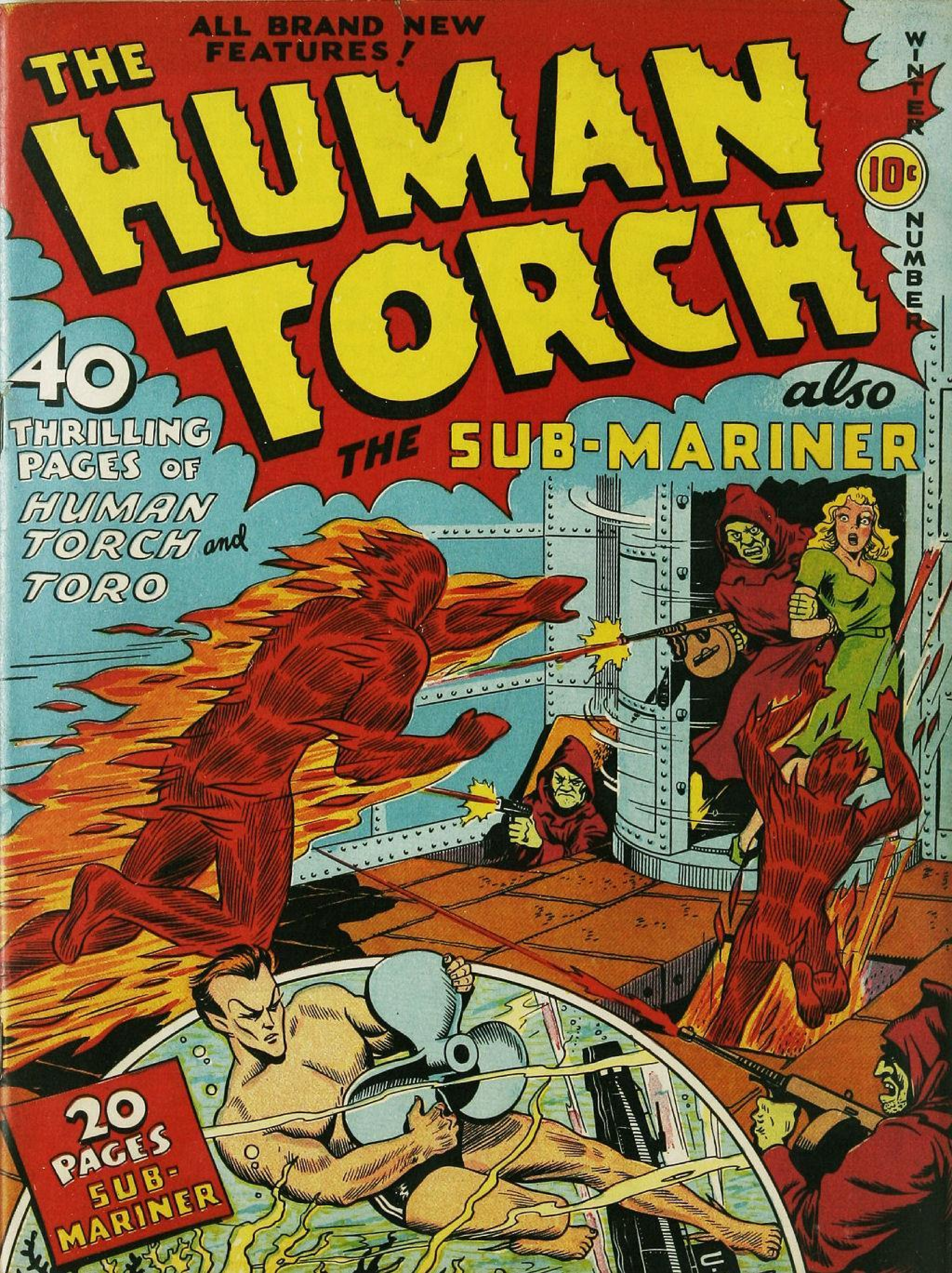
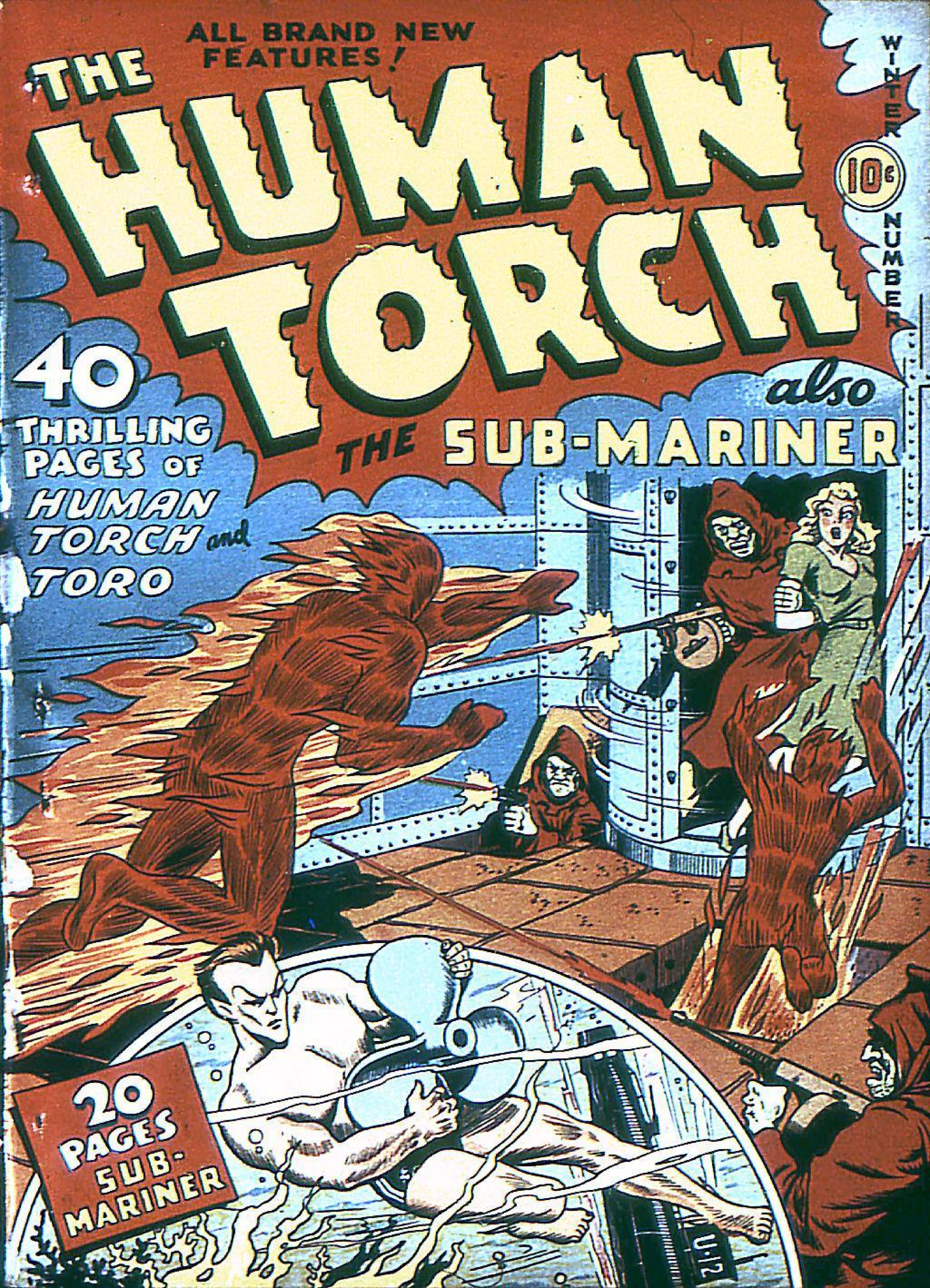

ALL BRAND NEW FEATURES!
THE HUMAN TORCH
WINTER NUMBER
10¢
40 THRILLING PAGES OF HUMAN TORCH and TORO
also THE SUB-MARINER
20 PAGES SUB-MARINER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40 THRILLING PAGES OF HUMAN TORCH and TORO
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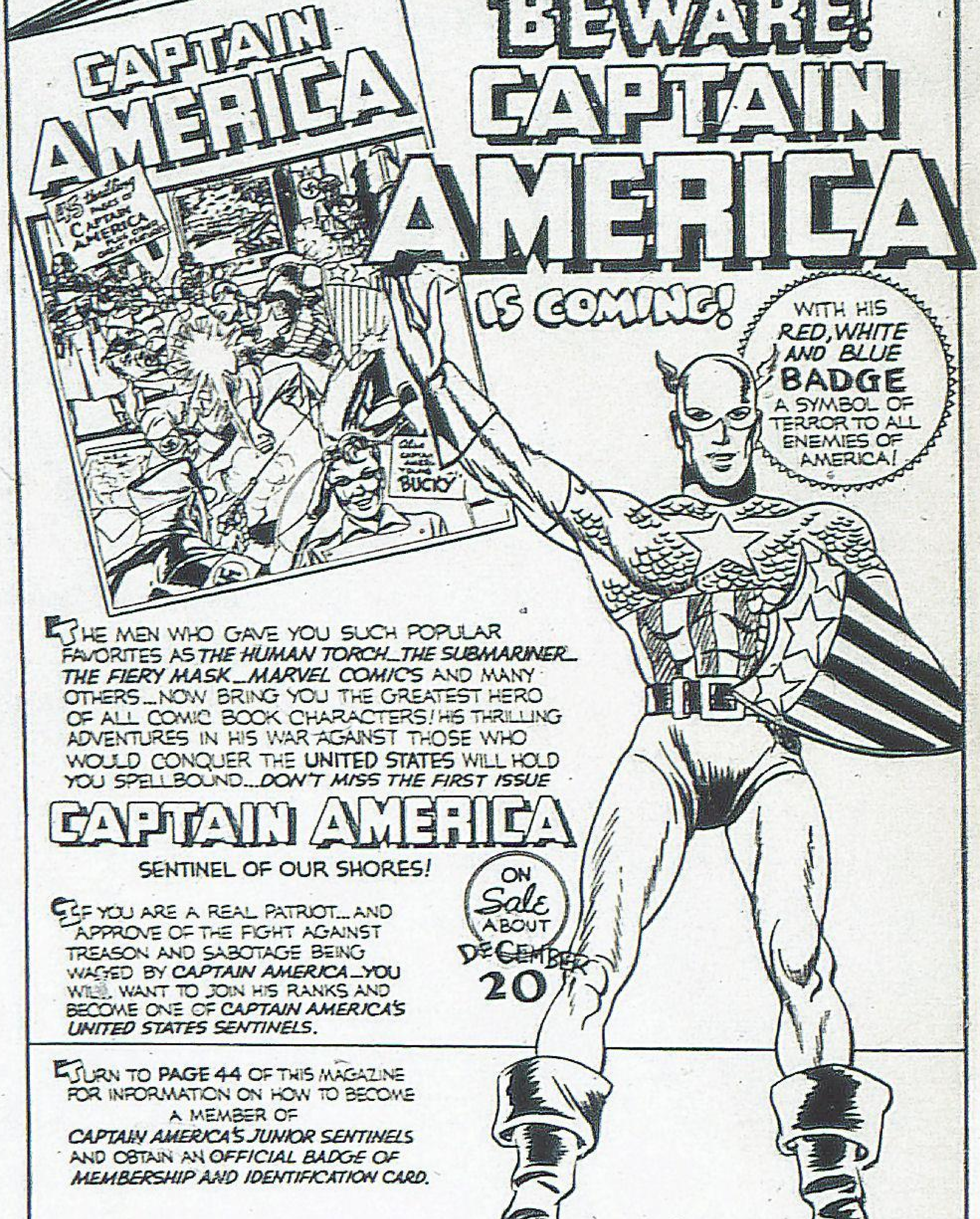
U-12

--TRAITORS TO THE U.S.A.--

BEWARE! CAPTAIN AMERICA IS COMING!



WITH HIS *RED, WHITE AND BLUE* **BADGE** A SYMBOL OF TERROR TO ALL ENEMIES OF AMERICA!

THE MEN WHO GAVE YOU SUCH POPULAR FAVORITES AS *THE HUMAN TORCH*...*THE SUBMARINER*... *THE FIERY MASK*...*MARVEL COMICS* AND MANY OTHERS...NOW BRING YOU THE GREATEST HERO OF ALL COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS! HIS THRILLING ADVENTURES IN HIS WAR AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD CONQUER THE **UNITED STATES** WILL HOLD YOU SPELLBOUND...*DON'T MISS THE FIRST ISSUE*

CAPTAIN AMERICA

SENTINEL OF OUR SHORES!

ON *Sale* ABOUT DECEMBER 20

IF YOU ARE A REAL PATRIOT...AND APPROVE OF THE FIGHT AGAINST TREASON AND SABOTAGE BEING WAGED BY *CAPTAIN AMERICA*...YOU WILL WANT TO JOIN HIS RANKS AND BECOME ONE OF *CAPTAIN AMERICA'S UNITED STATES SENTINELS.*

TURN TO **PAGE 44** OF THIS MAGAZINE FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF *CAPTAIN AMERICA'S JUNIOR SENTINELS* AND OBTAIN AN *OFFICIAL BADGE OF MEMBERSHIP AND IDENTIFICATION CARD.*

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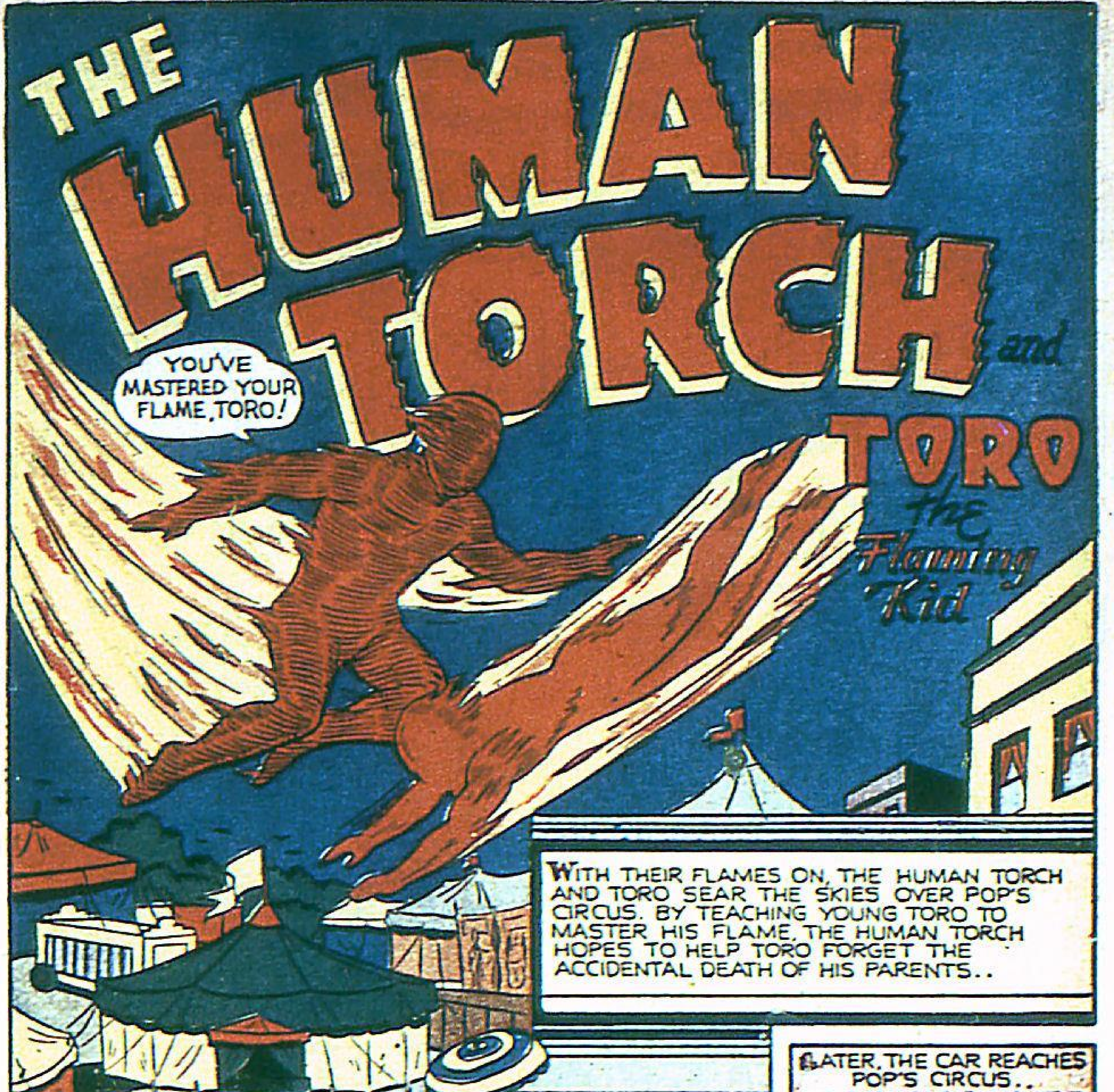
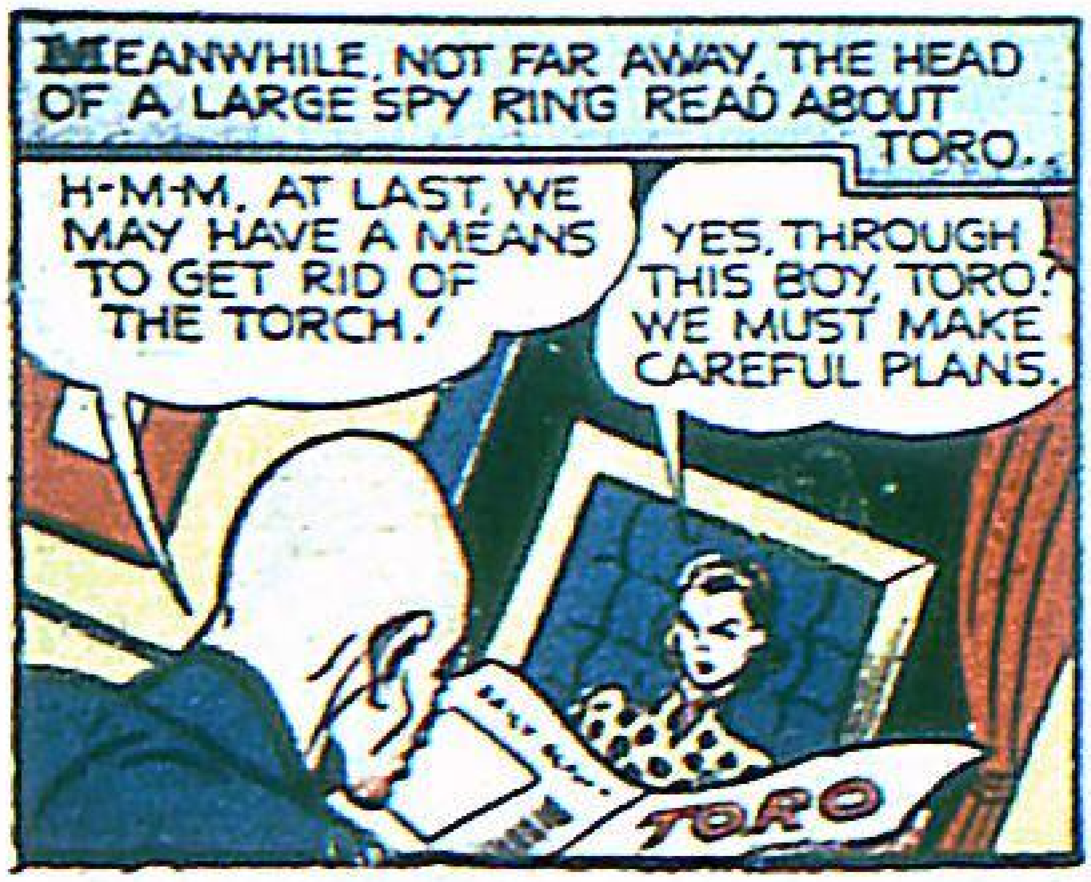
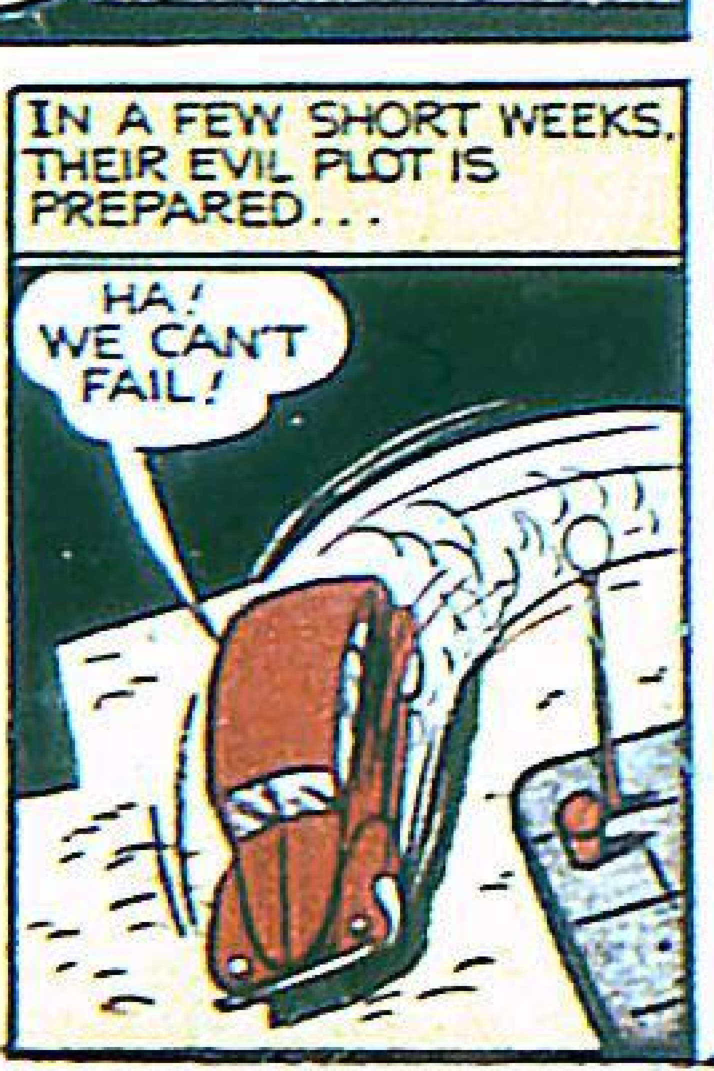
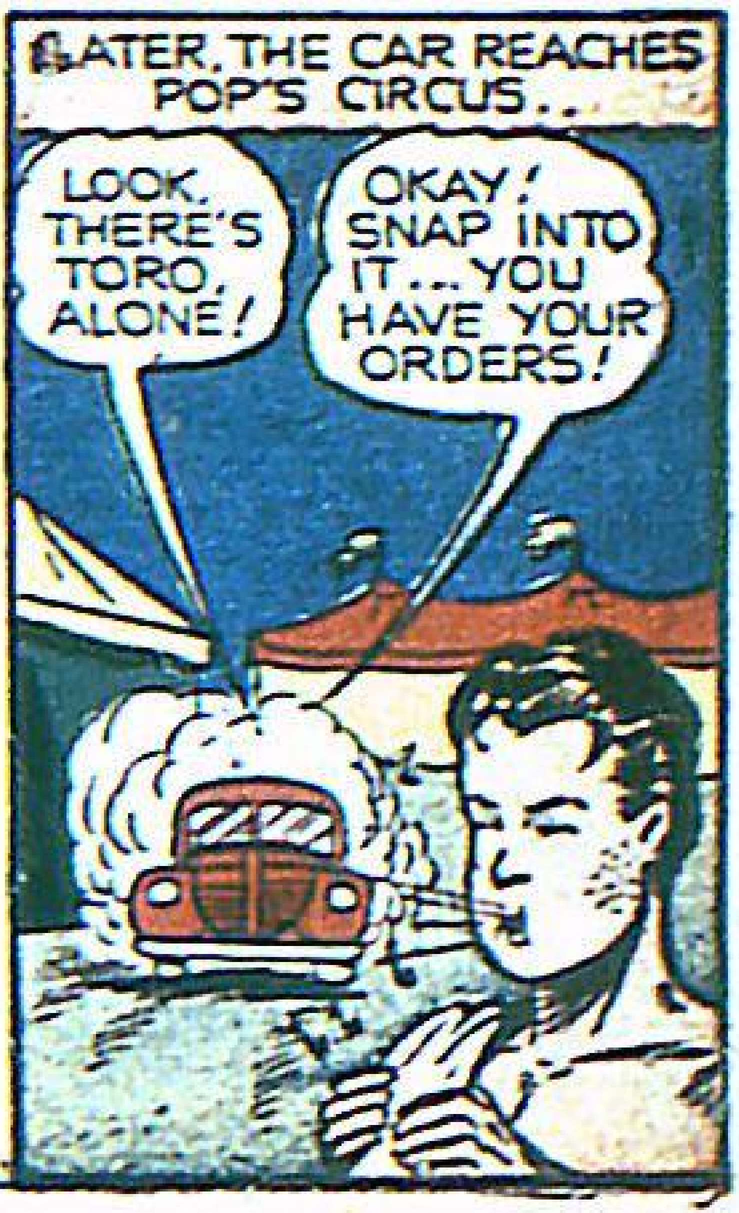
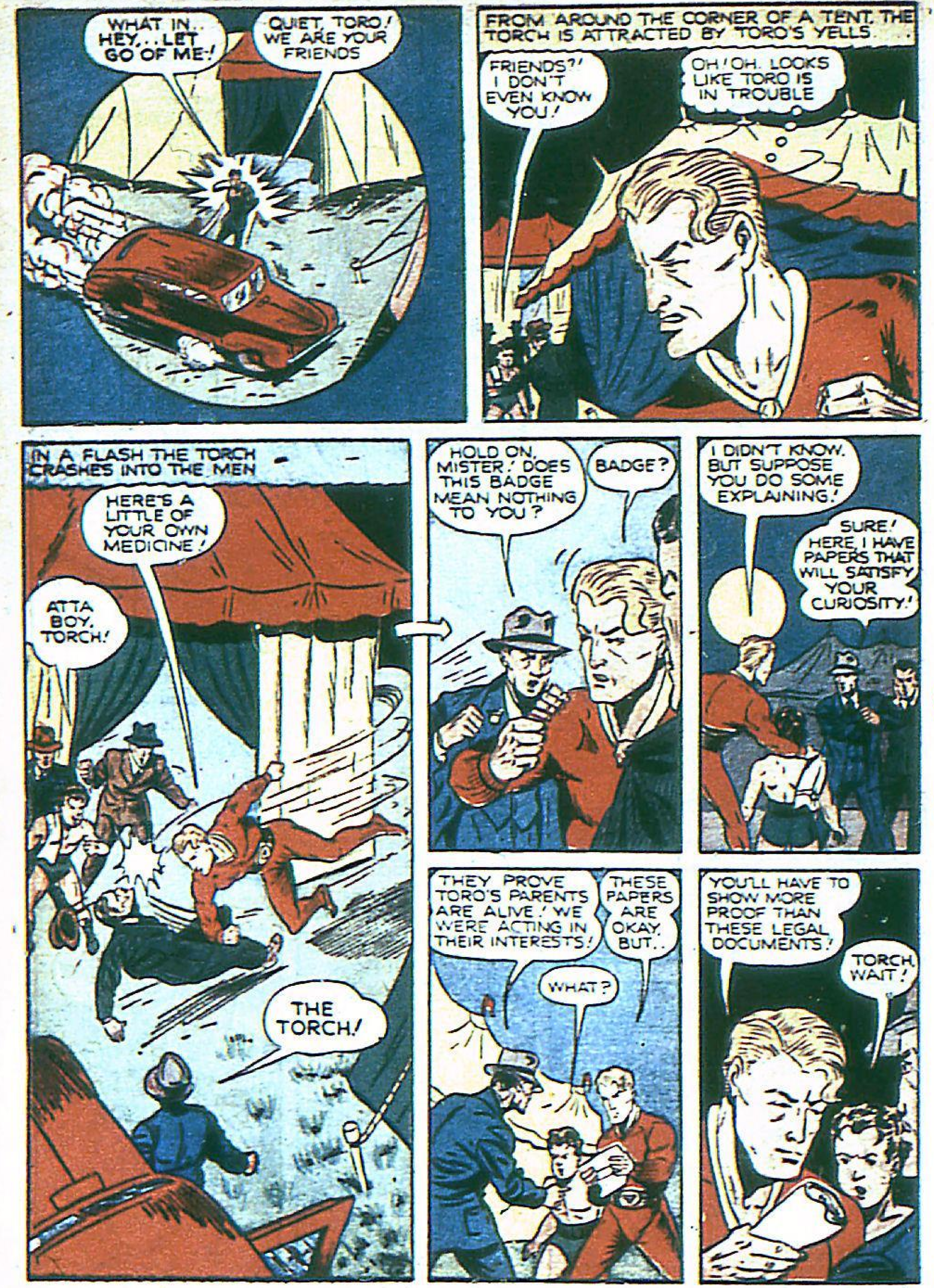
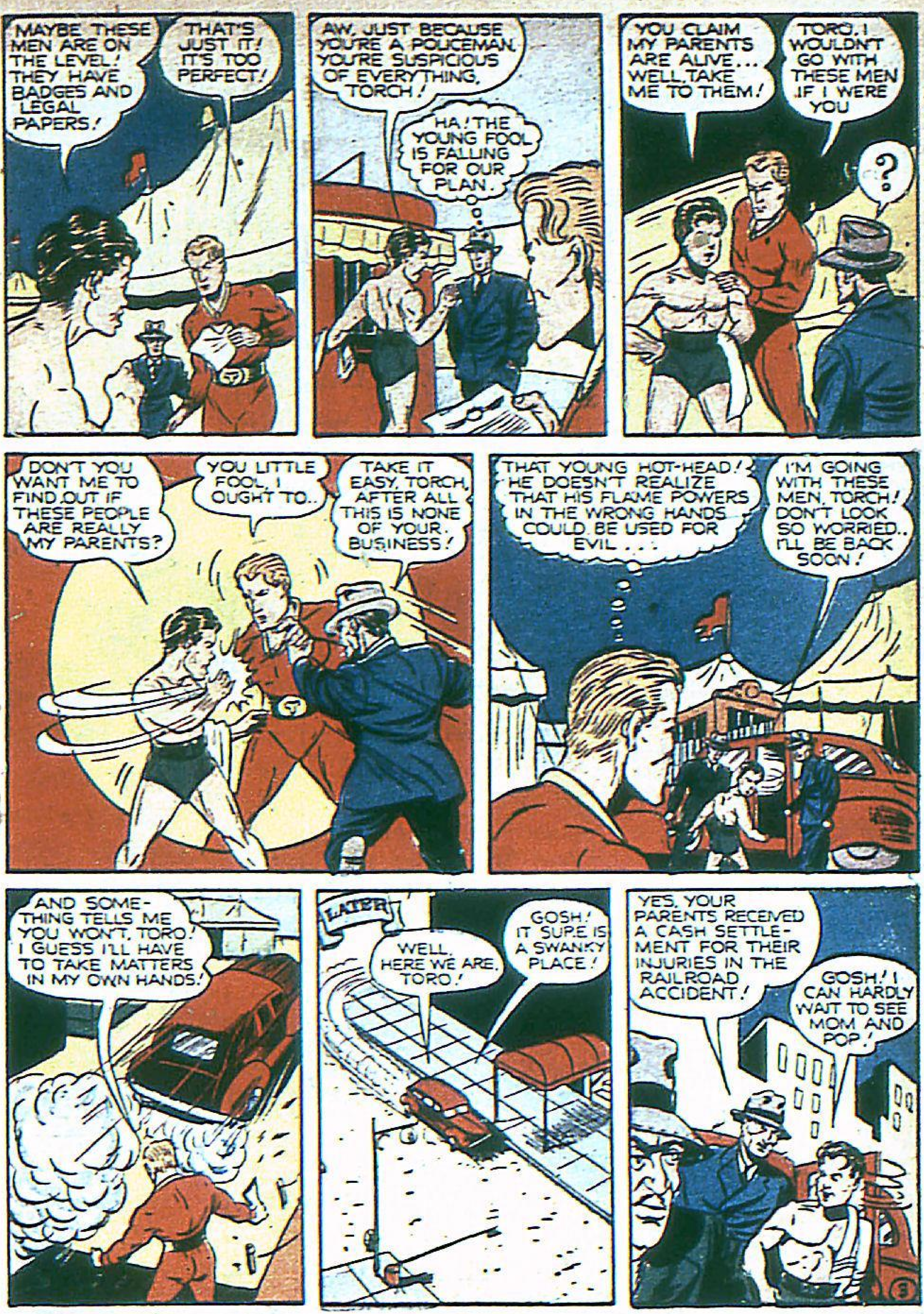

THE HUMAN TORCH and TORO the Flaming Kid
YOU'VE MASTERED YOUR FLAME, TORO!
WITH THEIR FLAMES ON, THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO SEAR THE SKIES OVER POP'S CIRCUS. BY TEACHING YOUNG TORO TO MASTER HIS FLAME, THE HUMAN TORCH HOPES TO HELP TORO FORGET THE ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF HIS PARENTS..

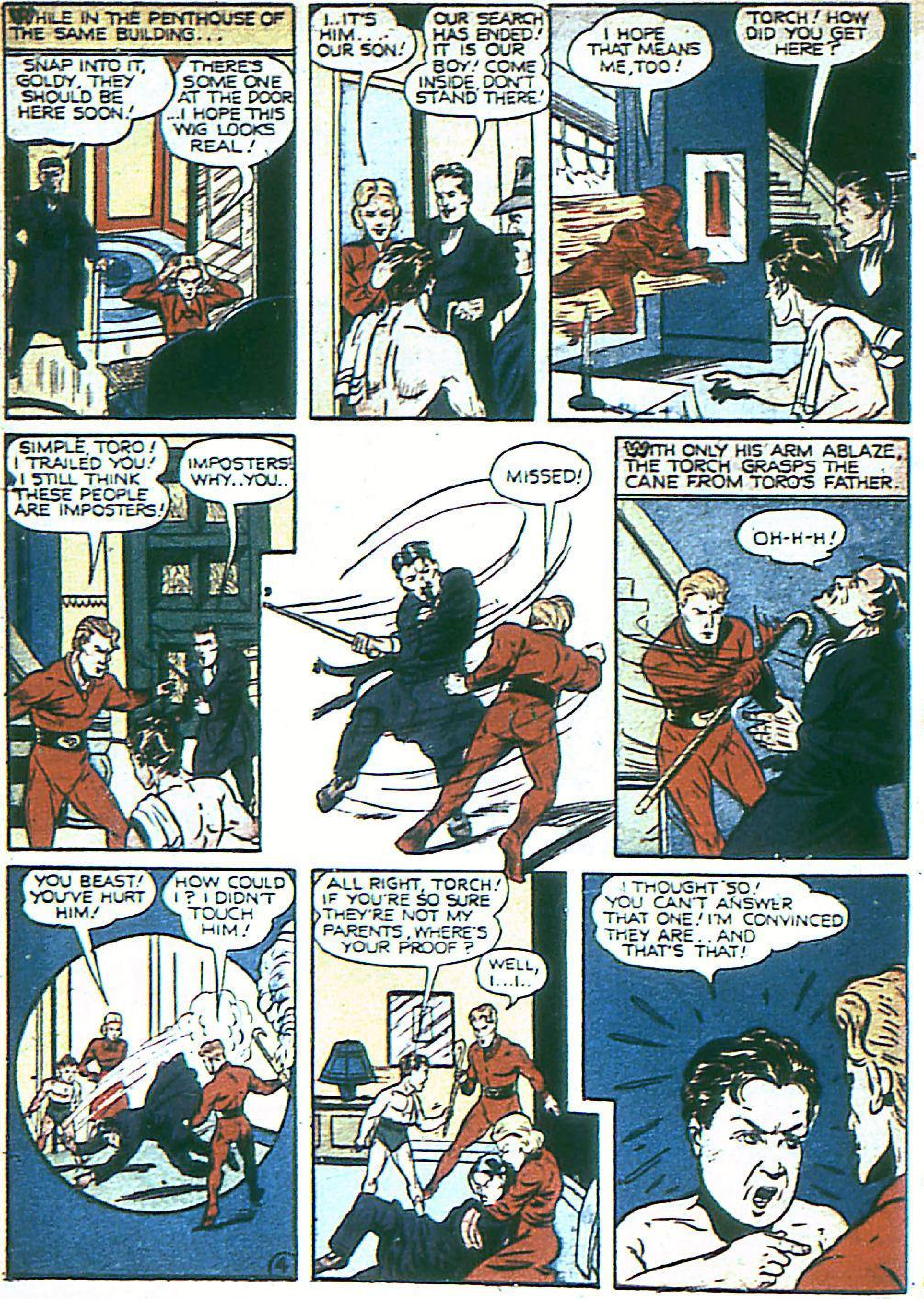

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, THE HEAD OF A LARGE SPY RING READ ABOUT TORO..
H-M-M, AT LAST, WE MAY HAVE A MEANS TO GET RID OF THE TORCH!
YES, THROUGH THIS BOY, TORO! WE MUST MAKE CAREFUL PLANS.
TORO

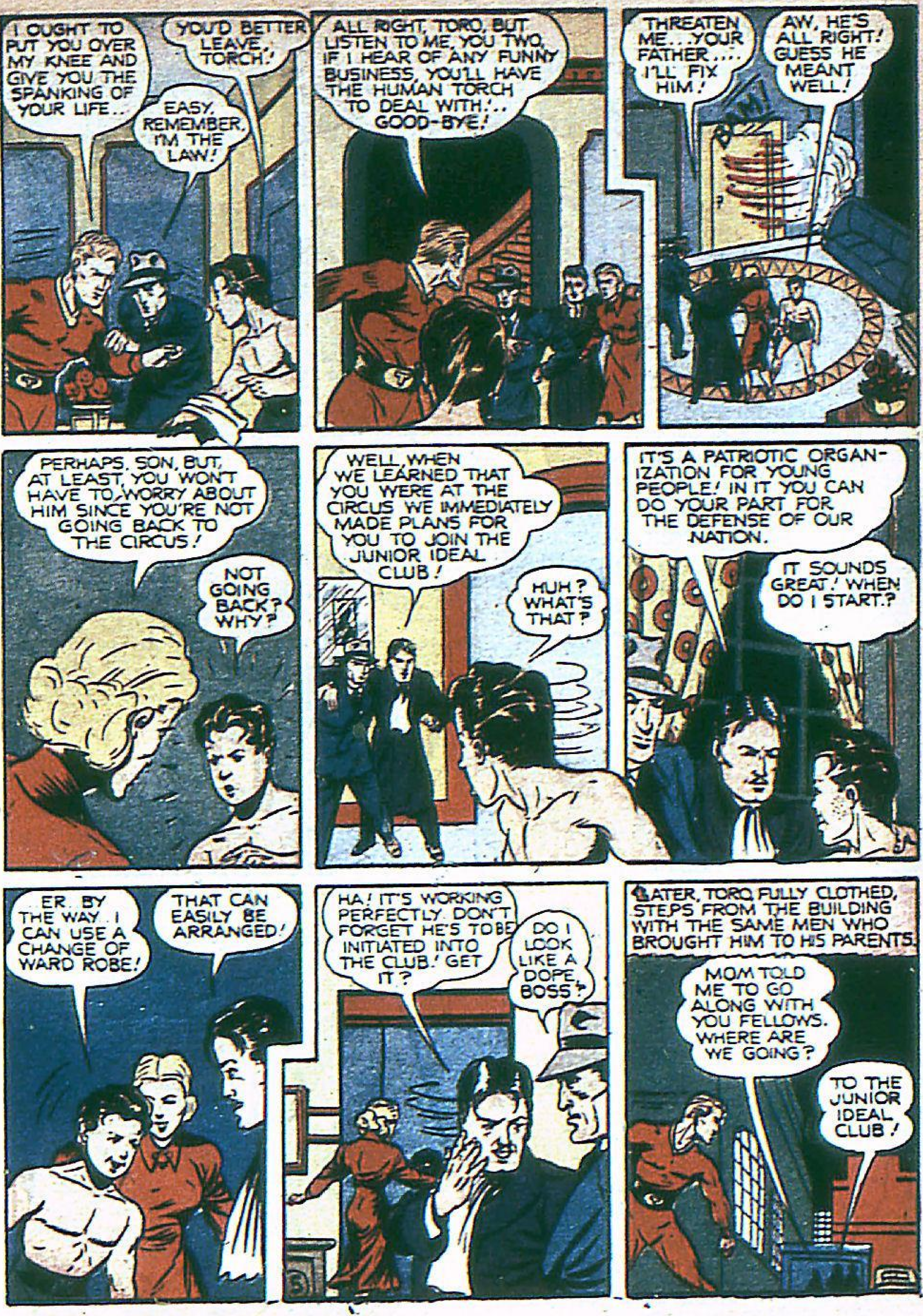

IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS, THEIR EVIL PLOT IS PREPARED...
HA! WE CAN'T FAIL!

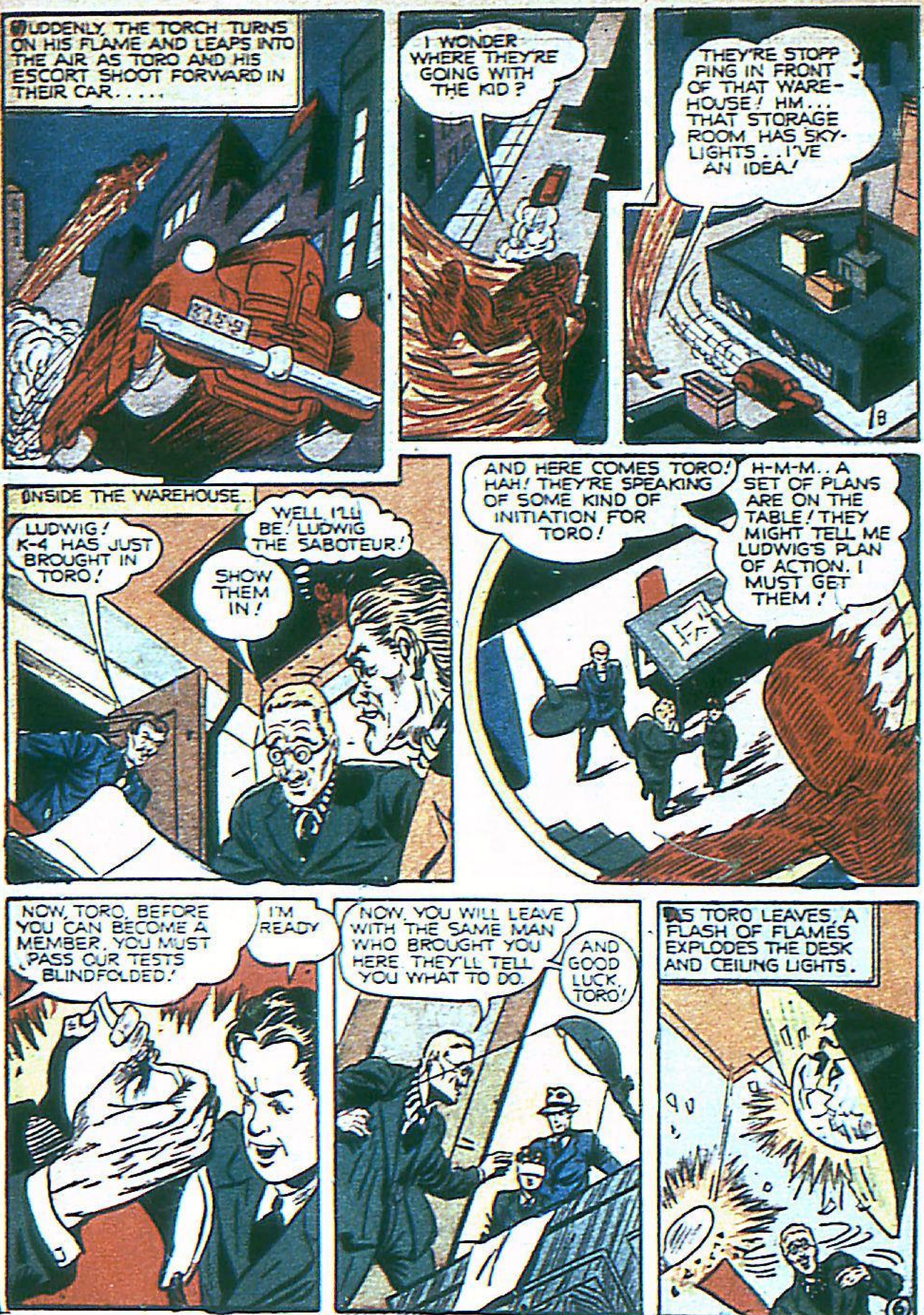

LATER, THE CAR REACHES POP'S CIRCUS..
LOOK, THERE'S TORO, ALONE!
OKAY! SNAP INTO IT... YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS!

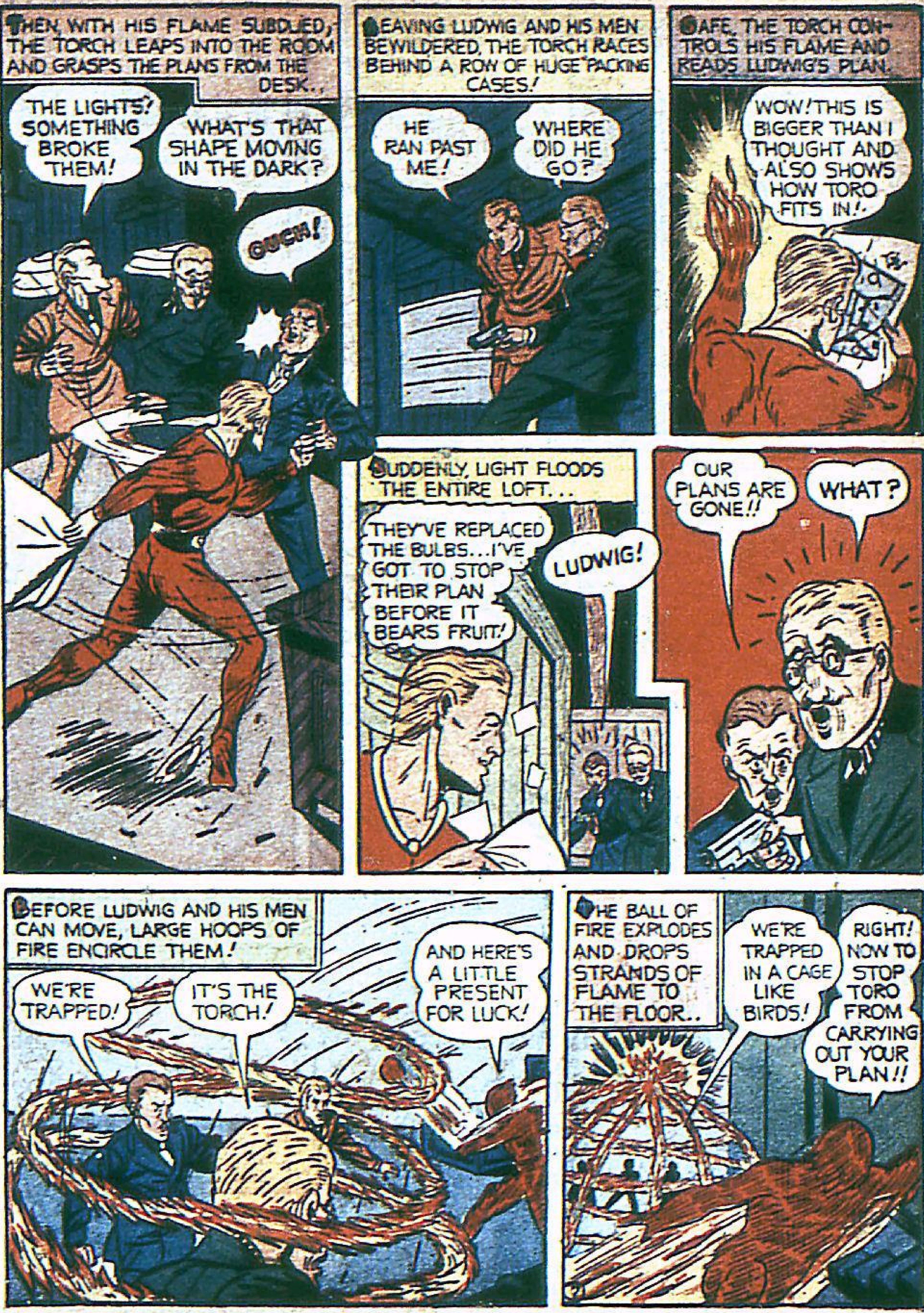

WHAT IN.. HEY,..LET GO OF ME!
QUIET, TORO! WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS
FROM AROUND THE CORNER OF A TENT, THE TORCH IS ATTRACTED BY TORO'S YELLS . . .
FRIENDS?! I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU!
OH! OH. LOOKS LIKE TORO IS IN TROUBLE
IN A FLASH THE TORCH CRASHES INTO THE MEN
HERE'S A LITTLE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!
ATTA BOY, TORCH!
THE TORCH!
HOLD ON, MISTER! DOES THIS BADGE MEAN NOTHING TO YOU?
BADGE?
I DIDN'T KNOW. BUT SUPPOSE YOU DO SOME EXPLAINING!
SURE! HERE, I HAVE PAPERS THAT WILL SATISFY YOUR CURIOSITY!
THEY PROVE TORO'S PARENTS ARE ALIVE! WE WERE ACTING IN THEIR INTERESTS!
THESE PAPERS ARE OKAY, BUT..
WHAT?
YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOW MORE PROOF THAN THESE LEGAL DOCUMENTS!
TORCH, WAIT!

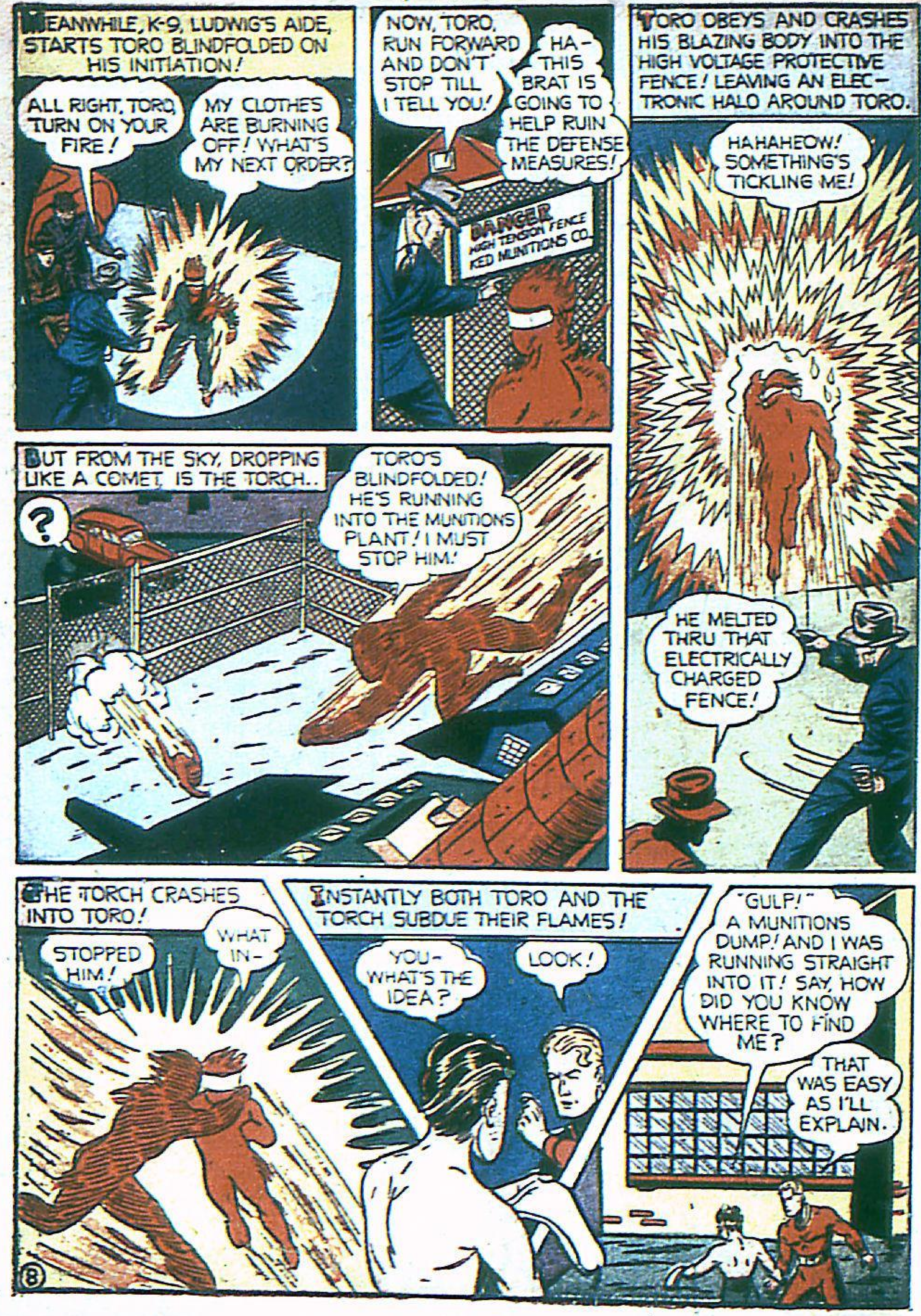

MAYBE THESE MEN ARE ON THE LEVEL! THEY HAVE BADGES AND LEGAL PAPERS!
THAT'S JUST IT! IT'S TOO PERFECT!
AW, JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A POLICEMAN, YOU'RE SUSPICIOUS OF EVERYTHING, TORCH!
HA! THE YOUNG FOOL IS FALLING FOR OUR PLAN.
YOU CLAIM MY PARENTS ARE ALIVE... WELL, TAKE ME TO THEM!
TORO, I WOULDN'T GO WITH THESE MEN IF I WERE YOU
?
DON'T YOU WANT ME TO FIND OUT IF THESE PEOPLE ARE REALLY MY PARENTS?
YOU LITTLE FOOL, I OUGHT TO..
TAKE IT EASY, TORCH, AFTER ALL THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!
THAT YOUNG HOT-HEAD! HE DOESN'T REALIZE THAT HIS FLAME POWERS IN THE WRONG HANDS COULD BE USED FOR EVIL...
I'M GOING WITH THESE MEN, TORCH! DON'T LOOK SO WORRIED.. I'LL BE BACK SOON!
AND SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU WON'T, TORO! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS IN MY OWN HANDS!
LATER
WELL, HERE WE ARE, TORO!
GOSH! IT SURE IS A SWANKY PLACE!
YES, YOUR PARENTS RECEIVED A CASH SETTLEMENT FOR THEIR INJURIES IN THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT!
GOSH! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE MOM AND POP!
3

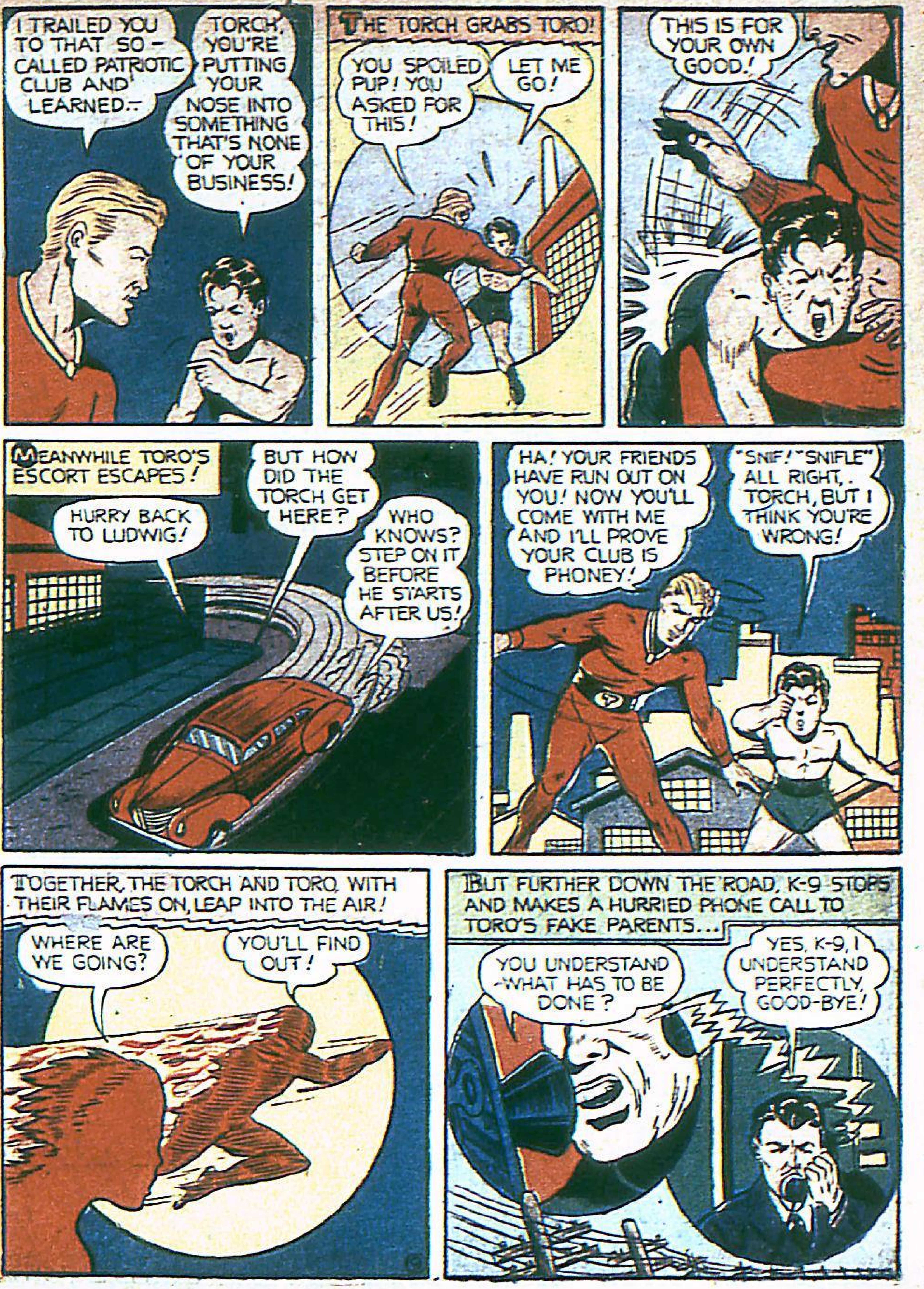

WHILE IN THE PENTHOUSE OF THE SAME BUILDING...
SNAP INTO IT, GOLDY, THEY SHOULD BE HERE SOON!
THERE'S SOME ONE AT THE DOOR ...I HOPE THIS WIG LOOKS REAL!
I..IT'S HIM.... OUR SON!
OUR SEARCH HAS ENDED! IT IS OUR BOY! COME INSIDE, DON'T STAND THERE!
I HOPE THAT MEANS ME, TOO!
TORCH! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
SIMPLE, TORO! I TRAILED YOU! I STILL THINK THESE PEOPLE ARE IMPOSTERS!
IMPOSTERS! WHY..YOU..
MISSED!
WITH ONLY HIS ARM ABLAZE, THE TORCH GRASPS THE CANE FROM TORO'S FATHER.
OH-H-H!
YOU BEAST! YOU'VE HURT HIM!
HOW COULD I? I DIDN'T TOUCH HIM!
ALL RIGHT, TORCH! IF YOU'RE SO SURE THEY'RE NOT MY PARENTS, WHERE'S YOUR PROOF?
WELL, I...I..
4
I THOUGHT SO! YOU CAN'T ANSWER THAT ONE! I'M CONVINCED THEY ARE.. AND THAT'S THAT!

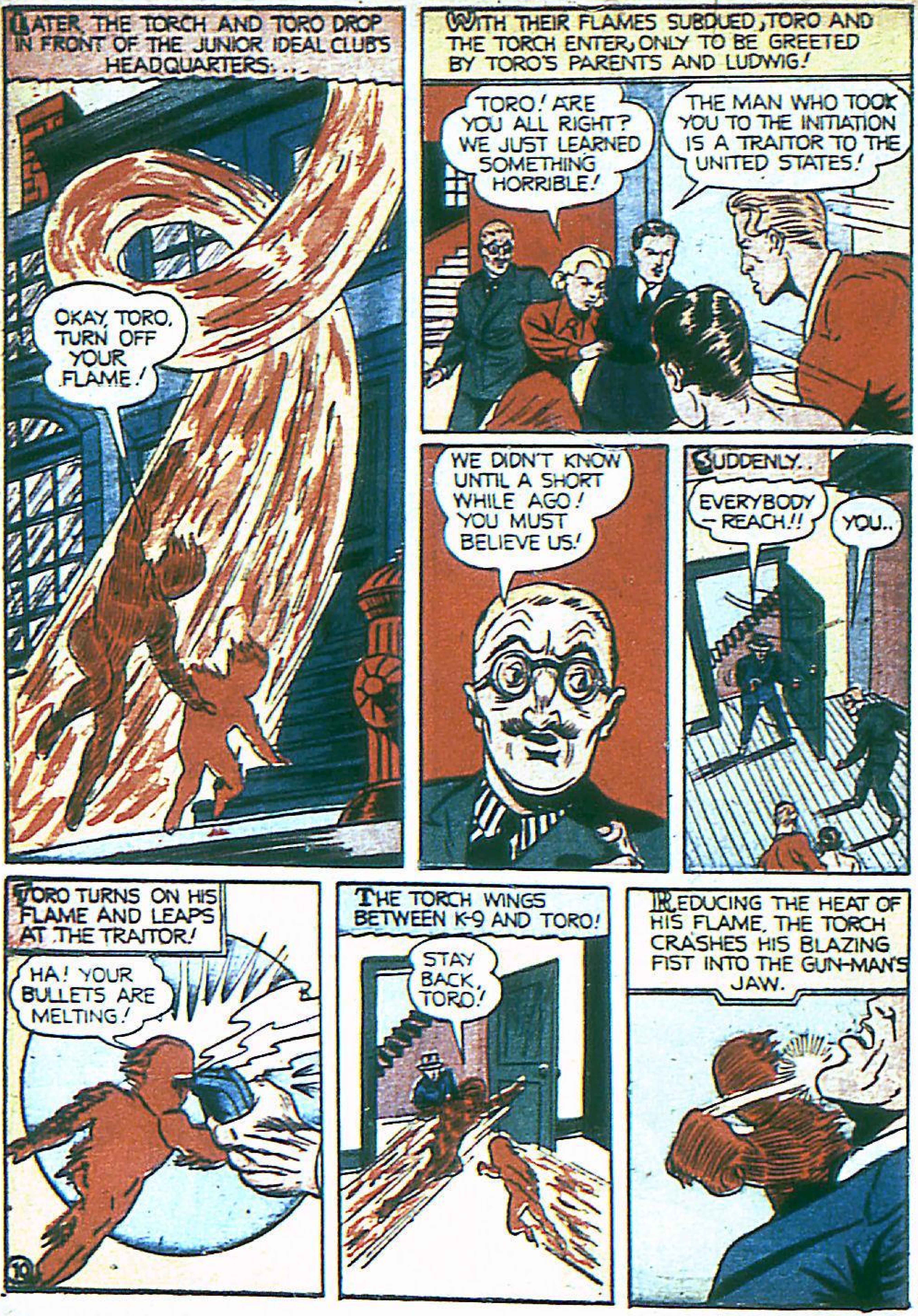

I OUGHT TO PUT YOU OVER MY KNEE AND GIVE YOU THE SPANKING OF YOUR LIFE...
YOU'D BETTER LEAVE, TORCH!
EASY, REMEMBER, I'M THE LAW!
ALL RIGHT, TORO, BUT LISTEN TO ME, YOU TWO, IF I HEAR OF ANY FUNNY BUSINESS, YOU'LL HAVE THE HUMAN TORCH TO DEAL WITH!.. GOOD-BYE!
THREATEN ME... YOUR FATHER.... I'LL FIX HIM!
AW, HE'S ALL RIGHT! GUESS HE MEANT WELL!
BAM!
PERHAPS, SON, BUT, AT LEAST, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM SINCE YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK TO THE CIRCUS!
NOT GOING BACK? WHY?
WELL, WHEN WE LEARNED THAT YOU WERE AT THE CIRCUS WE IMMEDIATELY MADE PLANS FOR YOU TO JOIN THE JUNIOR IDEAL CLUB!
HUH? WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S A PATRIOTIC ORGANIZATION FOR YOUNG PEOPLE! IN IT YOU CAN DO YOUR PART FOR THE DEFENSE OF OUR NATION.
IT SOUNDS GREAT! WHEN DO I START?
ER, BY THE WAY, I CAN USE A CHANGE OF WARD ROBE!
THAT CAN EASILY BE ARRANGED!
HA! IT'S WORKING PERFECTLY. DON'T FORGET HE'S TO BE INITIATED INTO THE CLUB! GET IT?
DO I LOOK LIKE A DOPE, BOSS?
LATER, TORO, FULLY CLOTHED, STEPS FROM THE BUILDING WITH THE SAME MEN WHO BROUGHT HIM TO HIS PARENTS.
MOM TOLD ME TO GO ALONG WITH YOU FELLOWS. WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO THE JUNIOR IDEAL CLUB!

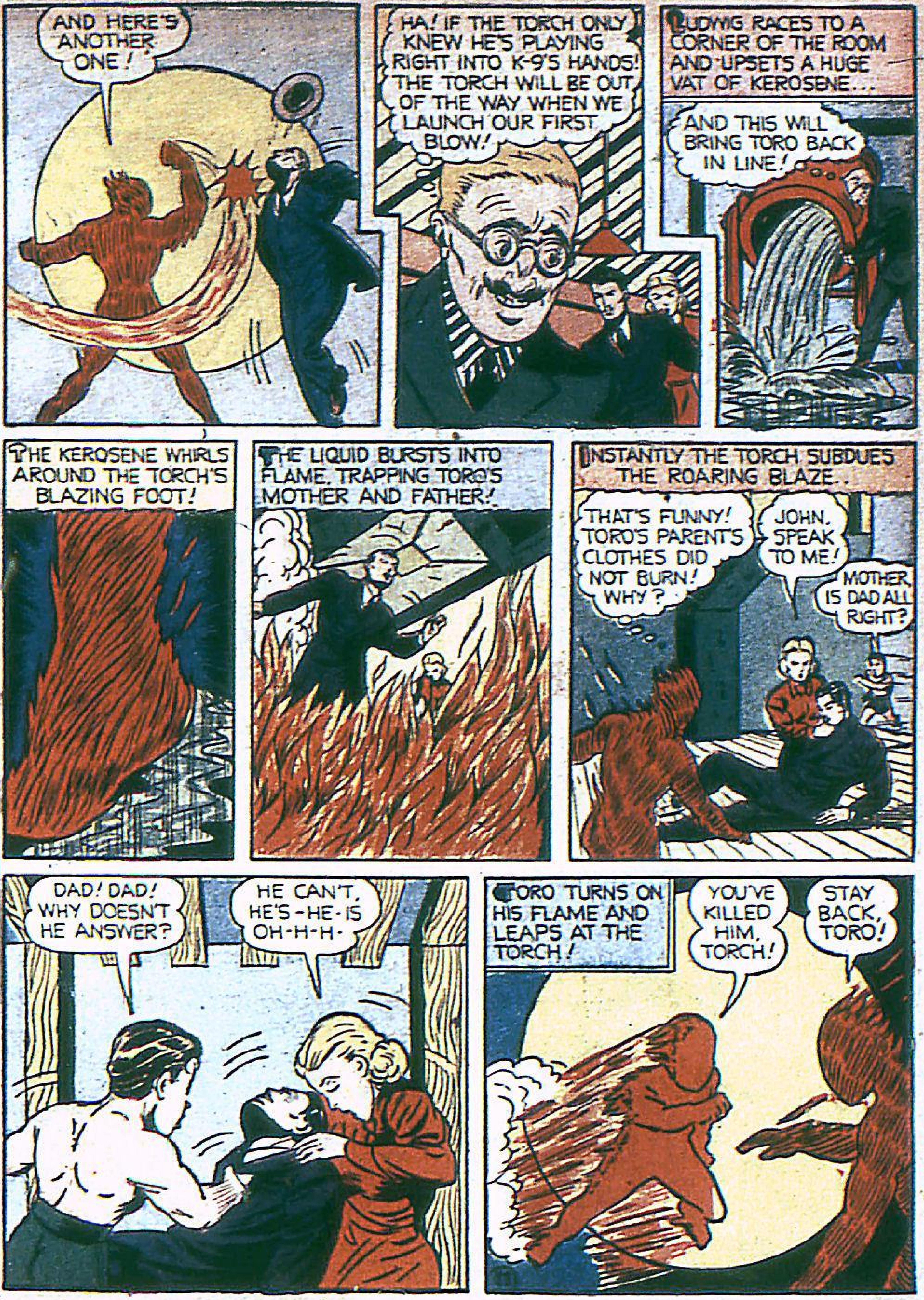

SUDDENLY, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND LEAPS INTO THE AIR AS TORO AND HIS ESCORT SHOOT FORWARD IN THEIR CAR. . . . .
I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE GOING WITH THE KID?
THEY'RE STOPPING IN FRONT OF THAT WAREHOUSE! HM... THAT STORAGE ROOM HAS SKYLIGHTS . . I'VE AN IDEA!
B
INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE.
LUDWIG! K-4 HAS JUST BROUGHT IN TORO!
WELL, I'LL BE! LUDWIG THE SABOTEUR!
SHOW THEM IN!
AND HERE COMES TORO! HAH! THEY'RE SPEAKING OF SOME KIND OF INITIATION FOR TORO!
H-M-M.. A SET OF PLANS ARE ON THE TABLE! THEY MIGHT TELL ME LUDWIG'S PLAN OF ACTION. I MUST GET THEM!
NOW, TORO, BEFORE YOU CAN BECOME A MEMBER, YOU MUST PASS OUR TESTS BLINDFOLDED!
I'M READY
NOW, YOU WILL LEAVE WITH THE SAME MAN WHO BROUGHT YOU HERE. THEY'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO.
AND GOOD LUCK, TORO!
AS TORO LEAVES, A FLASH OF FLAMES EXPLODES THE DESK AND CEILING LIGHTS.

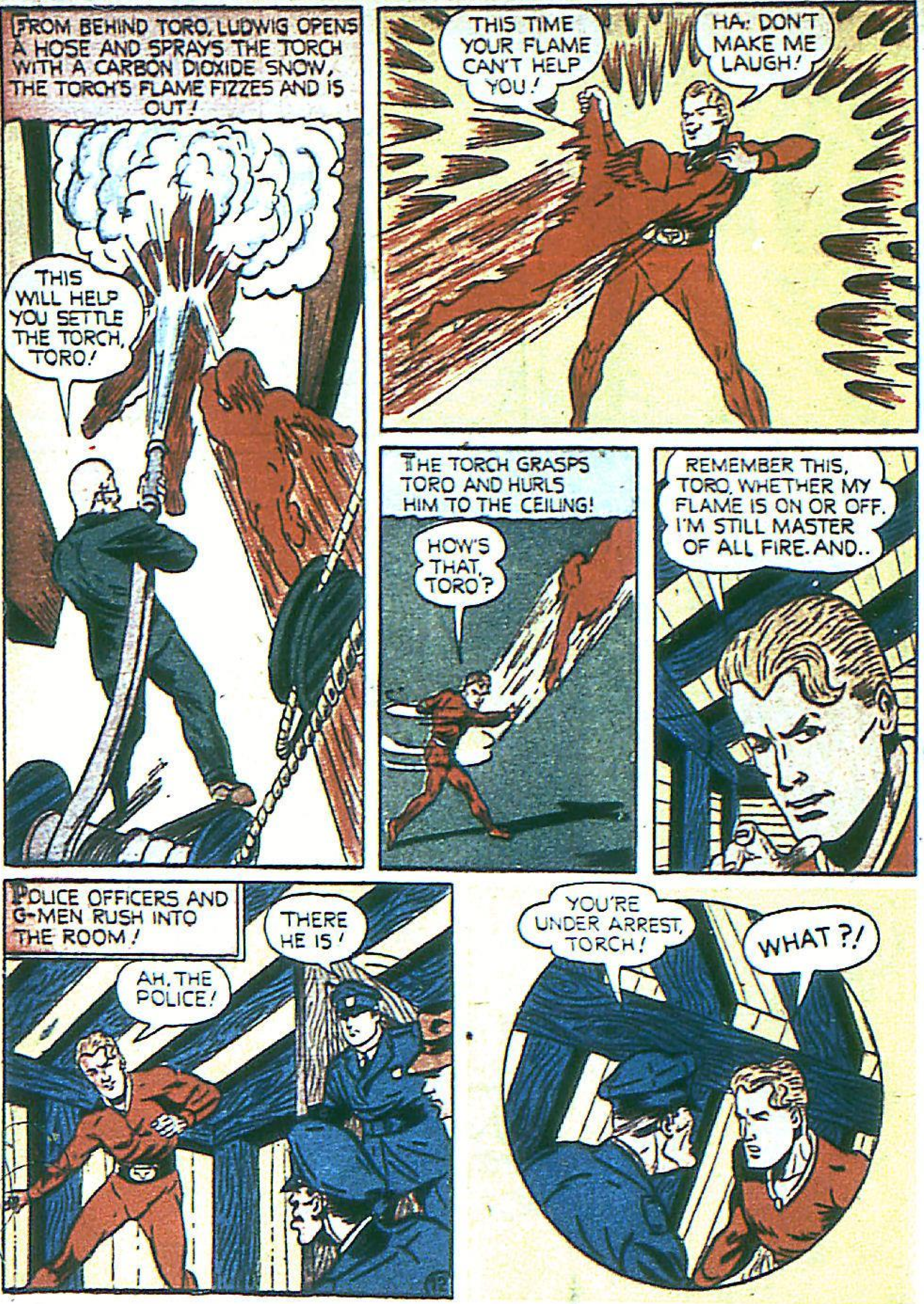

THEN, WITH HIS FLAME SUBDUED, THE TORCH LEAPS INTO THE ROOM AND GRASPS THE PLANS FROM THE DESK..
THE LIGHTS? SOMETHING BROKE THEM!
WHAT'S THAT SHAPE MOVING IN THE DARK?
OUCH!
LEAVING LUDWIG AND HIS MEN BEWILDERED, THE TORCH RACES BEHIND A ROW OF HUGE PACKING CASES!
HE RAN PAST ME!
WHERE DID HE GO?
SAFE, THE TORCH CONTROLS HIS FLAME AND READS LUDWIG'S PLAN.
WOW! THIS IS BIGGER THAN I THOUGHT AND ALSO SHOWS HOW TORO FITS IN!.
SUDDENLY, LIGHT FLOODS THE ENTIRE LOFT...
THEY'VE REPLACED THE BULBS...I'VE GOT TO STOP THEIR PLAN BEFORE IT BEARS FRUIT!
LUDWIG!
OUR PLANS ARE GONE!!
WHAT?
BEFORE LUDWIG AND HIS MEN CAN MOVE, LARGE HOOPS OF FIRE ENCIRCLE THEM!
WE'RE TRAPPED!
IT'S THE TORCH!
AND HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT FOR LUCK!
THE BALL OF FIRE EXPLODES AND DROPS STRANDS OF FLAME TO THE FLOOR..
WE'RE TRAPPED IN A CAGE LIKE BIRDS!
RIGHT! NOW TO STOP TORO FROM CARRYING OUT YOUR PLAN!!

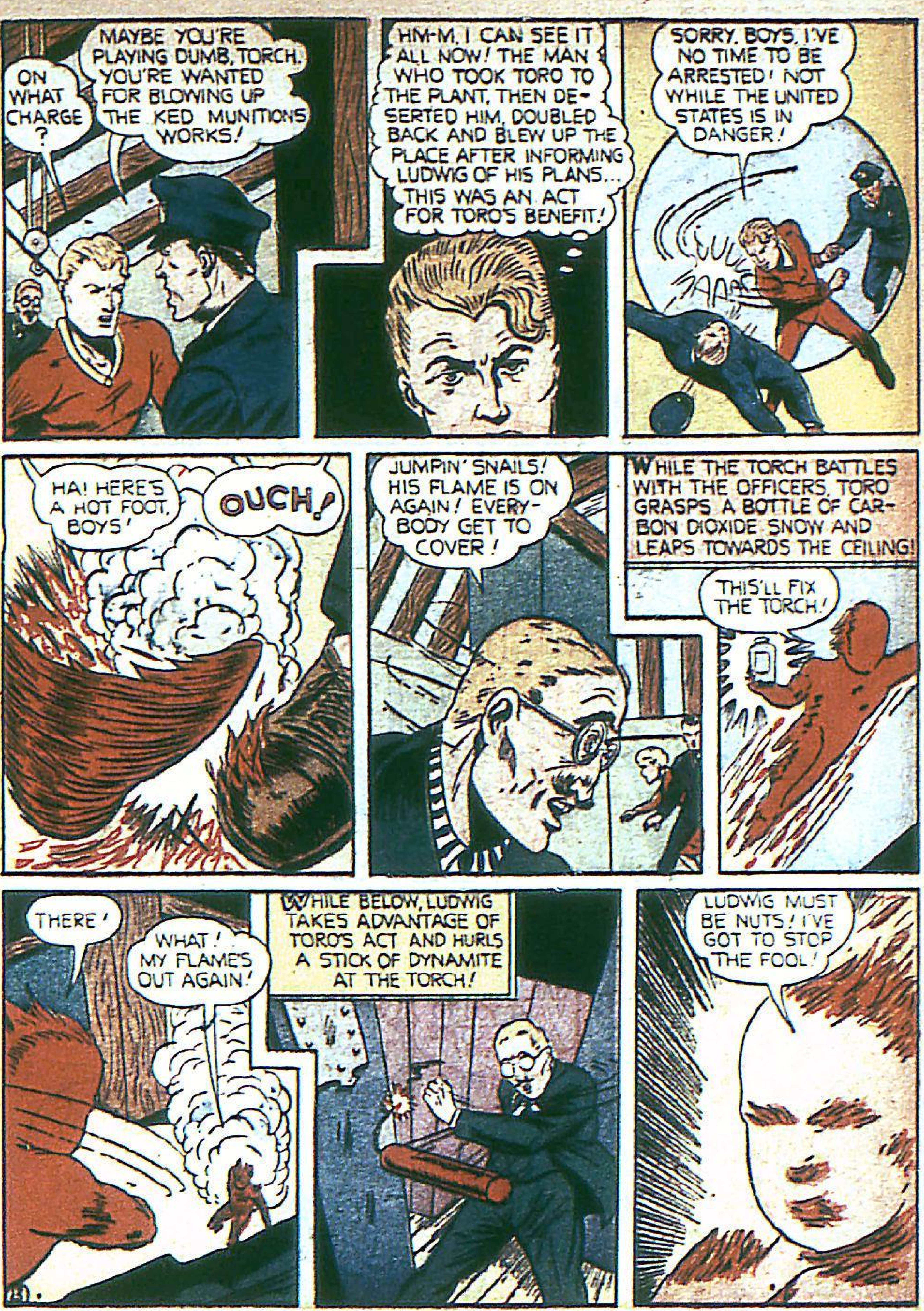

MEANWHILE, K-9, LUDWIG'S AIDE, STARTS TORO BLINDFOLDED ON HIS INITIATION!
ALL RIGHT, TORO, TURN ON YOUR FIRE!
MY CLOTHES ARE BURNING OFF! WHAT'S MY NEXT ORDER?
NOW, TORO, RUN FORWARD AND DON'T STOP TILL I TELL YOU!
HA- THIS BRAT IS GOING TO HELP RUIN THE DEFENSE MEASURES!
DANGER
HIGH TENSION FENCE
RED MUNITIONS CO.
TORO OBEYS AND CRASHES HIS BLAZING BODY INTO THE HIGH VOLTAGE PROTECTIVE FENCE! LEAVING AN ELECTRONIC HALO AROUND TORO.
HAHAHEOW! SOMETHING'S TICKLING ME!
HE MELTED THRU THAT ELECTRICALLY CHARGED FENCE!
BUT FROM THE SKY, DROPPING LIKE A COMET, IS THE TORCH..
?
TORO'S BLINDFOLDED! HE'S RUNNING INTO THE MUNITIONS PLANT! I MUST STOP HIM!
THE TORCH CRASHES INTO TORO!
STOPPED HIM!
WHAT IN-
8
INSTANTLY BOTH TORO AND THE TORCH SUBDUE THEIR FLAMES!
YOU- WHAT'S THE IDEA?
LOOK!
"GULP!" A MUNITIONS DUMP! AND I WAS RUNNING STRAIGHT INTO IT! SAY, HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME?
THAT WAS EASY AS I'LL EXPLAIN.

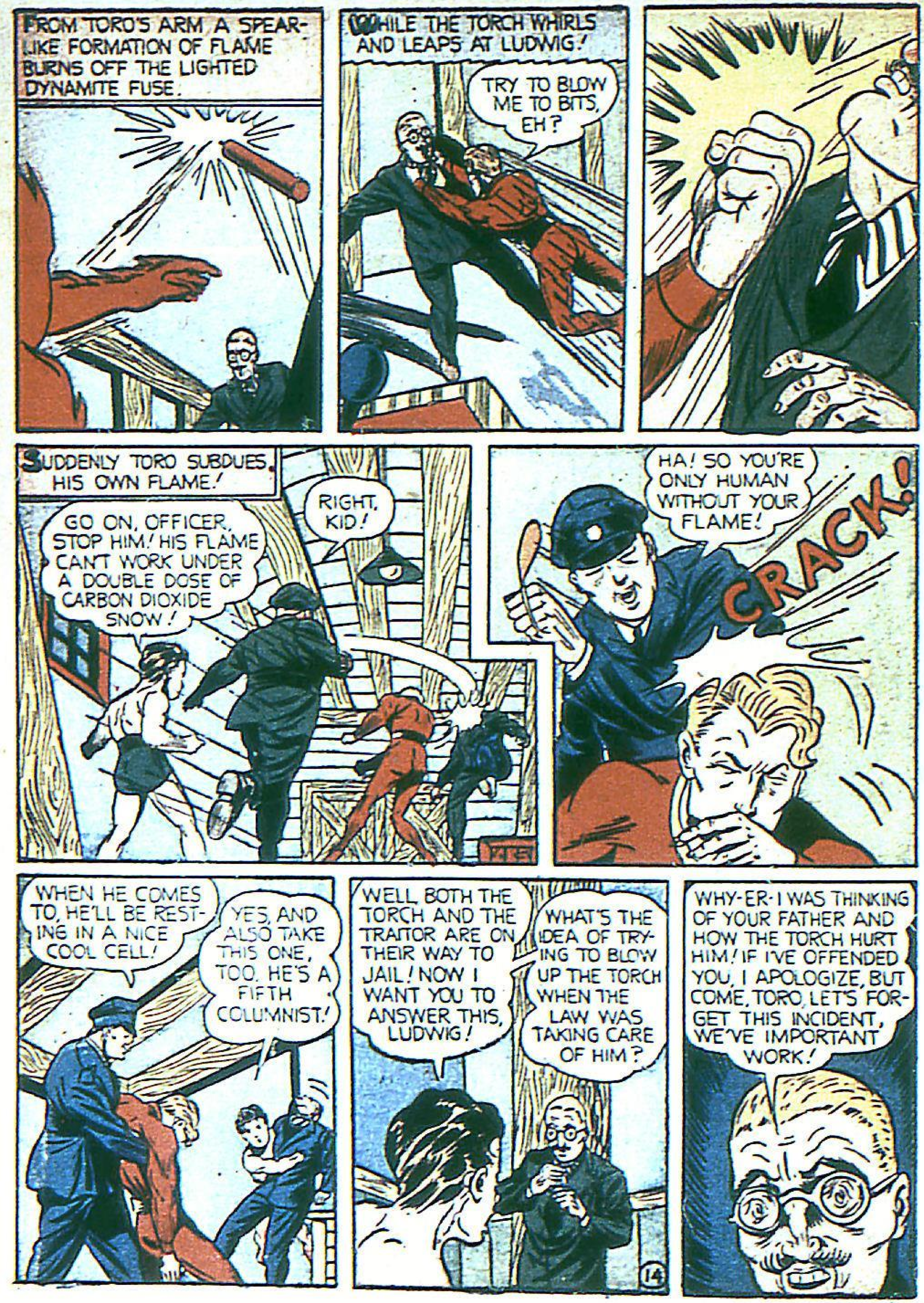

I TRAILED YOU TO THAT SO-CALLED PATRIOTIC CLUB AND LEARNED:-
TORCH, YOU'RE PUTTING YOUR NOSE INTO SOMETHING THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!
THE TORCH GRABS TORO!
YOU SPOILED PUP! YOU ASKED FOR THIS!
LET ME GO!
THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!
MEANWHILE TORO'S ESCORT ESCAPES!
HURRY BACK TO LUDWIG!
BUT HOW DID THE TORCH GET HERE?
WHO KNOWS? STEP ON IT BEFORE HE STARTS AFTER US!
HA! YOUR FRIENDS HAVE RUN OUT ON YOU! NOW YOU'LL COME WITH ME AND I'LL PROVE YOUR CLUB IS PHONEY!
"SNIF!" "SNIFLE" ALL RIGHT, TORCH, BUT I THINK YOU'RE WRONG!
TOGETHER, THE TORCH AND TORO, WITH THEIR FLAMES ON, LEAP INTO THE AIR!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
YOU'LL FIND OUT!
BUT FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD, K-9 STOPS AND MAKES A HURRIED PHONE CALL TO TORO'S FAKE PARENTS...
YOU UNDERSTAND -WHAT HAS TO BE DONE?
YES, K-9, I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, GOOD-BYE!

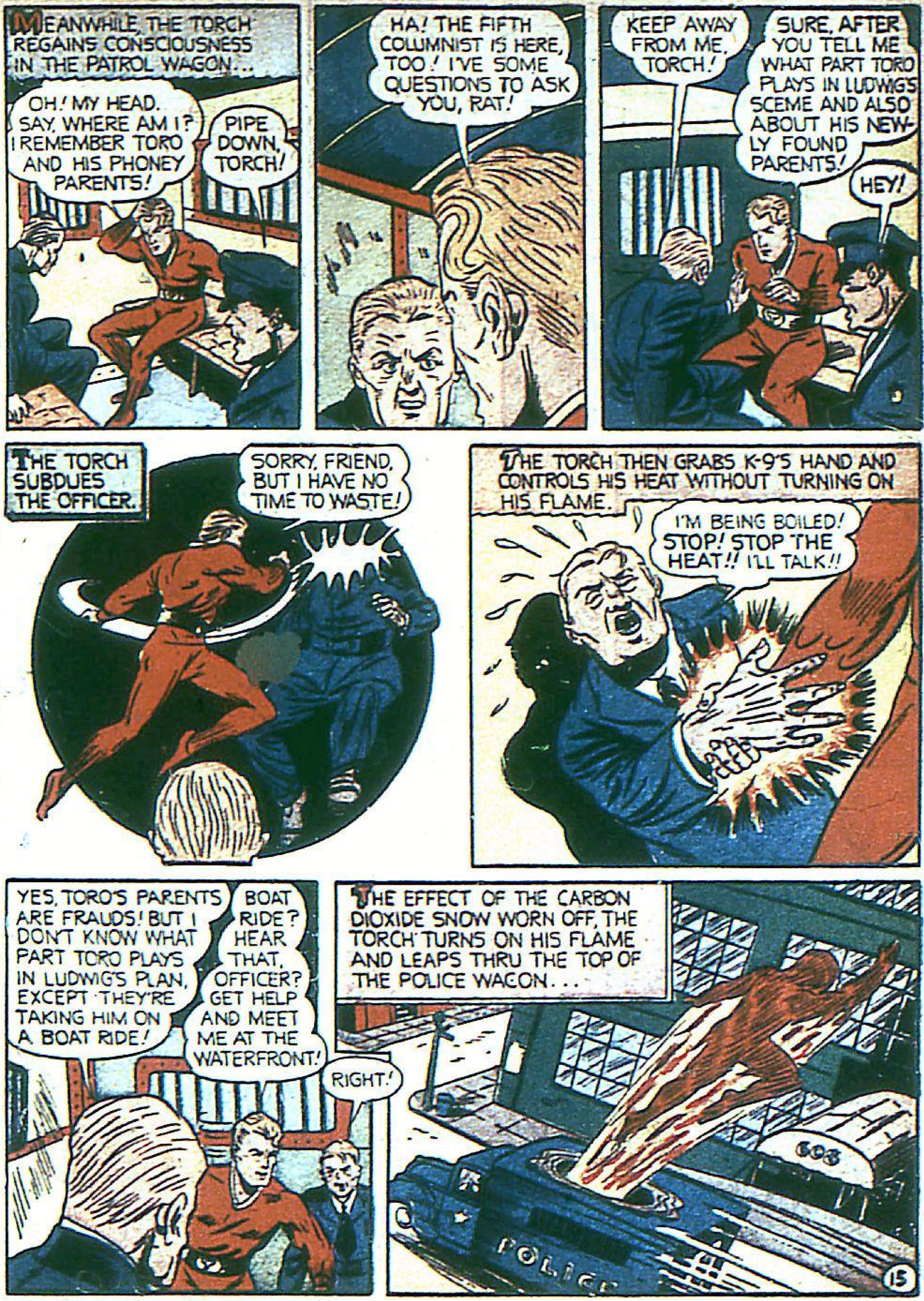

LATER, THE TORCH AND TORO DROP IN FRONT OF THE JUNIOR IDEAL CLUB'S HEADQUARTERS. . .
OKAY, TORO, TURN OFF YOUR FLAME!
WITH THEIR FLAMES SUBDUED, TORO AND THE TORCH ENTER, ONLY TO BE GREETED BY TORO'S PARENTS AND LUDWIG!
TORO! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WE JUST LEARNED SOMETHING HORRIBLE!
THE MAN WHO TOOK YOU TO THE INITIATION IS A TRAITOR TO THE UNITED STATES!
WE DIDN'T KNOW UNTIL A SHORT WHILE AGO! YOU MUST BELIEVE US!
SUDDENLY. .
EVERYBODY —REACH!!
YOU. .
TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND LEAPS AT THE TRAITOR!
HA! YOUR BULLETS ARE MELTING!
10
THE TORCH WINGS BETWEEN K-9 AND TORO!
STAY BACK, TORO!
REDUCING THE HEAT OF HIS FLAME, THE TORCH CRASHES HIS BLAZING FIST INTO THE GUN-MAN'S JAW.

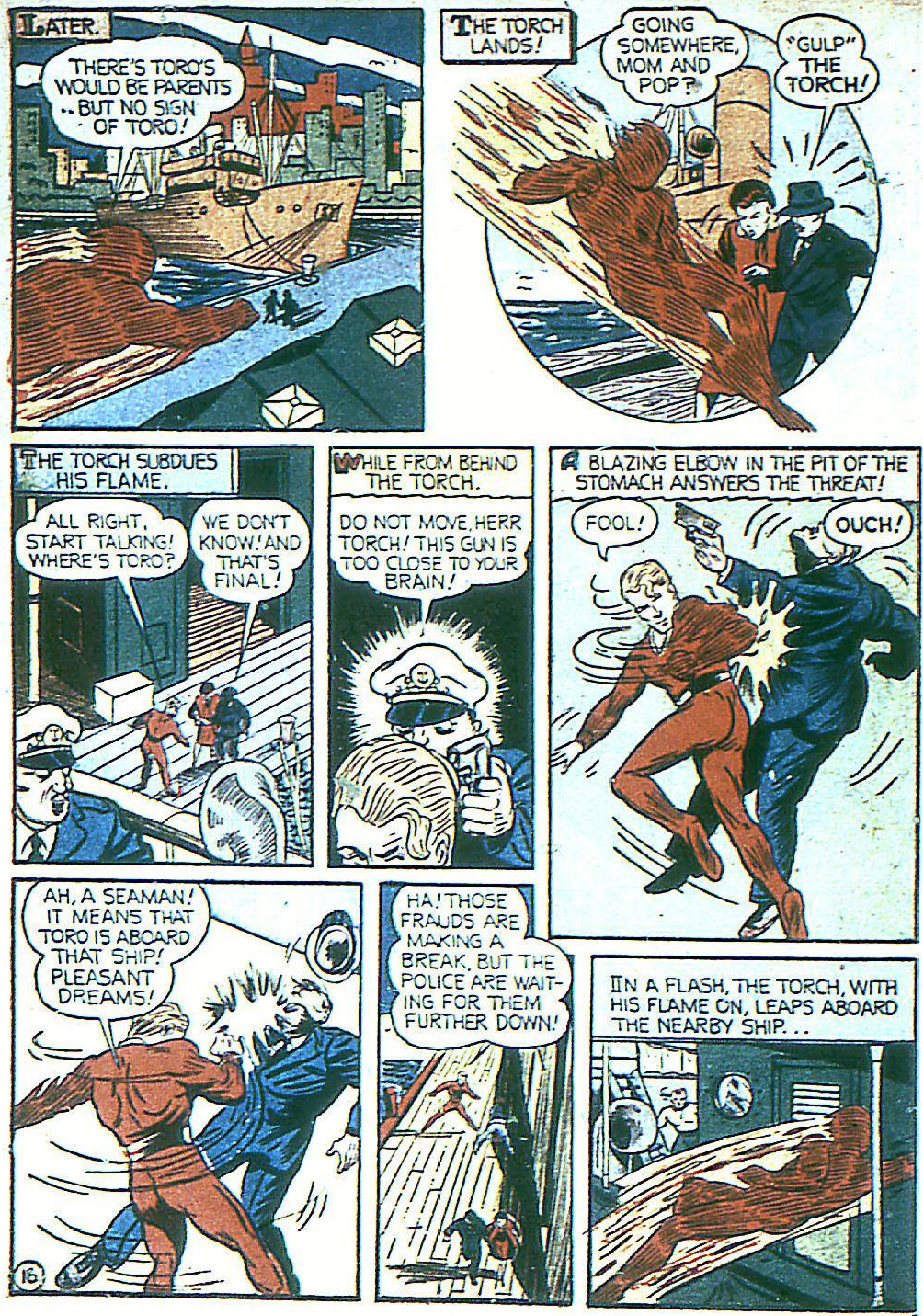

AND HERE'S ANOTHER ONE!
HA! IF THE TORCH ONLY KNEW HE'S PLAYING RIGHT INTO K-9'S HANDS! THE TORCH WILL BE OUT OF THE WAY WHEN WE LAUNCH OUR FIRST BLOW!
LUDWIG RACES TO A CORNER OF THE ROOM AND UPSETS A HUGE VAT OF KEROSENE...
AND THIS WILL BRING TORO BACK IN LINE!
THE KEROSENE WHIRLS AROUND THE TORCH'S BLAZING FOOT!
THE LIQUID BURSTS INTO FLAME, TRAPPING TORO'S MOTHER AND FATHER!
INSTANTLY THE TORCH SUBDUES THE ROARING BLAZE..
THAT'S FUNNY! TORO'S PARENT'S CLOTHES DID NOT BURN! WHY?
JOHN, SPEAK TO ME!
MOTHER, IS DAD ALL RIGHT?
DAD! DAD! WHY DOESN'T HE ANSWER?
HE CAN'T, HE'S - HE IS OH-H-H-
TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND LEAPS AT THE TORCH!
YOU'VE KILLED HIM, TORCH!
STAY BACK, TORO!

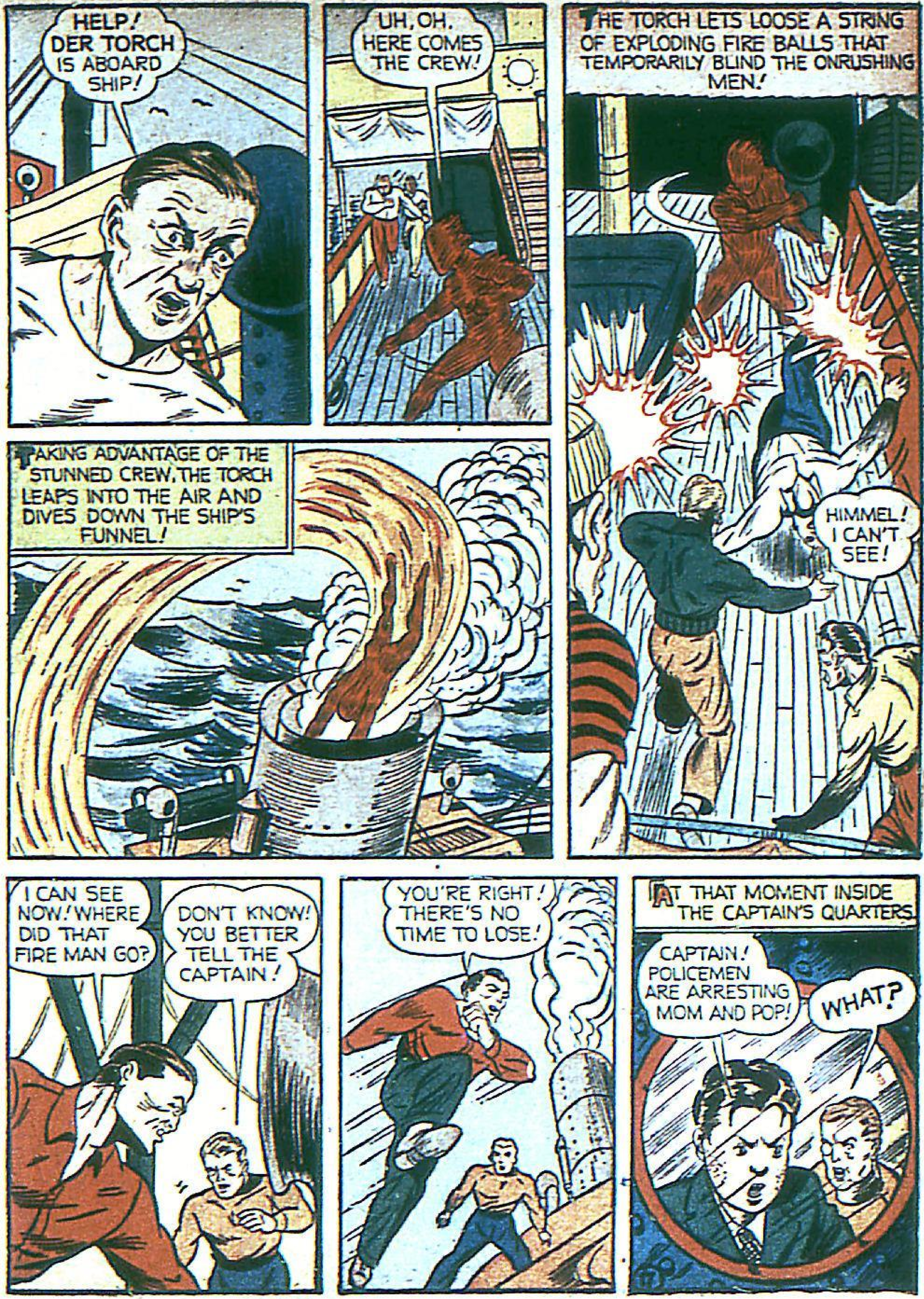

FROM BEHIND TORO, LUDWIG OPENS A HOSE AND SPRAYS THE TORCH WITH A CARBON DIOXIDE SNOW, THE TORCH'S FLAME FIZZES AND IS OUT!
THIS WILL HELP YOU SETTLE THE TORCH, TORO!
THIS TIME YOUR FLAME CAN'T HELP YOU!
HA: DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!
THE TORCH GRASPS TORO AND HURLS HIM TO THE CEILING!
HOW'S THAT, TORO?
REMEMBER THIS, TORO, WHETHER MY FLAME IS ON OR OFF. I'M STILL MASTER OF ALL FIRE. AND..
POLICE OFFICERS AND G-MEN RUSH INTO THE ROOM!
THERE HE IS!
AH, THE POLICE!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, TORCH!
WHAT?!

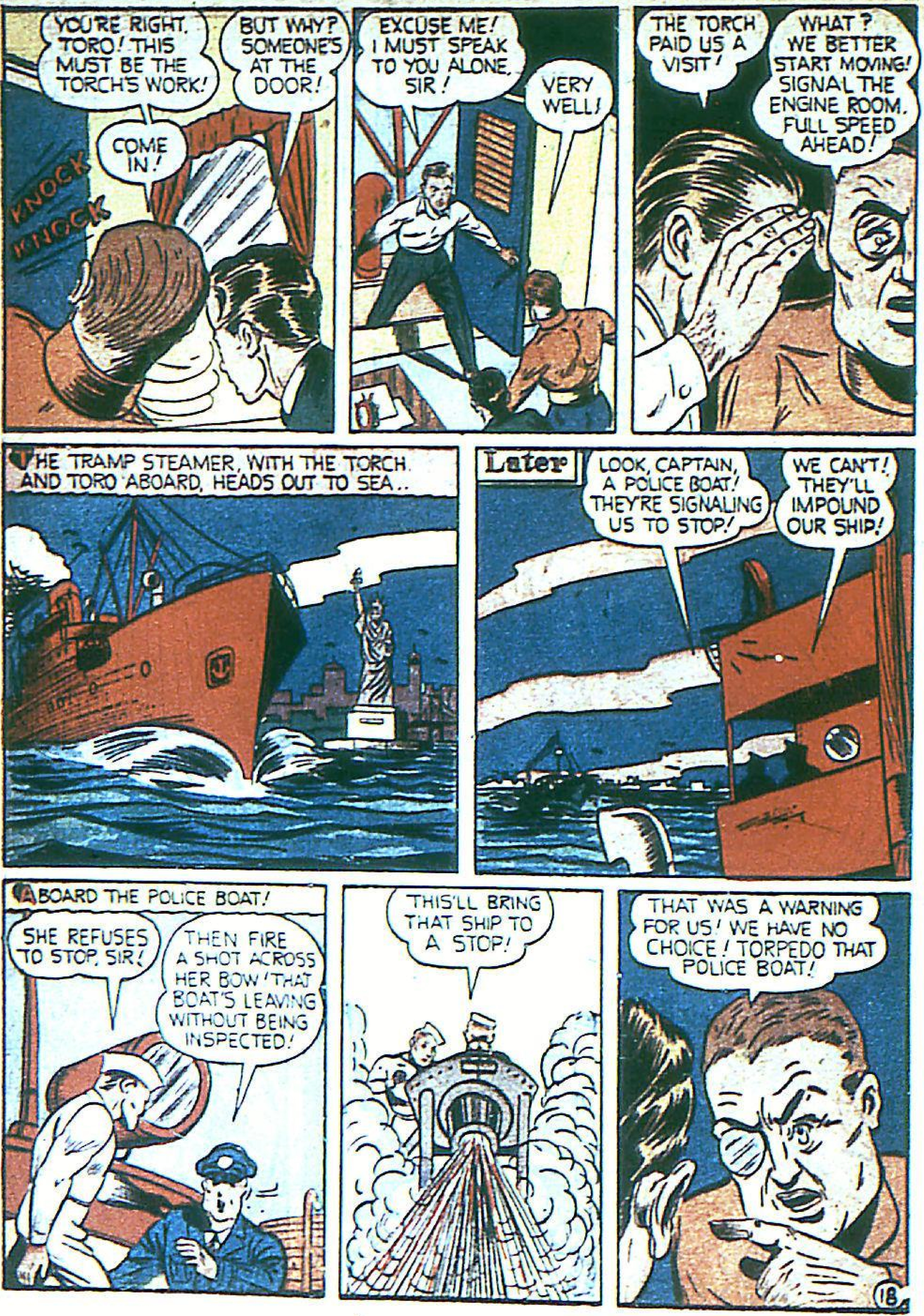

ON WHAT CHARGE?
MAYBE YOU'RE PLAYING DUMB, TORCH. YOU'RE WANTED FOR BLOWING UP THE KED MUNITIONS WORKS!
HM-M, I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW! THE MAN WHO TOOK TORO TO THE PLANT, THEN DESERTED HIM, DOUBLED BACK AND BLEW UP THE PLACE AFTER INFORMING LUDWIG OF HIS PLANS... THIS WAS AN ACT FOR TORO'S BENEFIT!
SORRY, BOYS, I'VE NO TIME TO BE ARRESTED! NOT WHILE THE UNITED STATES IS IN DANGER!
HA! HERE'S A HOT FOOT, BOYS!
OUCH!
JUMPIN' SNAILS! HIS FLAME IS ON AGAIN! EVERYBODY GET TO COVER!
WHILE THE TORCH BATTLES WITH THE OFFICERS, TORO GRASPS A BOTTLE OF CARBON DIOXIDE SNOW AND LEAPS TOWARDS THE CEILING!
THIS'LL FIX THE TORCH!
THERE!
WHAT! MY FLAME'S OUT AGAIN!
WHILE BELOW, LUDWIG TAKES ADVANTAGE OF TORO'S ACT AND HURLS A STICK OF DYNAMITE AT THE TORCH!
LUDWIG MUST BE NUTS! I'VE GOT TO STOP THE FOOL!

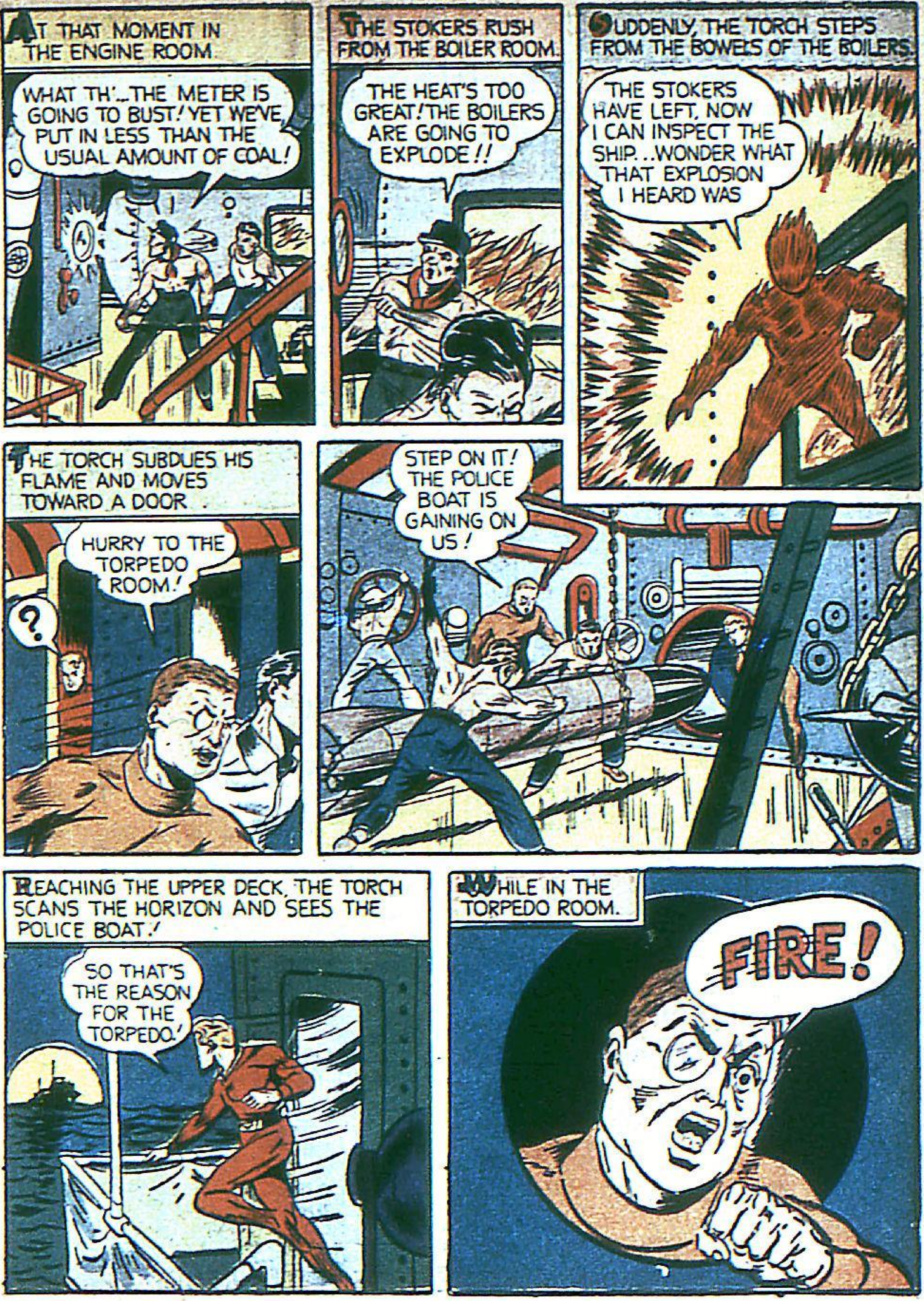

FROM TORO'S ARM A SPEAR-LIKE FORMATION OF FLAME BURNS OFF THE LIGHTED DYNAMITE FUSE.
WHILE THE TORCH WHIRLS AND LEAPS AT LUDWIG!
TRY TO BLOW ME TO BITS, EH?
SUDDENLY TORO SUBDUES HIS OWN FLAME!
GO ON, OFFICER, STOP HIM! HIS FLAME CAN'T WORK UNDER A DOUBLE DOSE OF CARBON DIOXIDE SNOW!
RIGHT, KID!
HA! SO YOU'RE ONLY HUMAN WITHOUT YOUR FLAME!
CRACK!
WHEN HE COMES TO, HE'LL BE RESTING IN A NICE COOL CELL!
YES, AND ALSO TAKE THIS ONE, TOO. HE'S A FIFTH COLUMNIST!
WELL, BOTH THE TORCH AND THE TRAITOR ARE ON THEIR WAY TO JAIL! NOW I WANT YOU TO ANSWER THIS, LUDWIG!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TRYING TO BLOW UP THE TORCH WHEN THE LAW WAS TAKING CARE OF HIM?
14
WHY-ER-I WAS THINKING OF YOUR FATHER AND HOW THE TORCH HURT HIM! IF I'VE OFFENDED YOU, I APOLOGIZE, BUT COME, TORO, LET'S FORGET THIS INCIDENT, WE'VE IMPORTANT WORK!

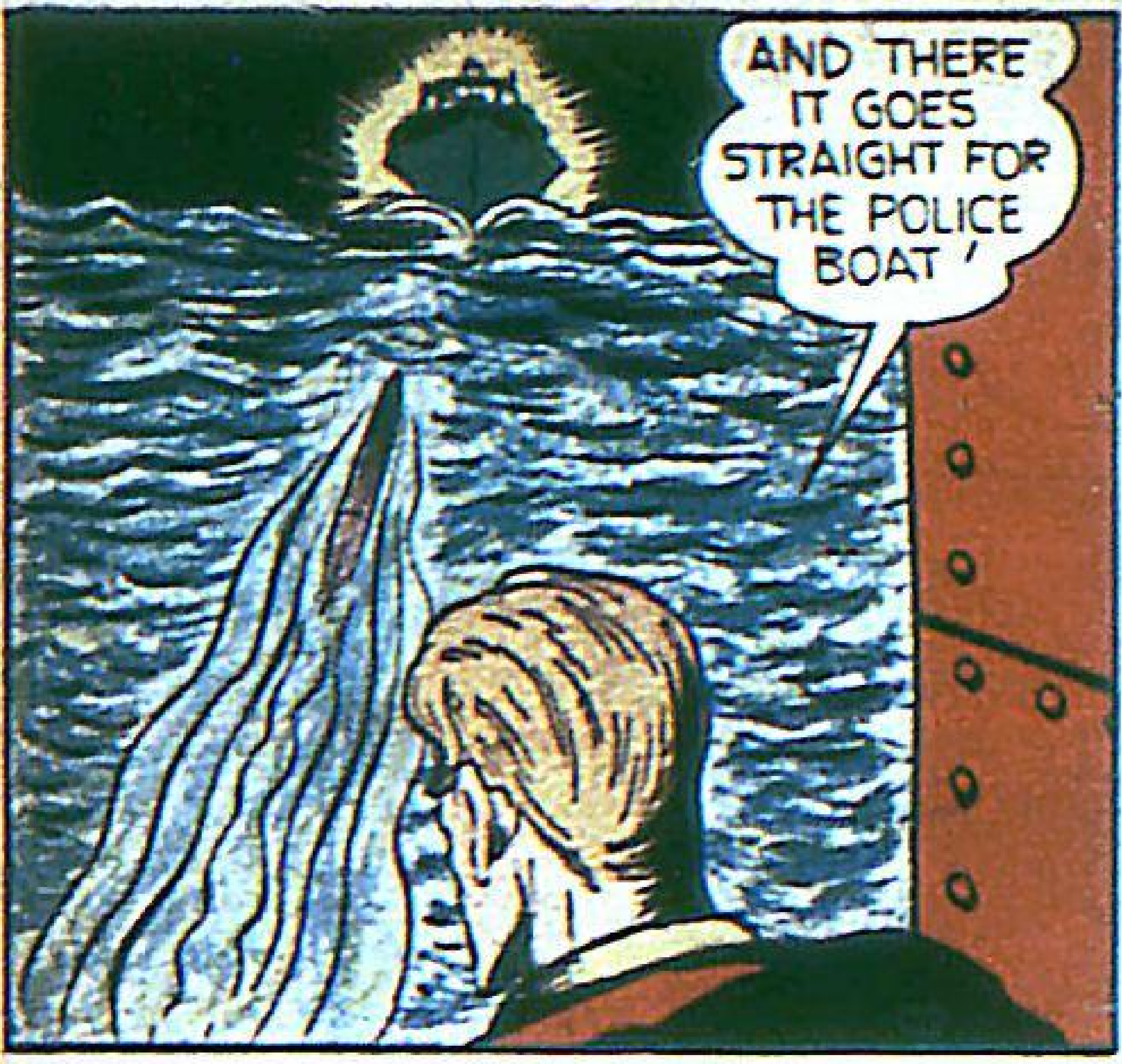

MEANWHILE, THE TORCH REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE PATROL WAGON...
OH! MY HEAD. SAY, WHERE AM I? I REMEMBER TORO AND HIS PHONEY PARENTS!
PIPE DOWN, TORCH!
HA! THE FIFTH COLUMNIST IS HERE, TOO! I'VE SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU, RAT!
KEEP AWAY FROM ME, TORCH!
SURE, AFTER YOU TELL ME WHAT PART TORO PLAYS IN LUDWIG'S SCEME AND ALSO ABOUT HIS NEWLY FOUND PARENTS!
HEY!
THE TORCH SUBDUES THE OFFICER.
SORRY, FRIEND, BUT I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE!
THE TORCH THEN GRABS K-9'S HAND AND CONTROLS HIS HEAT WITHOUT TURNING ON HIS FLAME.
I'M BEING BOILED! STOP! STOP THE HEAT!! I'LL TALK!!
YES, TORO'S PARENTS ARE FRAUDS! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT PART TORO PLAYS IN LUDWIG'S PLAN, EXCEPT THEY'RE TAKING HIM ON A BOAT RIDE!
BOAT RIDE? HEAR THAT, OFFICER? GET HELP AND MEET ME AT THE WATERFRONT!
RIGHT!
THE EFFECT OF THE CARBON DIOXIDE SNOW WORN OFF, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND LEAPS THRU THE TOP OF THE POLICE WAGON...
698
POLICE

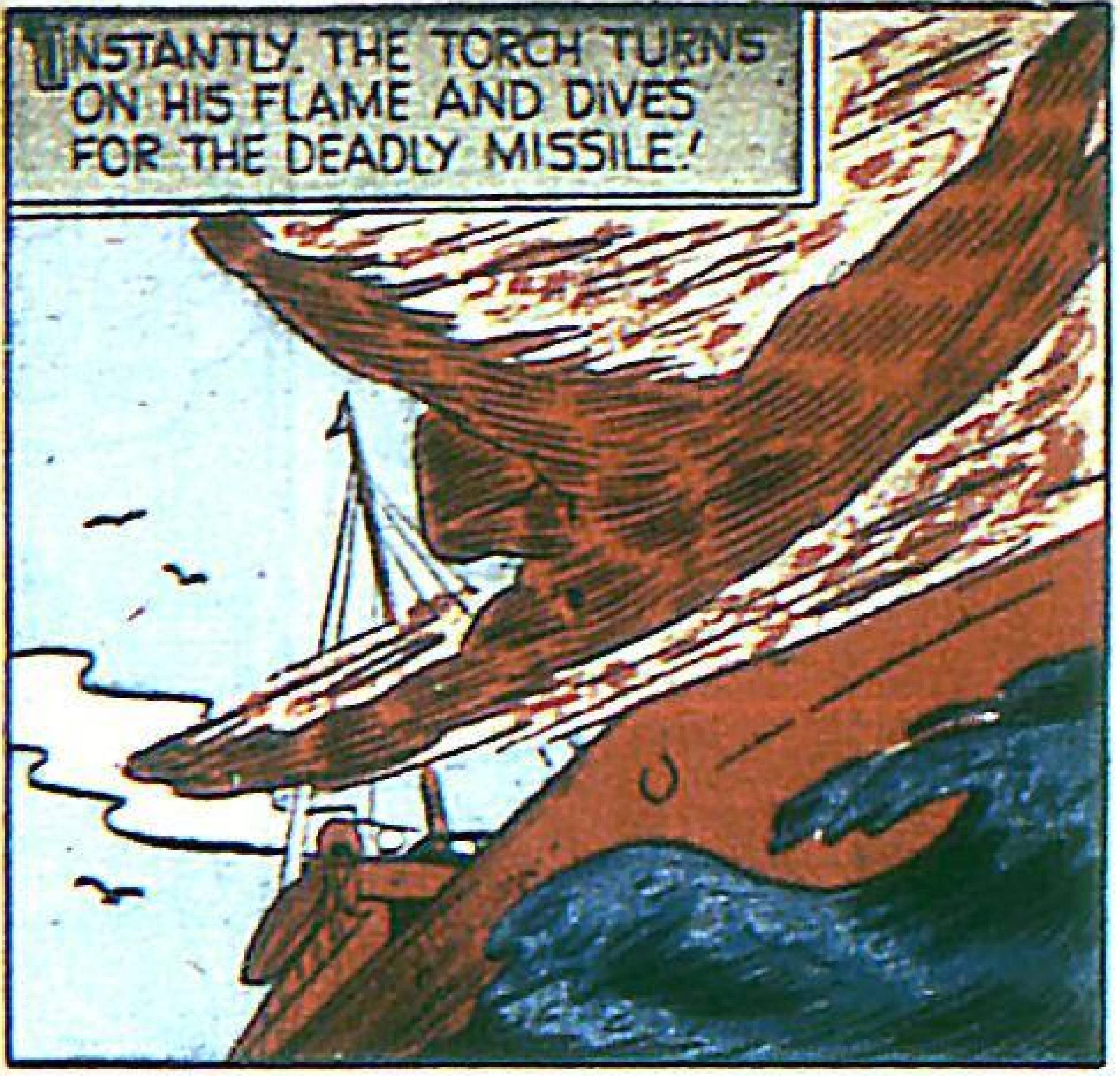

LATER.
THERE'S TORO'S WOULD BE PARENTS ..BUT NO SIGN OF TORO!
THE TORCH LANDS!
GOING SOMEWHERE, MOM AND POP?
"GULP" THE TORCH!
THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME.
ALL RIGHT, START TALKING! WHERE'S TORO?
WE DON'T KNOW! AND THAT'S FINAL!
WHILE FROM BEHIND THE TORCH.
DO NOT MOVE, HERR TORCH! THIS GUN IS TOO CLOSE TO YOUR BRAIN!
A BLAZING ELBOW IN THE PIT OF THE STOMACH ANSWERS THE THREAT!
FOOL!
OUCH!
AH, A SEAMAN! IT MEANS THAT TORO IS ABOARD THAT SHIP! PLEASANT DREAMS!
HA! THOSE FRAUDS ARE MAKING A BREAK, BUT THE POLICE ARE WAITING FOR THEM FURTHER DOWN!
IN A FLASH, THE TORCH, WITH HIS FLAME ON, LEAPS ABOARD THE NEARBY SHIP. . .

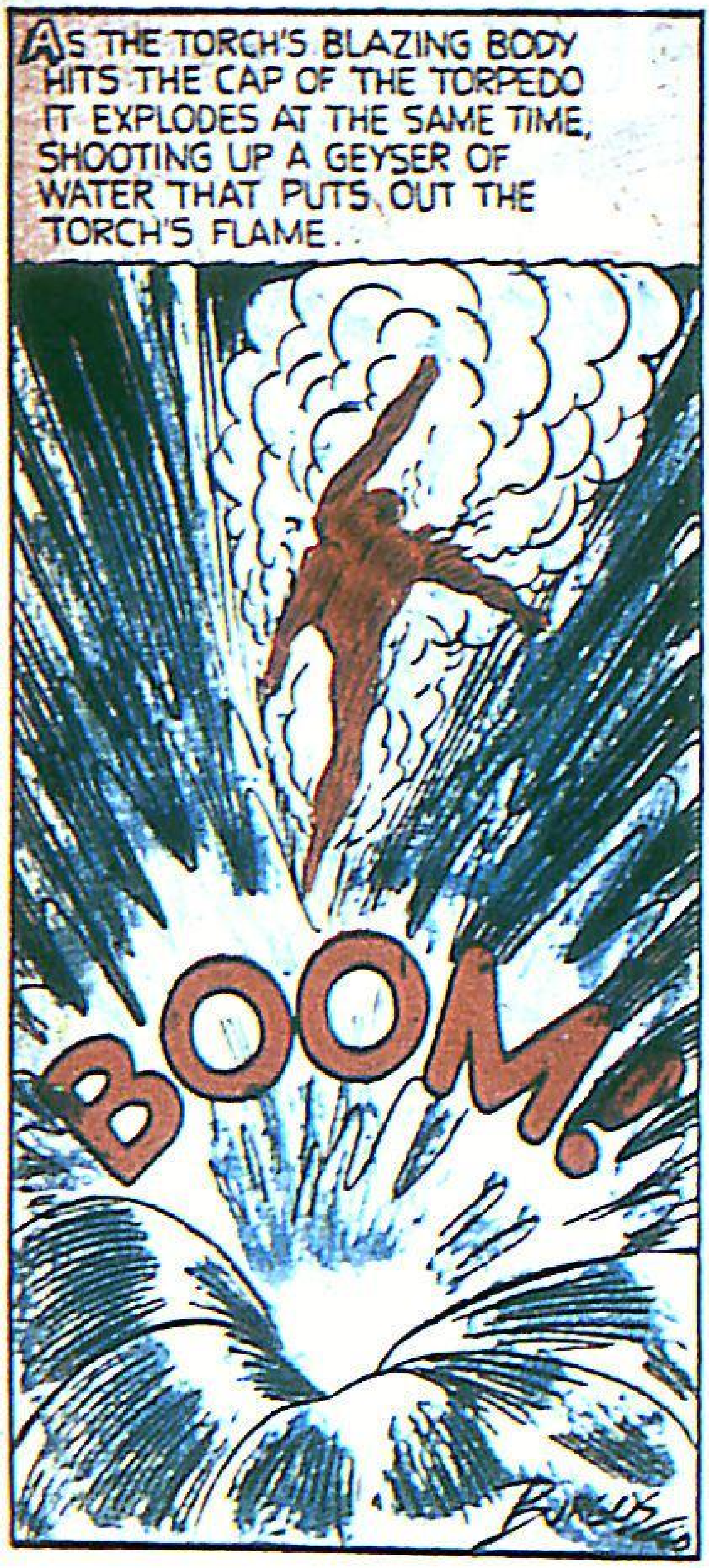

HELP! DER TORCH IS ABOARD SHIP!
UH, OH, HERE COMES THE CREW!
THE TORCH LETS LOOSE A STRING OF EXPLODING FIRE BALLS THAT TEMPORARILY BLIND THE ONRUSHING MEN!
HIMMEL! I CAN'T SEE!
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE STUNNED CREW, THE TORCH LEAPS INTO THE AIR AND DIVES DOWN THE SHIP'S FUNNEL!
I CAN SEE NOW! WHERE DID THAT FIRE MAN GO?
DON'T KNOW! YOU BETTER TELL THE CAPTAIN!
YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
AT THAT MOMENT INSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.
CAPTAIN! POLICEMEN ARE ARRESTING MOM AND POP!
WHAT?

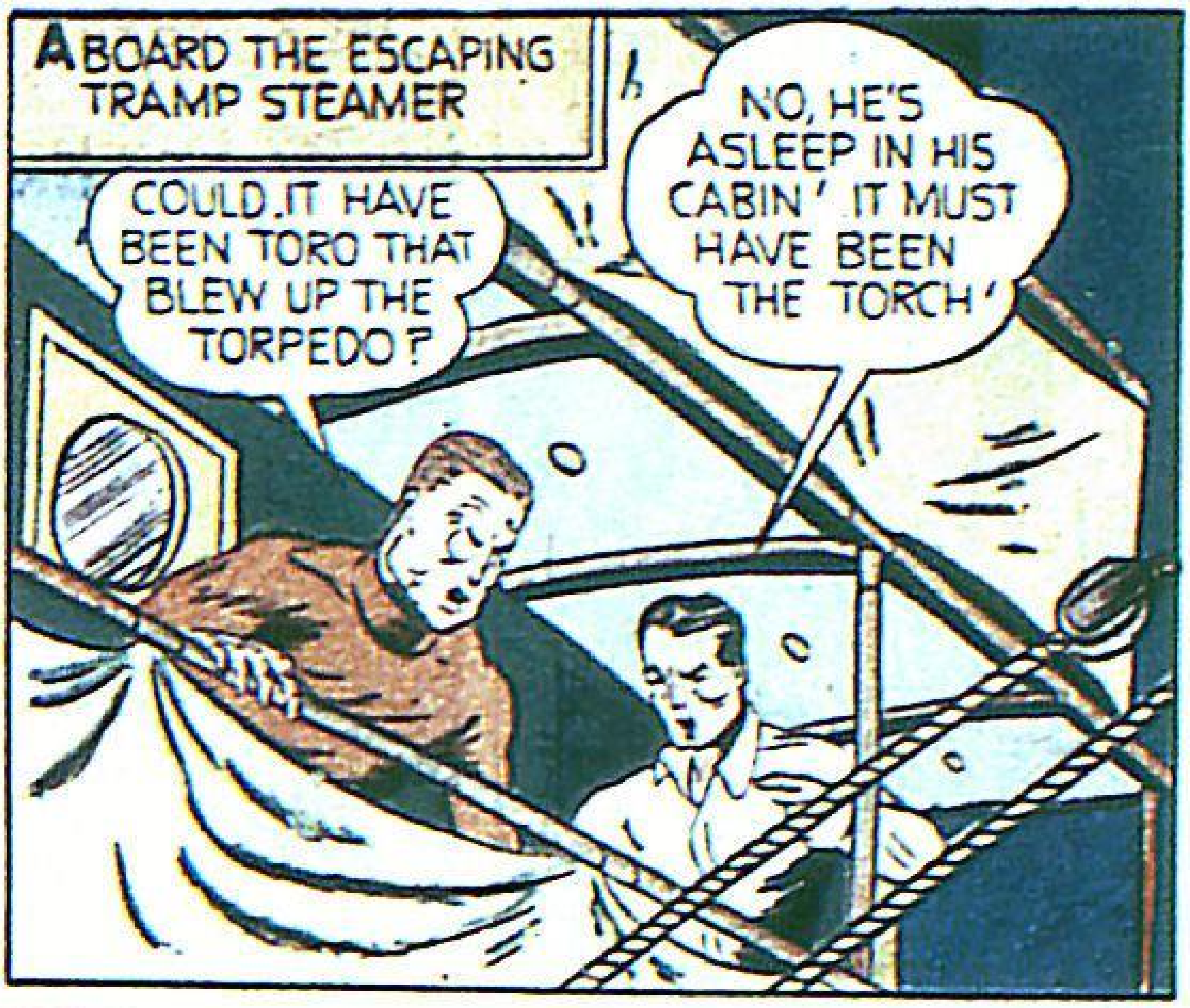

YOU'RE RIGHT, TORO! THIS MUST BE THE TORCH'S WORK!
BUT WHY? SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!
KNOCK KNOCK
COME IN!
EXCUSE ME! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU ALONE, SIR!
VERY WELL!
THE TORCH PAID US A VISIT!
WHAT? WE BETTER START MOVING! SIGNAL THE ENGINE ROOM. FULL SPEED AHEAD!
THE TRAMP STEAMER, WITH THE TORCH AND TORO ABOARD, HEADS OUT TO SEA..
Later
LOOK, CAPTAIN, A POLICE BOAT! THEY'RE SIGNALING US TO STOP!
WE CAN'T! THEY'LL IMPOUND OUR SHIP!
ABOARD THE POLICE BOAT!
SHE REFUSES TO STOP, SIR!
THEN FIRE A SHOT ACROSS HER BOW 'THAT BOAT'S LEAVING WITHOUT BEING INSPECTED!
THIS'LL BRING THAT SHIP TO A STOP!
THAT WAS A WARNING FOR US! WE HAVE NO CHOICE! TORPEDO THAT POLICE BOAT!

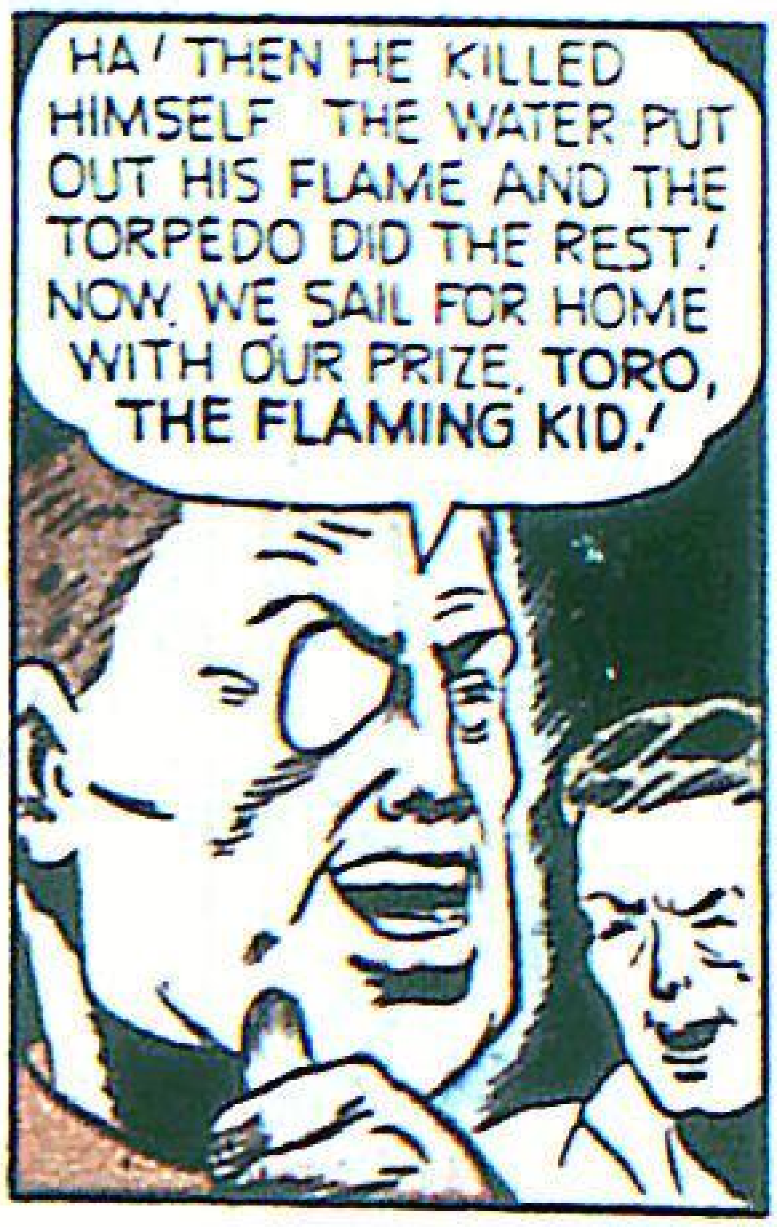

AT THAT MOMENT IN THE ENGINE ROOM
WHAT TH'...THE METER IS GOING TO BUST! YET WE'VE PUT IN LESS THAN THE USUAL AMOUNT OF COAL!
THE STOKERS RUSH FROM THE BOILER ROOM.
THE HEAT'S TOO GREAT! THE BOILERS ARE GOING TO EXPLODE!!
SUDDENLY, THE TORCH STEPS FROM THE BOWELS OF THE BOILERS.
THE STOKERS HAVE LEFT, NOW I CAN INSPECT THE SHIP...WONDER WHAT THAT EXPLOSION I HEARD WAS
THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME AND MOVES TOWARD A DOOR
HURRY TO THE TORPEDO ROOM!
?
STEP ON IT! THE POLICE BOAT IS GAINING ON US!
REACHING THE UPPER DECK, THE TORCH SCANS THE HORIZON AND SEES THE POLICE BOAT!
SO THAT'S THE REASON FOR THE TORPEDO!
WHILE IN THE TORPEDO ROOM.
FIRE!

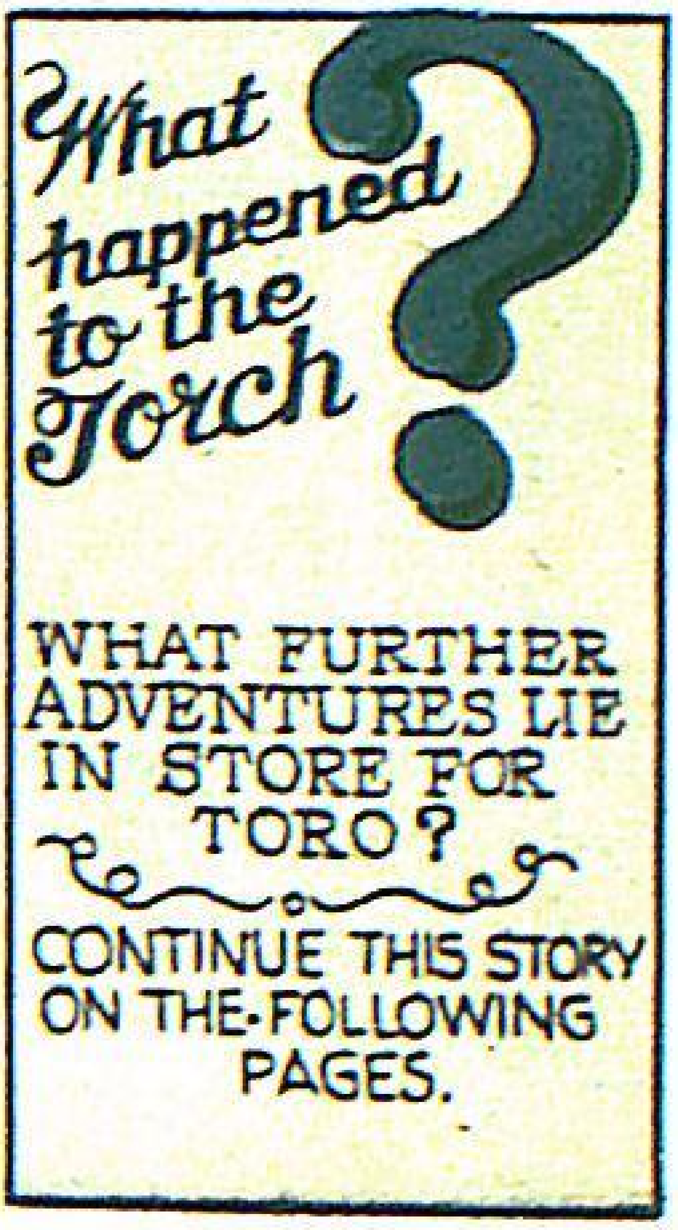

AND THERE IT GOES STRAIGHT FOR THE POLICE BOAT!


INSTANTLY, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND DIVES FOR THE DEADLY MISSILE!


AS THE TORCH'S BLAZING BODY HITS THE CAP OF THE TORPEDO IT EXPLODES AT THE SAME TIME, SHOOTING UP A GEYSER OF WATER THAT PUTS OUT THE TORCH'S FLAME..
BOOM!
BURGOS

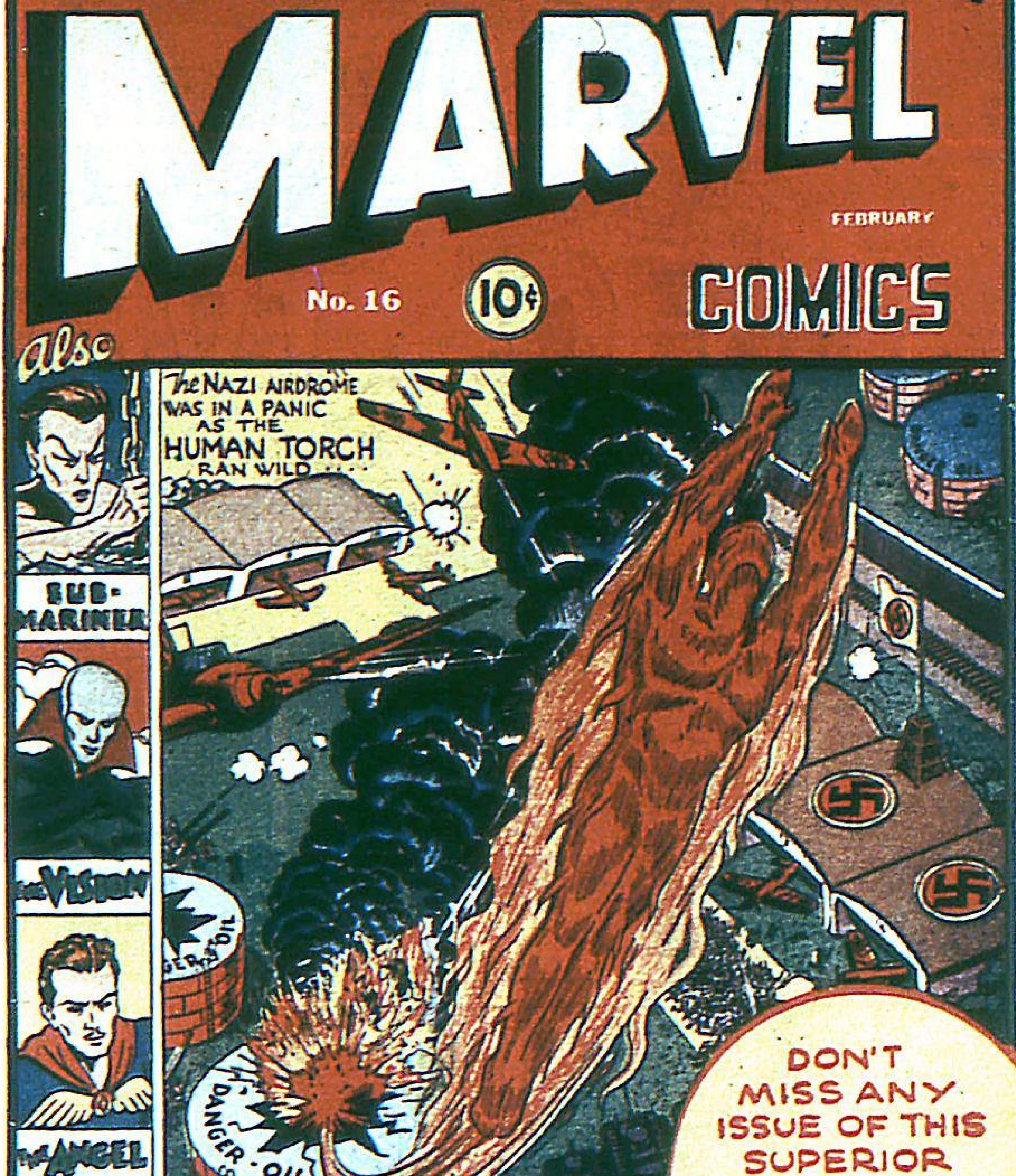

ABOARD THE ESCAPING TRAMP STEAMER
COULD IT HAVE BEEN TORO THAT BLEW UP THE TORPEDO?
NO, HE'S ASLEEP IN HIS CABIN! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE TORCH!


HA! THEN HE KILLED HIMSELF THE WATER PUT OUT HIS FLAME AND THE TORPEDO DID THE REST! NOW, WE SAIL FOR HOME WITH OUR PRIZE, TORO, THE FLAMING KID!

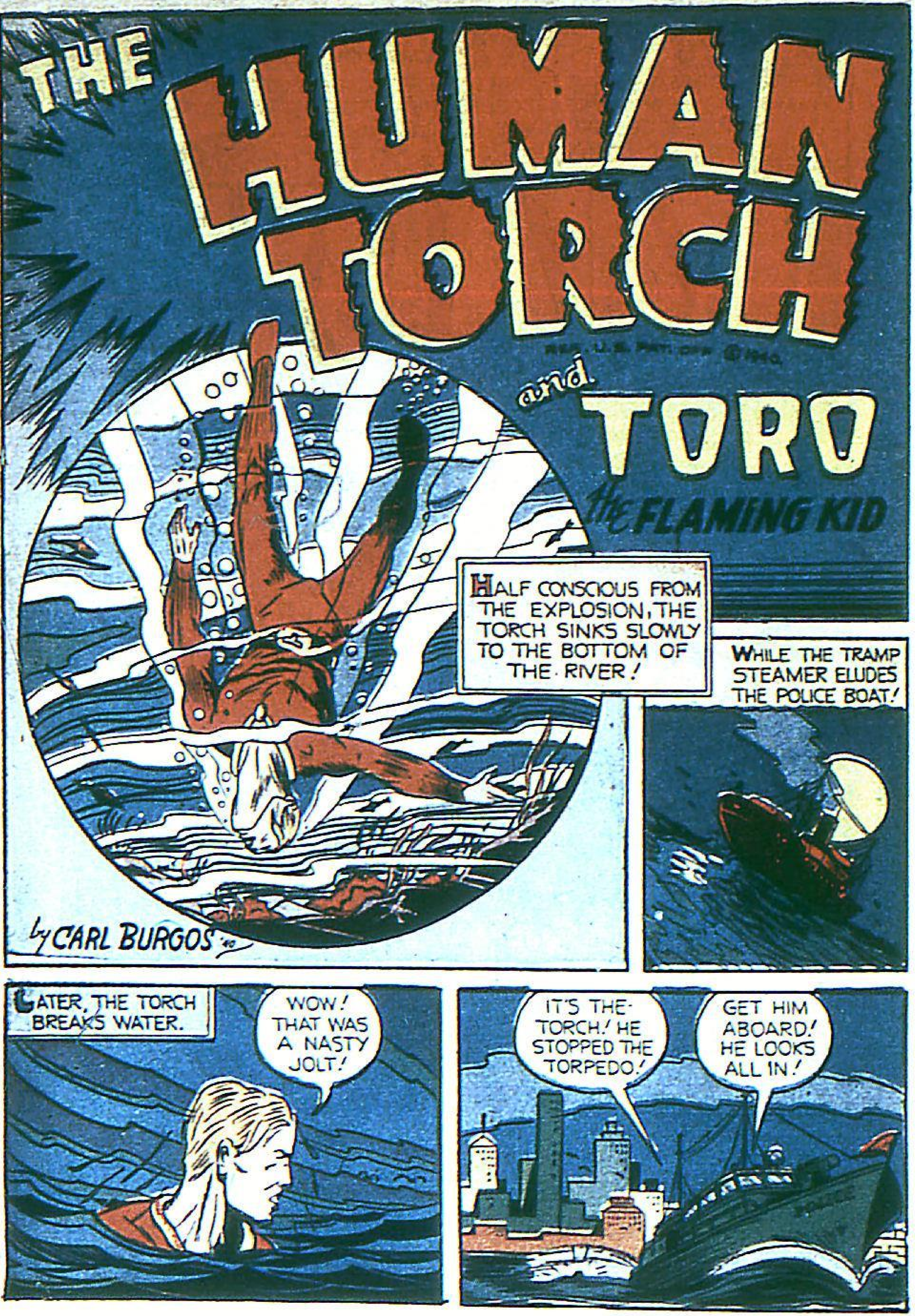

What happened to the Torch?
WHAT FURTHER ADVENTURES LIE IN STORE FOR TORO?
CONTINUE THIS STORY ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

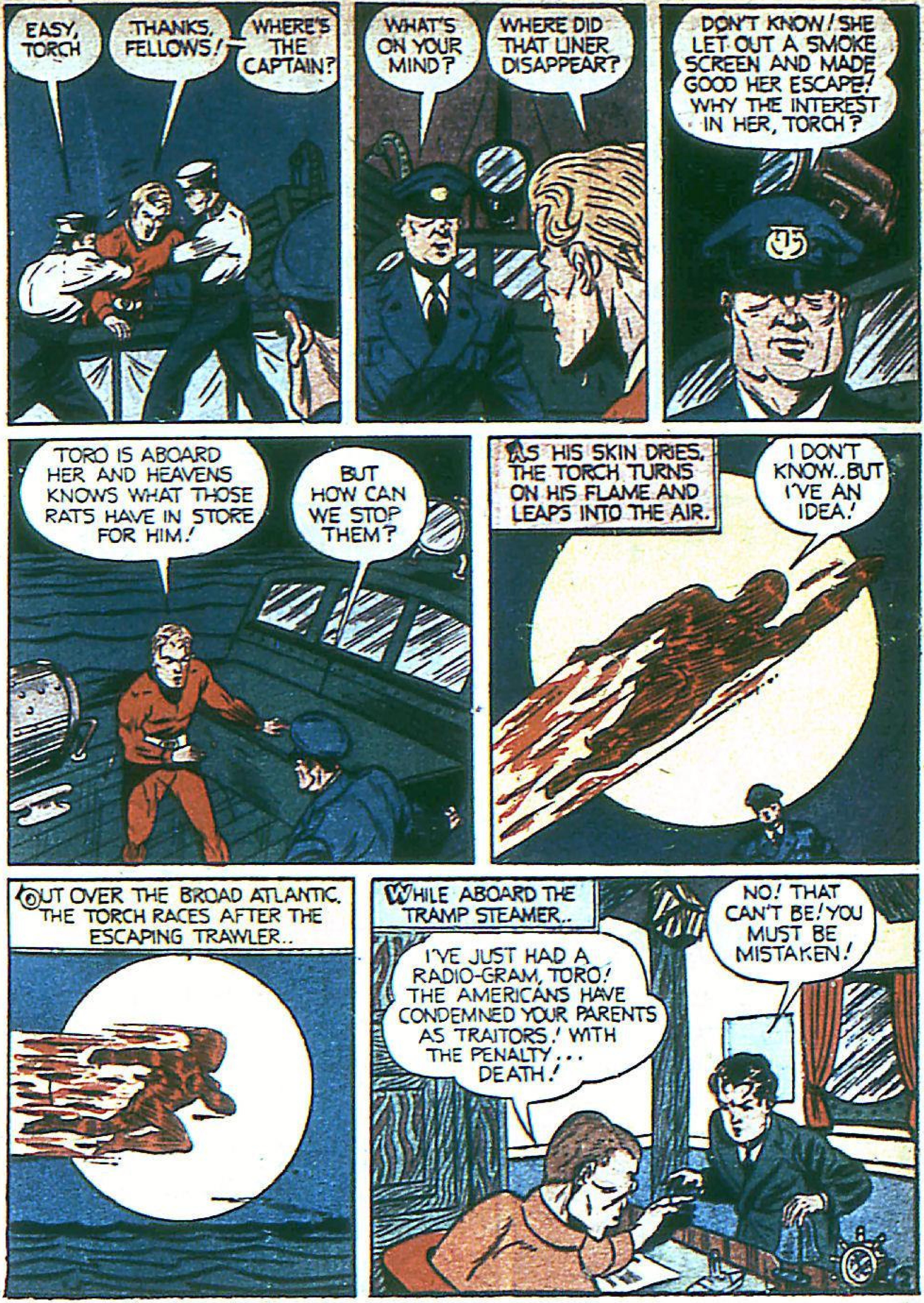
COVERED IN A BLAZE OF UNCONQUERABLE FLAME, **THE HUMAN TORCH** ROARS ON TO ADVENTURE, SAFEGUARDING THE U.S.A. FROM DESTRUCTIVE PLOTS AND SINISTER ORGANIZATIONS WHICH CEASELESSLY PLAN TO DESTROY OUR FREE AND SUCCESSFUL WAY OF LIVING.

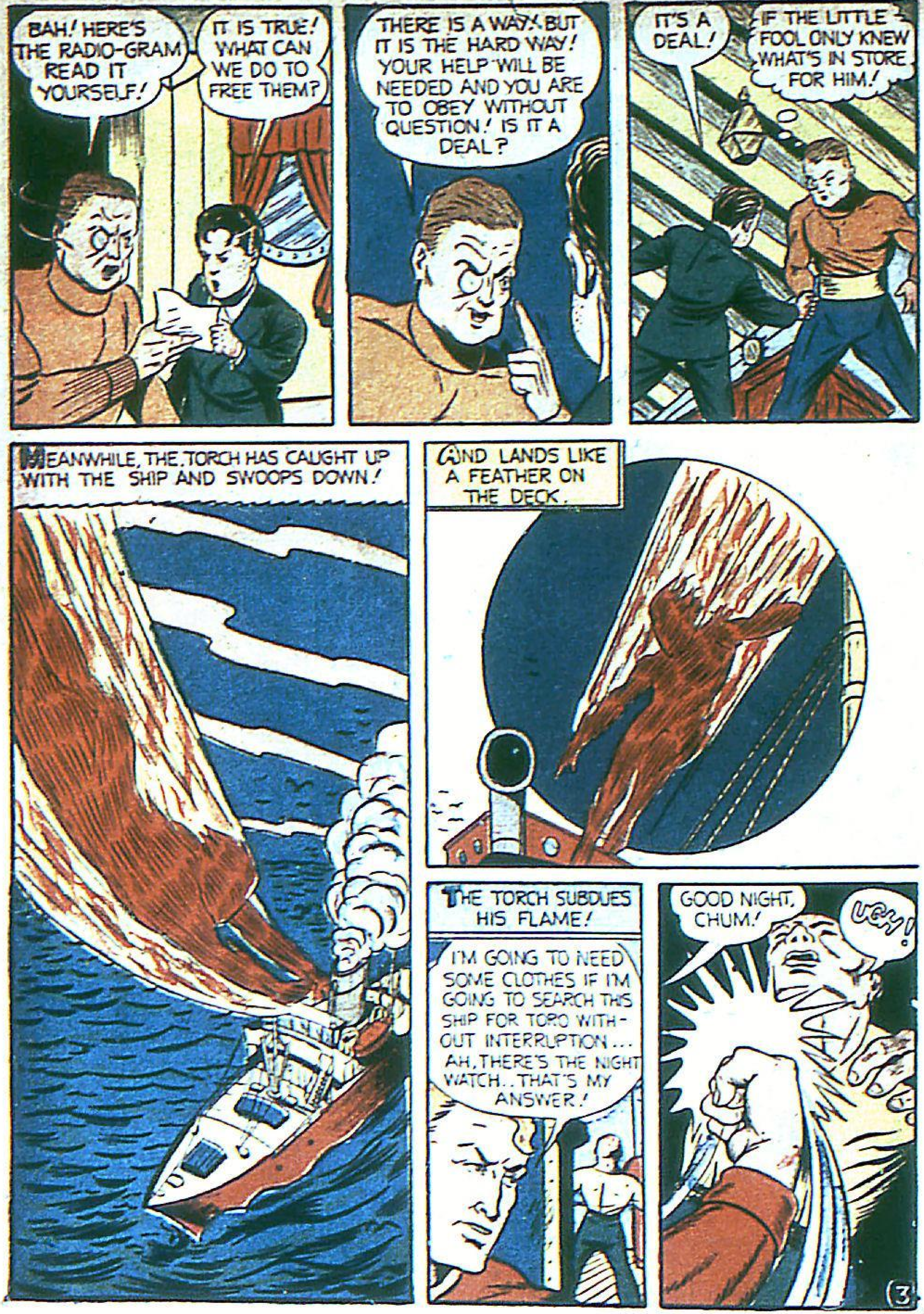
BUY THIS NEW ISSUE NOW ON SALE!

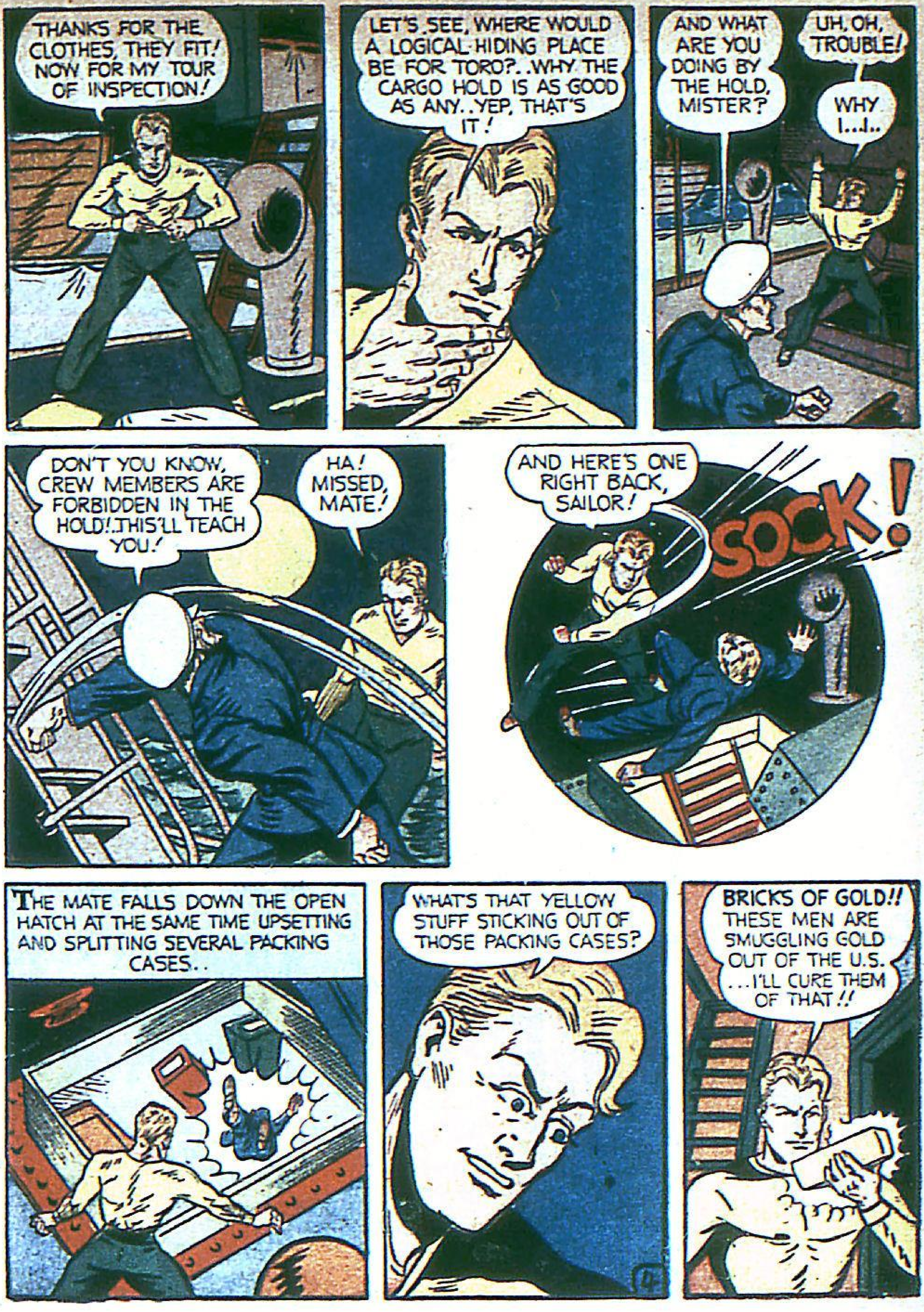

MARVEL
FEBRUARY
No. 16
10¢
COMICS
also
SUB-MARINER
The VISION
The ANGEL
AND OTHERS!
The NAZI AIRDROME WAS IN A PANIC AS THE HUMAN TORCH RAN WILD....
DANGER-OIL
RUSHED HOT OFF THE PRESS

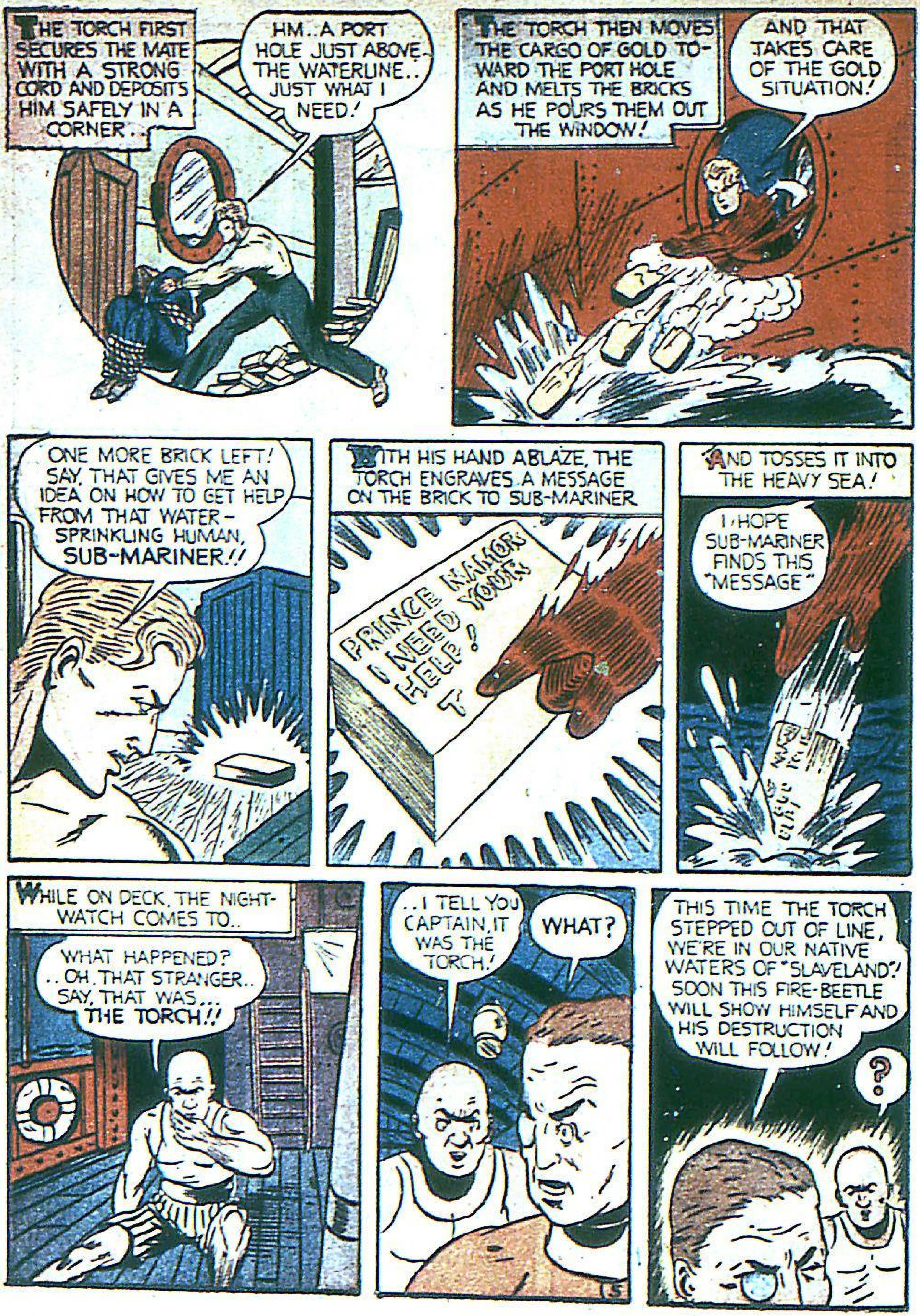
DON'T MISS ANY ISSUE OF THIS SUPERIOR MAGAZINE. GET A COPY NOW FROM YOUR NEWSDEALER!

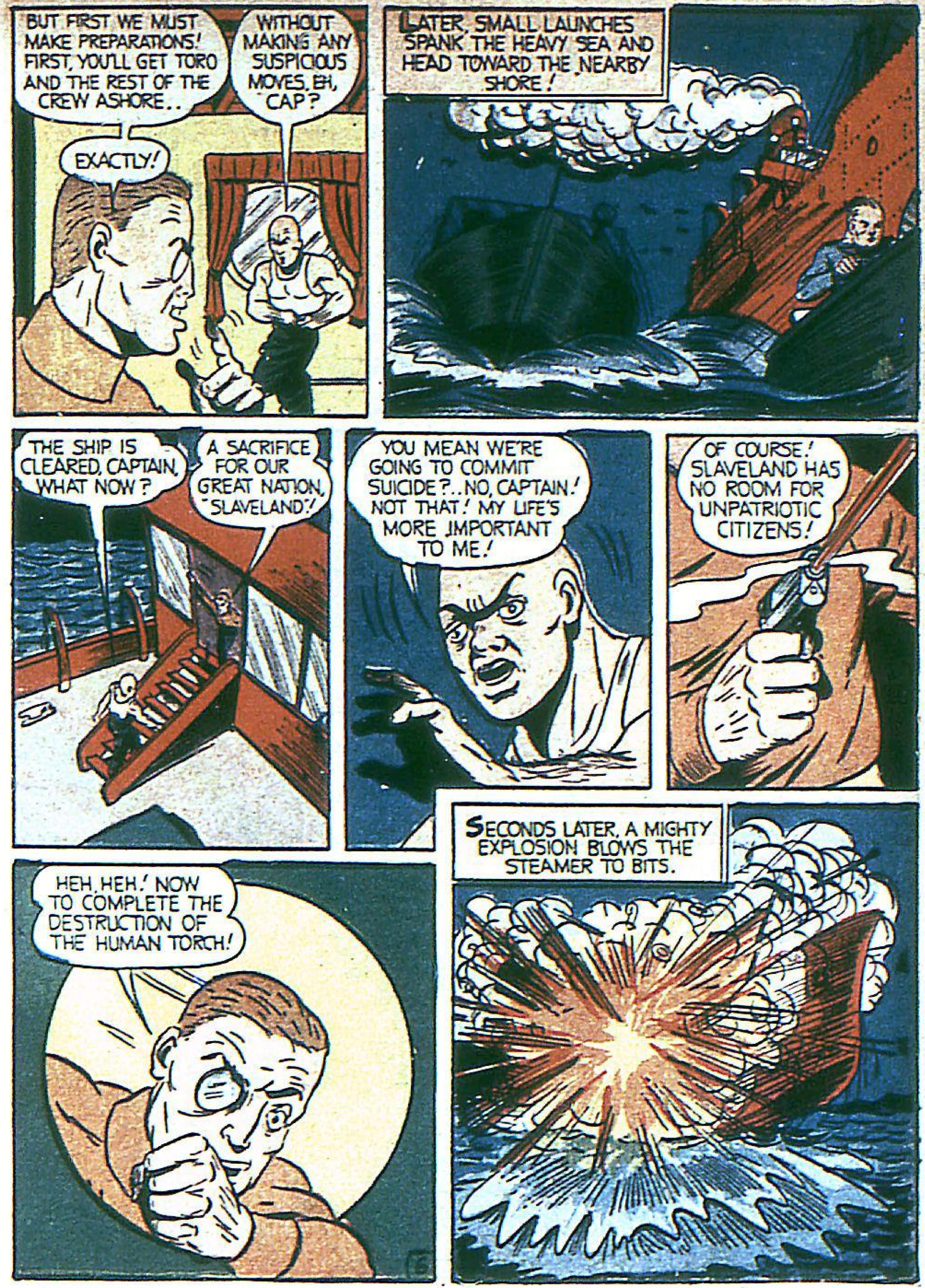

THE HUMAN TORCH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1940.
and TORO
the FLAMING KID
by CARL BURGOS '40
HALF CONSCIOUS FROM THE EXPLOSION, THE TORCH SINKS SLOWLY TO THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER!
WHILE THE TRAMP STEAMER ELUDES THE POLICE BOAT!
LATER, THE TORCH BREAKS WATER.
WOW! THAT WAS A NASTY JOLT!
IT'S THE TORCH! HE STOPPED THE TORPEDO!
GET HIM ABOARD! HE LOOKS ALL IN!

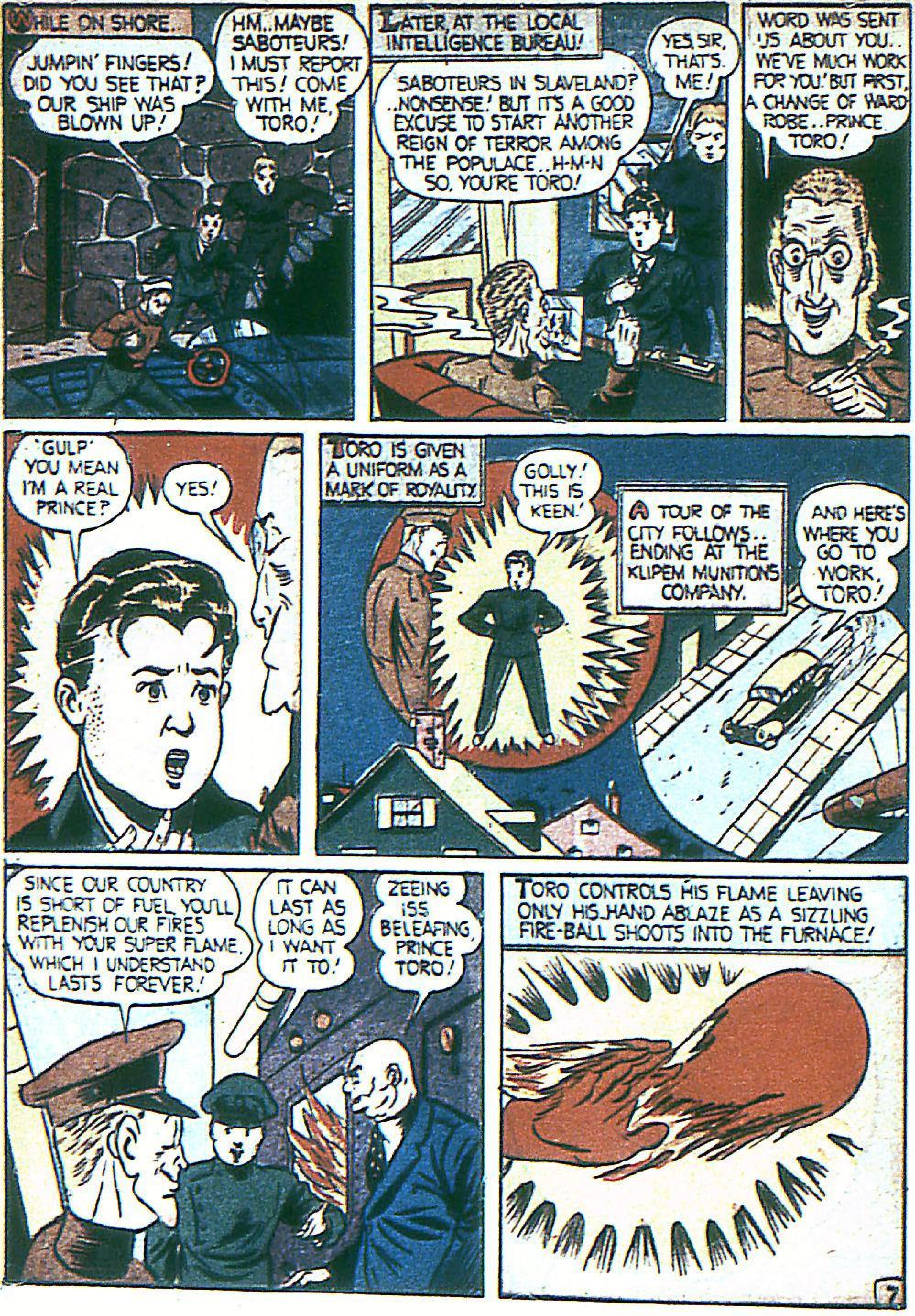

EASY, TORCH
THANKS, FELLOWS!
WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN?
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
WHERE DID THAT LINER DISAPPEAR?
DON'T KNOW! SHE LET OUT A SMOKE SCREEN AND MADE GOOD HER ESCAPE! WHY THE INTEREST IN HER, TORCH?
TORO IS ABOARD HER AND HEAVENS KNOWS WHAT THOSE RATS HAVE IN STORE FOR HIM!
BUT HOW CAN WE STOP THEM?
AS HIS SKIN DRIES, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND LEAPS INTO THE AIR.
I DON'T KNOW..BUT I'VE AN IDEA!
OUT OVER THE BROAD ATLANTIC, THE TORCH RACES AFTER THE ESCAPING TRAWLER..
WHILE ABOARD THE TRAMP STEAMER..
I'VE JUST HAD A RADIO-GRAM, TORO! THE AMERICANS HAVE CONDEMNED YOUR PARENTS AS TRAITORS! WITH THE PENALTY... DEATH!
NO! THAT CAN'T BE! YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!

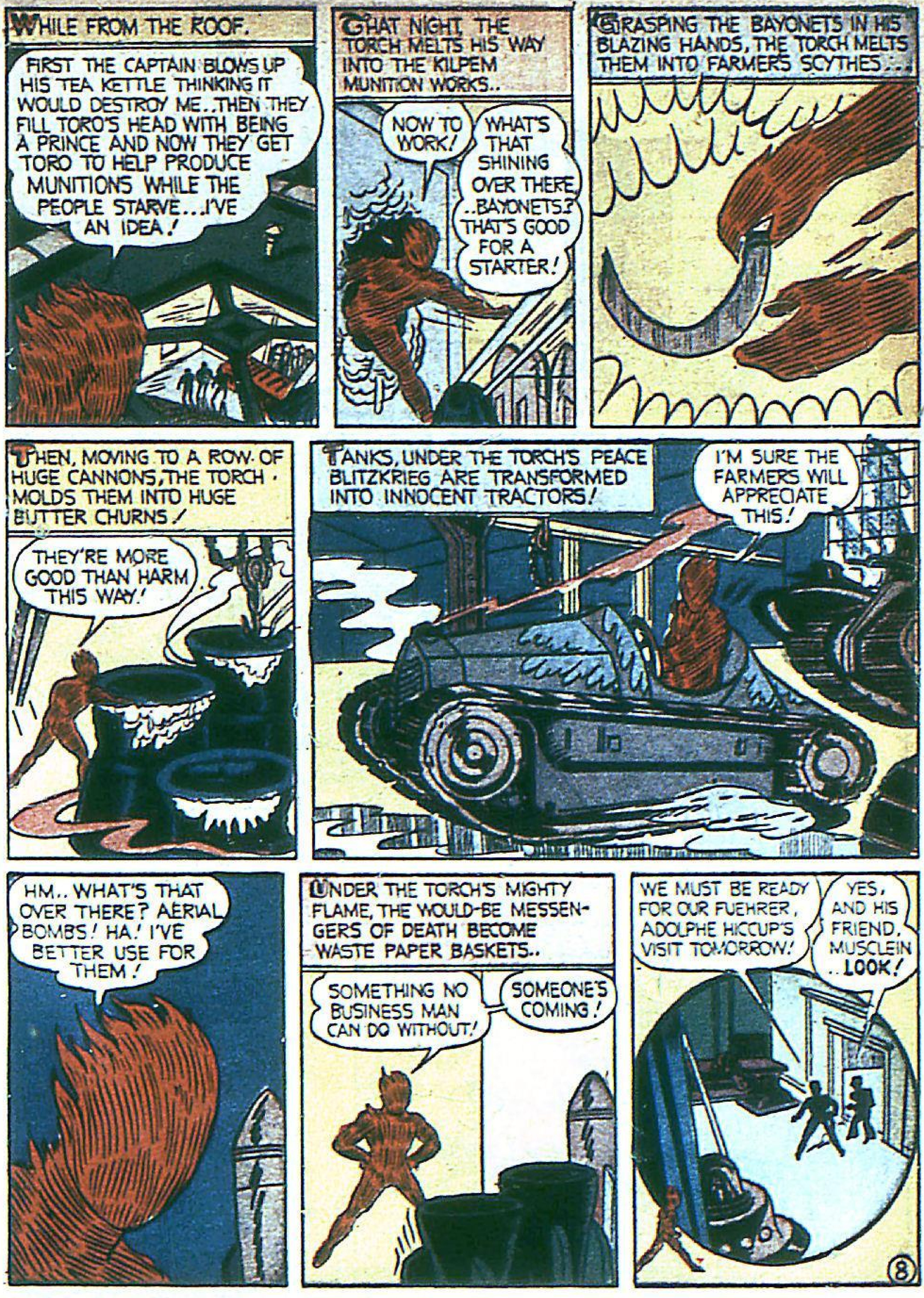

BAH! HERE'S THE RADIO-GRAM READ IT YOURSELF!
IT IS TRUE! WHAT CAN WE DO TO FREE THEM?
THERE IS A WAY! BUT IT IS THE HARD WAY! YOUR HELP WILL BE NEEDED AND YOU ARE TO OBEY WITHOUT QUESTION! IS IT A DEAL?
IT'S A DEAL!
IF THE LITTLE FOOL ONLY KNEW WHAT'S IN STORE FOR HIM!
MEANWHILE, THE TORCH HAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE SHIP AND SWOOPS DOWN!
AND LANDS LIKE A FEATHER ON THE DECK.
THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME!
I'M GOING TO NEED SOME CLOTHES IF I'M GOING TO SEARCH THIS SHIP FOR TORO WITHOUT INTERRUPTION... AH, THERE'S THE NIGHT WATCH.. THAT'S MY ANSWER!
GOOD NIGHT, CHUM!
UGH!
3

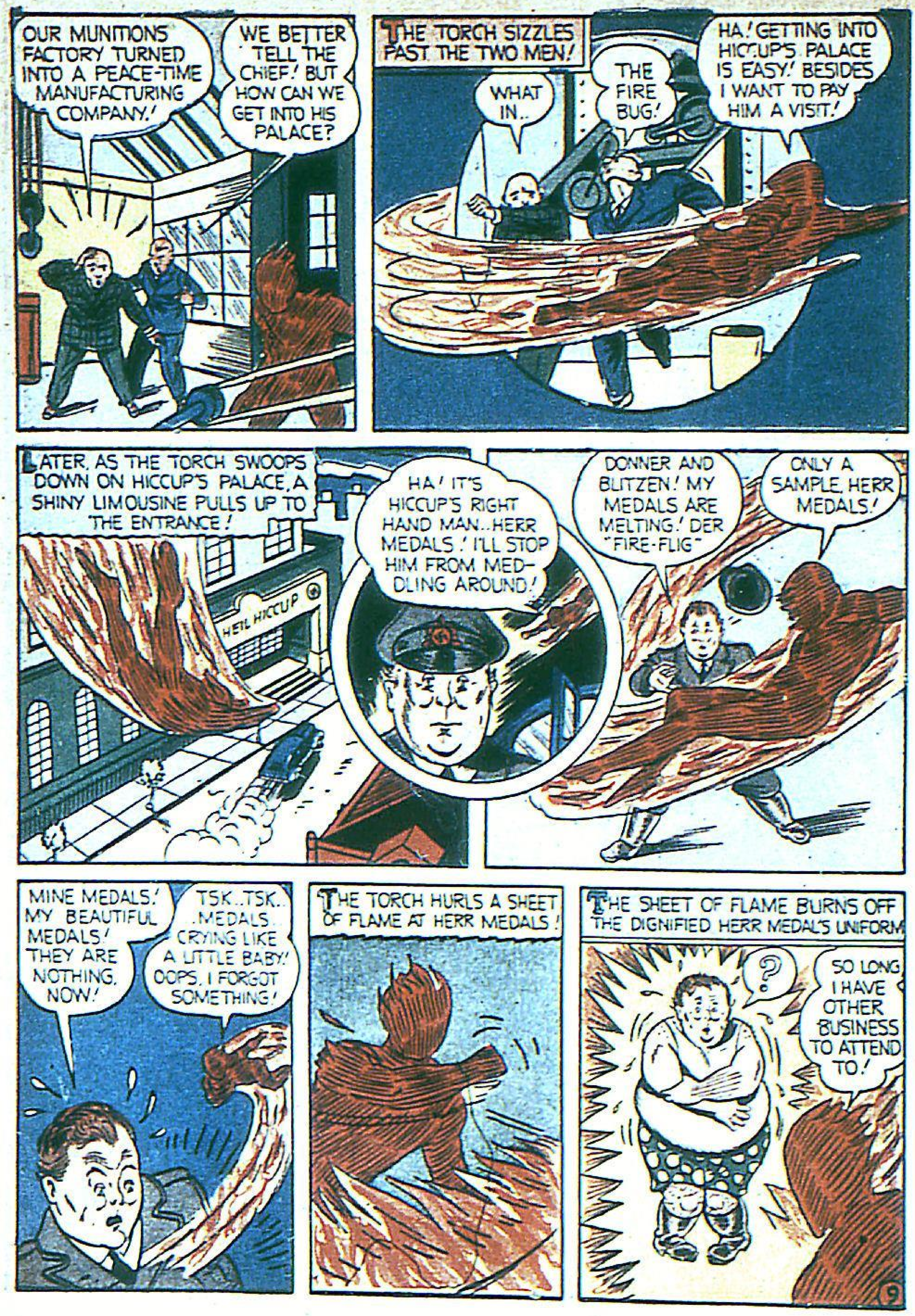

THANKS FOR THE CLOTHES, THEY FIT! NOW FOR MY TOUR OF INSPECTION!
LET'S SEE, WHERE WOULD A LOGICAL HIDING PLACE BE FOR TORO?..WHY THE CARGO HOLD IS AS GOOD AS ANY..YEP, THAT'S IT!
AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING BY THE HOLD, MISTER?
UH, OH, TROUBLE!
WHY I...I..
DON'T YOU KNOW, CREW MEMBERS ARE FORBIDDEN IN THE HOLD!..THIS'LL TEACH YOU!
HA! MISSED, MATE!
AND HERE'S ONE RIGHT BACK, SAILOR!
SOCK!
THE MATE FALLS DOWN THE OPEN HATCH AT THE SAME TIME UPSETTING AND SPLITTING SEVERAL PACKING CASES..
WHAT'S THAT YELLOW STUFF STICKING OUT OF THOSE PACKING CASES?
4
BRICKS OF GOLD!! THESE MEN ARE SMUGGLING GOLD OUT OF THE U.S. ...I'LL CURE THEM OF THAT!!

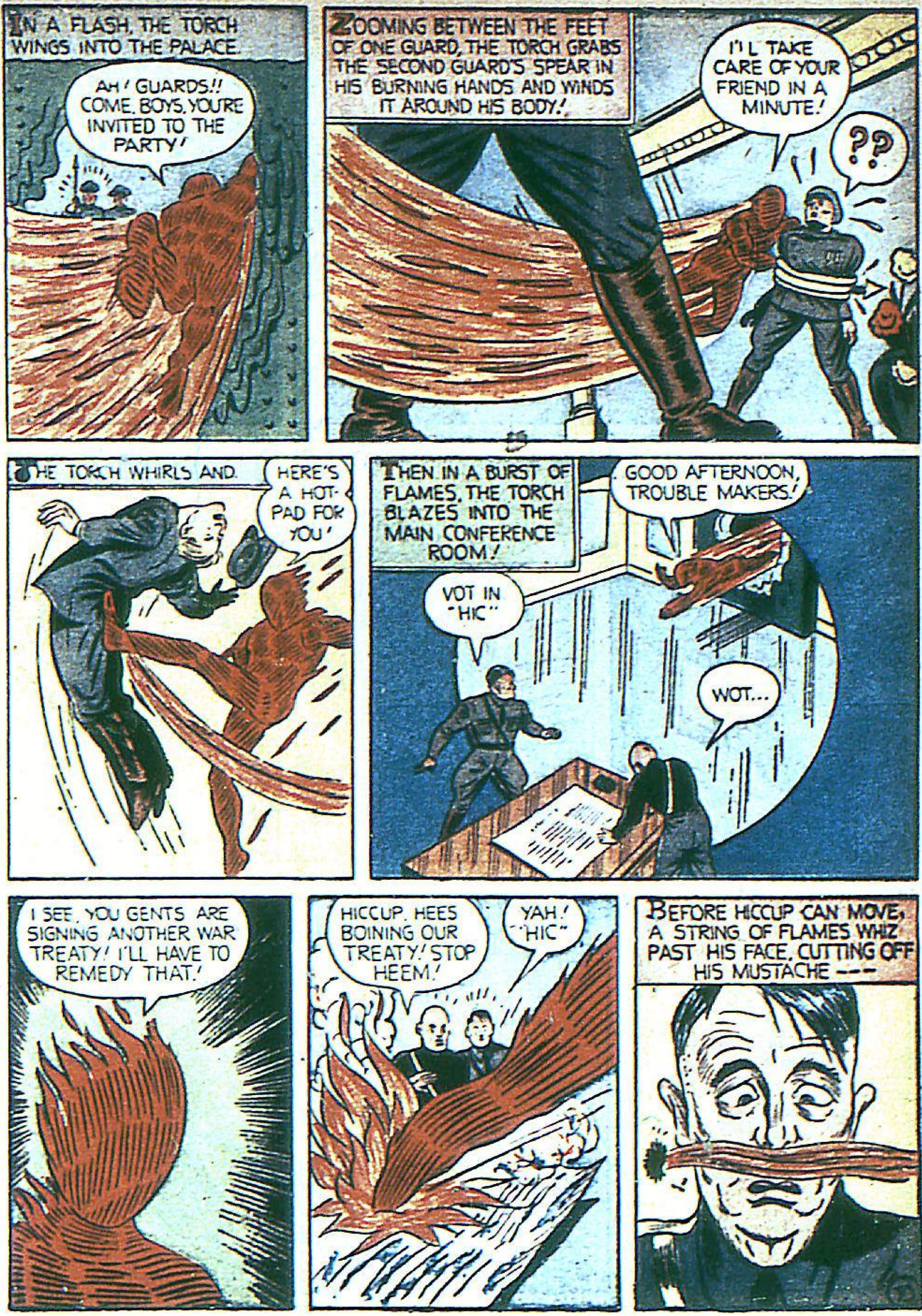

THE TORCH FIRST SECURES THE MATE WITH A STRONG CORD AND DEPOSITS HIM SAFELY IN A CORNER..
HM..A PORT HOLE JUST ABOVE THE WATERLINE.. JUST WHAT I NEED!
THE TORCH THEN MOVES THE CARGO OF GOLD TOWARD THE PORT HOLE AND MELTS THE BRICKS AS HE POURS THEM OUT THE WINDOW!
AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THE GOLD SITUATION!
ONE MORE BRICK LEFT! SAY, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA ON HOW TO GET HELP FROM THAT WATER-SPRINKLING HUMAN, SUB-MARINER!!
WITH HIS HAND ABLAZE, THE TORCH ENGRAVES A MESSAGE ON THE BRICK TO SUB-MARINER
PRINCE NAMOR I NEED YOUR HELP! T
AND TOSSES IT INTO THE HEAVY SEA!
I HOPE SUB-MARINER FINDS THIS "MESSAGE"
WHILE ON DECK, THE NIGHT-WATCH COMES TO..
WHAT HAPPENED? ..OH, THAT STRANGER.. SAY, THAT WAS... THE TORCH!!
..I TELL YOU CAPTAIN, IT WAS THE TORCH!
WHAT?
THIS TIME THE TORCH STEPPED OUT OF LINE, WE'RE IN OUR NATIVE WATERS OF "SLAVELAND"! SOON THIS FIRE-BEETLE WILL SHOW HIMSELF AND HIS DESTRUCTION WILL FOLLOW!
?

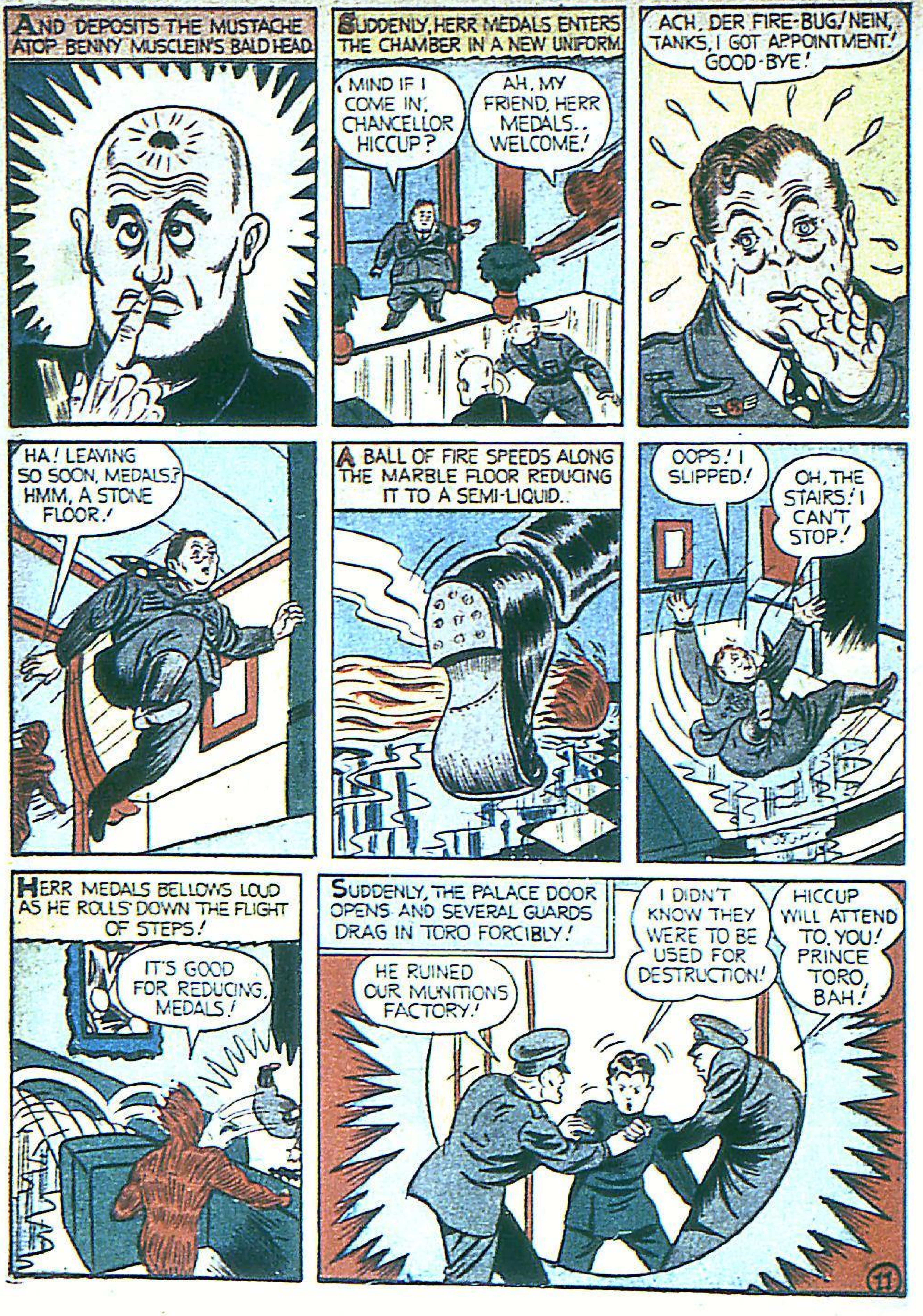

BUT FIRST WE MUST MAKE PREPARATIONS! FIRST, YOU'LL GET TORO AND THE REST OF THE CREW ASHORE..
WITHOUT MAKING ANY SUSPICIOUS MOVES, EH, CAP?
EXACTLY!
LATER, SMALL LAUNCHES SPANK THE HEAVY SEA AND HEAD TOWARD THE NEARBY SHORE!
THE SHIP IS CLEARED, CAPTAIN, WHAT NOW?
A SACRIFICE FOR OUR GREAT NATION, "SLAVELAND"!
YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING TO COMMIT SUICIDE?..NO, CAPTAIN! NOT THAT! MY LIFE'S MORE IMPORTANT TO ME!
OF COURSE! SLAVELAND HAS NO ROOM FOR UNPATRIOTIC CITIZENS!
HEH, HEH! NOW TO COMPLETE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE HUMAN TORCH!
SECONDS LATER, A MIGHTY EXPLOSION BLOWS THE STEAMER TO BITS.
3

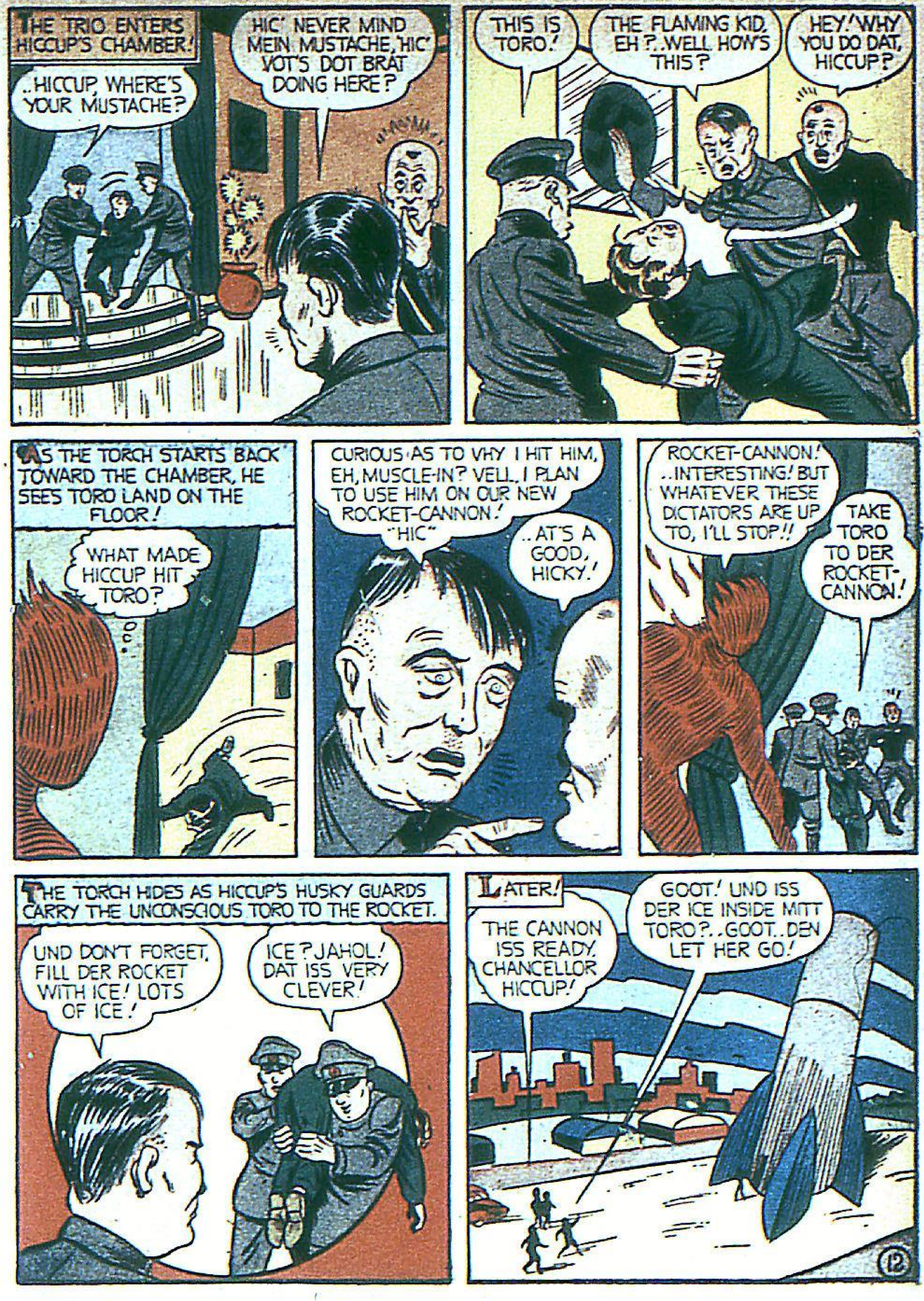

WHILE ON SHORE..
JUMPIN' FINGERS! DID YOU SEE THAT? OUR SHIP WAS BLOWN UP!
HM..MAYBE SABOTEURS! I MUST REPORT THIS! COME WITH ME, TORO!
LATER, AT THE LOCAL INTELLIGENCE BUREAU!
SABOTEURS IN SLAVELAND? ..NONSENSE! BUT IT'S A GOOD EXCUSE TO START ANOTHER REIGN OF TERROR AMONG THE POPULACE..H-M-N SO, YOU'RE TORO!
YES, SIR, THAT'S ME!
WORD WAS SENT US ABOUT YOU.. WE'VE MUCH WORK FOR YOU! BUT FIRST, A CHANGE OF WARD-ROBE..PRINCE TORO!
'GULP' YOU MEAN I'M A REAL PRINCE?
YES!
TORO IS GIVEN A UNIFORM AS A MARK OF ROYALITY.
GOLLY! THIS IS KEEN!
A TOUR OF THE CITY FOLLOWS.. ENDING AT THE KLIPEM MUNITIONS COMPANY.
AND HERE'S WHERE YOU GO TO WORK, TORO!
SINCE OUR COUNTRY IS SHORT OF FUEL YOU'LL REPLENISH OUR FIRES WITH YOUR SUPER FLAME, WHICH I UNDERSTAND LASTS FOREVER!
IT CAN LAST AS LONG AS I WANT IT TO!
ZEEING ISS BELEAFING, PRINCE TORO!
TORO CONTROLS HIS FLAME LEAVING ONLY HIS HAND ABLAZE AS A SIZZLING FIRE-BALL SHOOTS INTO THE FURNACE!

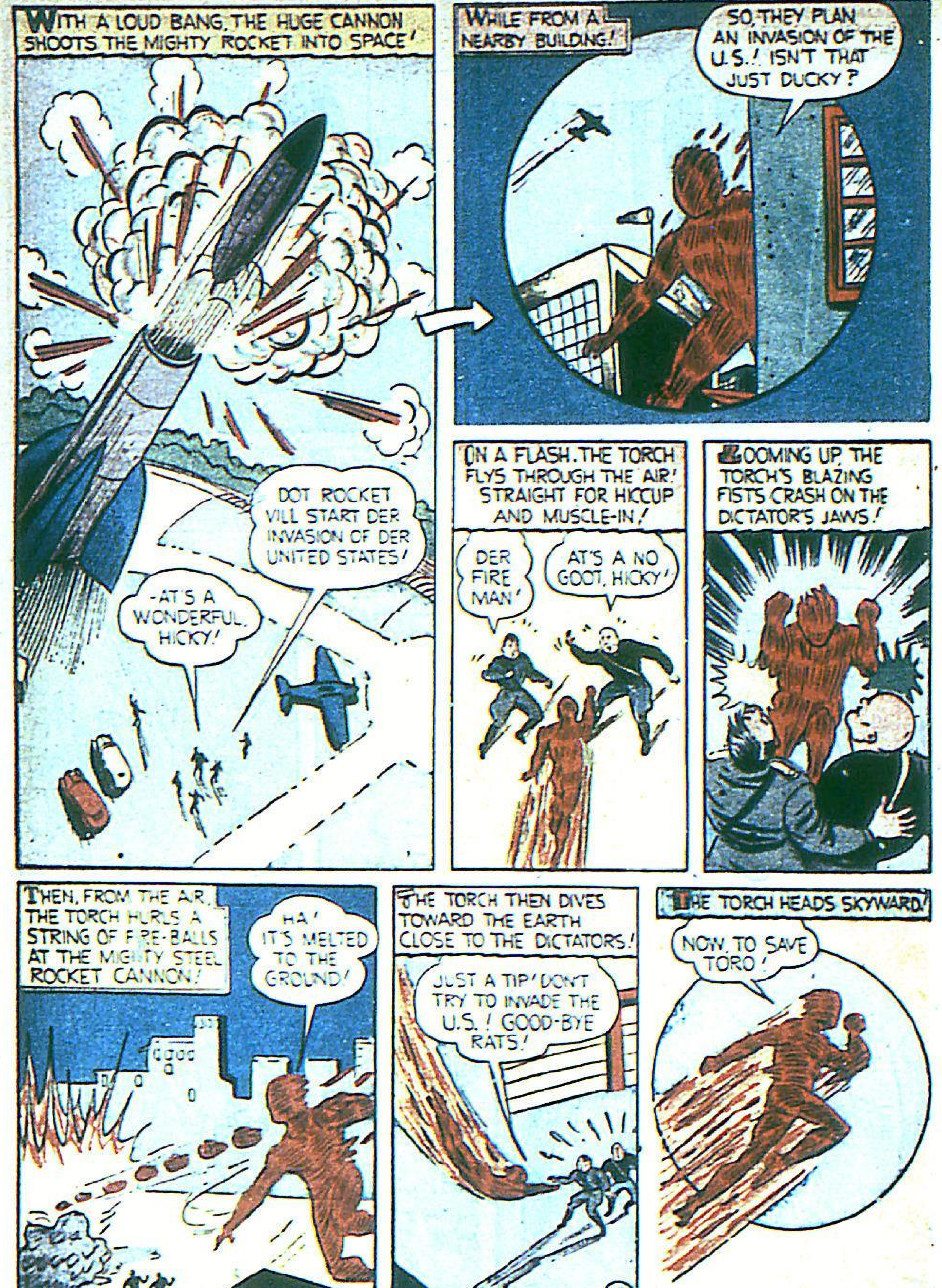

WHILE FROM THE ROOF.
FIRST THE CAPTAIN BLOWS UP HIS TEA KETTLE THINKING IT WOULD DESTROY ME..THEN THEY FILL TORO'S HEAD WITH BEING A PRINCE AND NOW THEY GET TORO TO HELP PRODUCE MUNITIONS WHILE THE PEOPLE STARVE...I'VE AN IDEA!
THAT NIGHT, THE TORCH MELTS HIS WAY INTO THE KILPEM MUNITION WORKS..
NOW TO WORK!
WHAT'S THAT SHINING OVER THERE, ..BAYONETS? THAT'S GOOD FOR A STARTER!
GRASPING THE BAYONETS IN HIS BLAZING HANDS, THE TORCH MELTS THEM INTO FARMERS SCYTHES...
THEN, MOVING TO A ROW OF HUGE CANNONS, THE TORCH MOLDS THEM INTO HUGE BUTTER CHURNS!
THEY'RE MORE GOOD THAN HARM THIS WAY!
TANKS, UNDER THE TORCH'S PEACE BLITZKRIEG ARE TRANSFORMED INTO INNOCENT TRACTORS!
I'M SURE THE FARMERS WILL APPRECIATE THIS!
HM.. WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE? AERIAL BOMBS! HA! I'VE BETTER USE FOR THEM!
UNDER THE TORCH'S MIGHTY FLAME, THE WOULD-BE MESSENGERS OF DEATH BECOME WASTE PAPER BASKETS..
SOMETHING NO BUSINESS MAN CAN DO WITHOUT!
SOMEONE'S COMING!
WE MUST BE READY FOR OUR FUEHRER, ADOLPHE HICCUP'S VISIT TOMORROW!
YES, AND HIS FRIEND, MUSCLEIN ..LOOK!

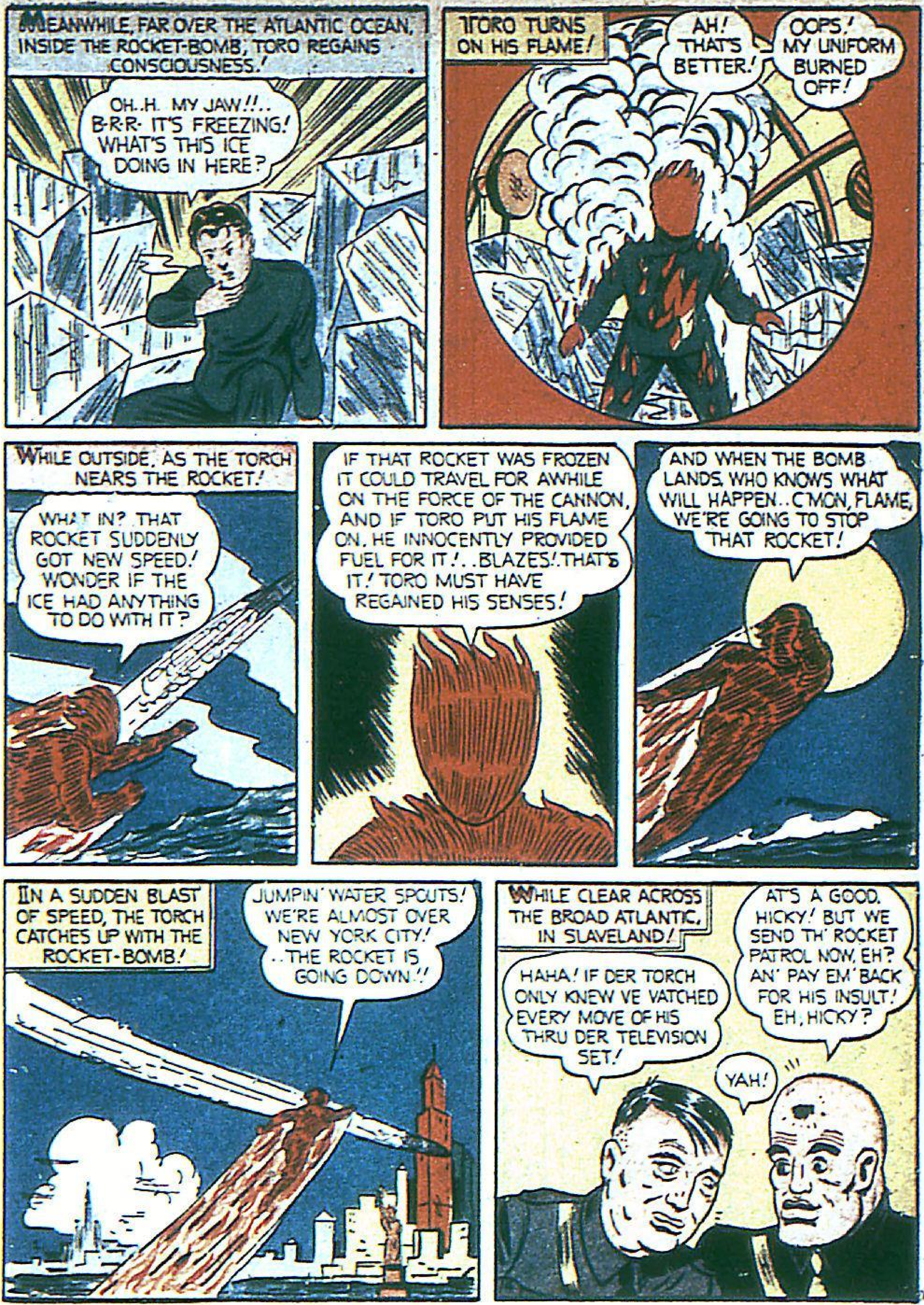

OUR MUNITIONS FACTORY TURNED INTO A PEACE-TIME MANUFACTURING COMPANY!
WE BETTER TELL THE CHIEF! BUT HOW CAN WE GET INTO HIS PALACE?
THE TORCH SIZZLES PAST THE TWO MEN!
WHAT IN..
THE FIRE BUG!
HA! GETTING INTO HICCUP'S PALACE IS EASY! BESIDES I WANT TO PAY HIM A VISIT!
LATER, AS THE TORCH SWOOPS DOWN ON HICCUP'S PALACE, A SHINY LIMOUSINE PULLS UP TO THE ENTRANCE!
HEIL HICCUP
HA! IT'S HICCUP'S RIGHT HAND MAN..HERR MEDALS! I'LL STOP HIM FROM MEDDLING AROUND!
DONNER AND BLITZEN! MY MEDALS ARE MELTING! DER "FIRE-FLIG"
ONLY A SAMPLE, HERR MEDALS!
MINE MEDALS! MY BEAUTIFUL MEDALS! THEY ARE NOTHING, NOW!
TSK..TSK.. .MEDALS. CRYING LIKE A LITTLE BABY! OOPS, I FORGOT SOMETHING!
THE TORCH HURLS A SHEET OF FLAME AT HERR MEDALS!
THE SHEET OF FLAME BURNS OFF THE DIGNIFIED HERR MEDAL'S UNIFORM
?
SO LONG I HAVE OTHER BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

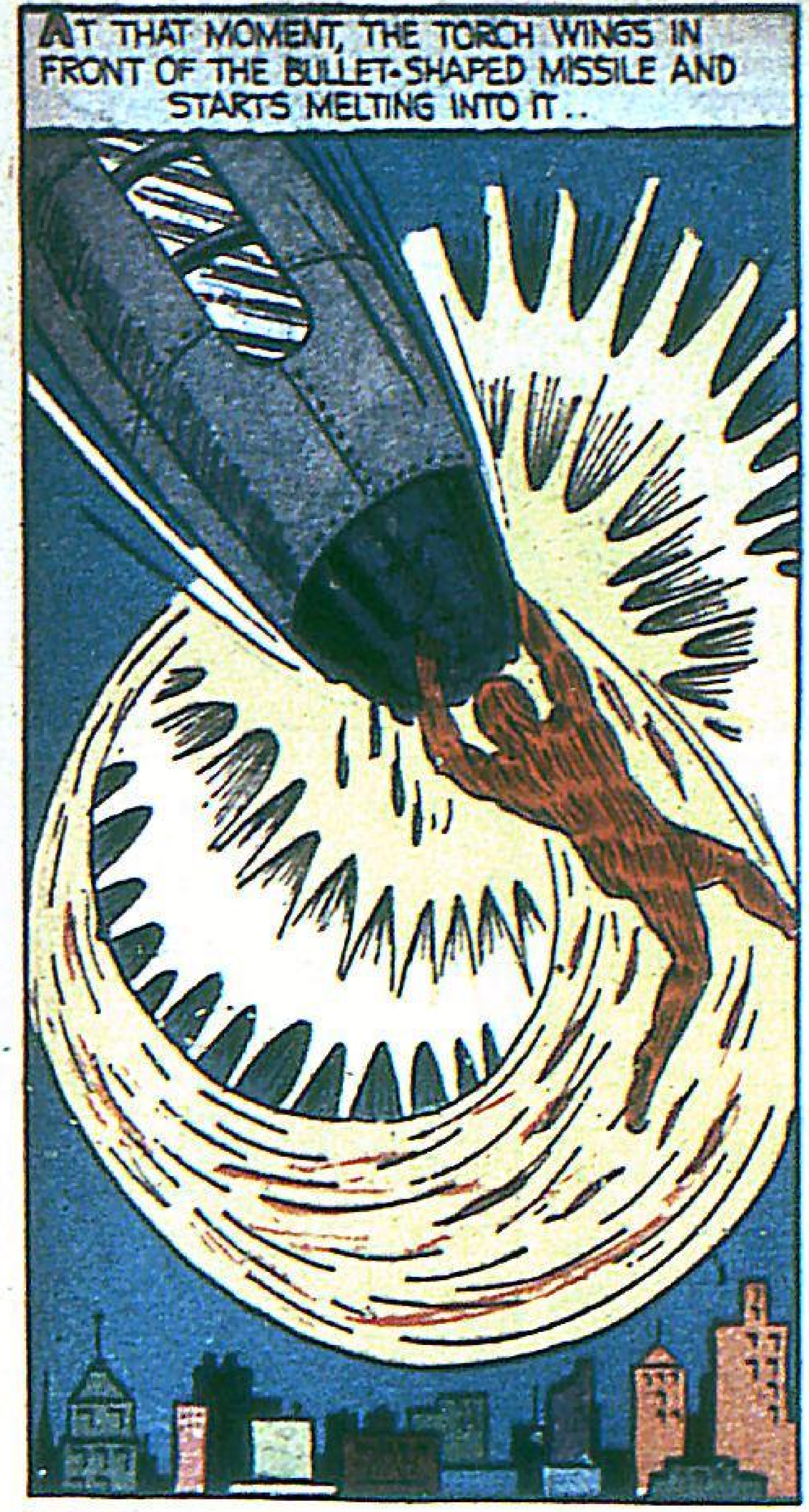

IN A FLASH, THE TORCH WINGS INTO THE PALACE.
AH! GUARDS!! COME, BOYS, YOU'RE INVITED TO THE PARTY!
ZOOMING BETWEEN THE FEET OF ONE GUARD, THE TORCH GRABS THE SECOND GUARD'S SPEAR IN HIS BURNING HANDS AND WINDS IT AROUND HIS BODY!
I'L TAKE CARE OF YOUR FRIEND IN A MINUTE!
??
THE TORCH WHIRLS AND.
HERE'S A HOT-PAD FOR YOU!
THEN IN A BURST OF FLAMES, THE TORCH BLAZES INTO THE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM!
GOOD AFTERNOON, TROUBLE MAKERS!
VOT IN "HIC"
WOT...
I SEE, YOU GENTS ARE SIGNING ANOTHER WAR TREATY! I'LL HAVE TO REMEDY THAT!
HICCUP, HEES BOINING OUR TREATY! STOP HEEM!
YAH! "HIC"
BEFORE HICCUP CAN MOVE, A STRING OF FLAMES WHIZ PAST HIS FACE, CUTTING OFF HIS MUSTACHE ---

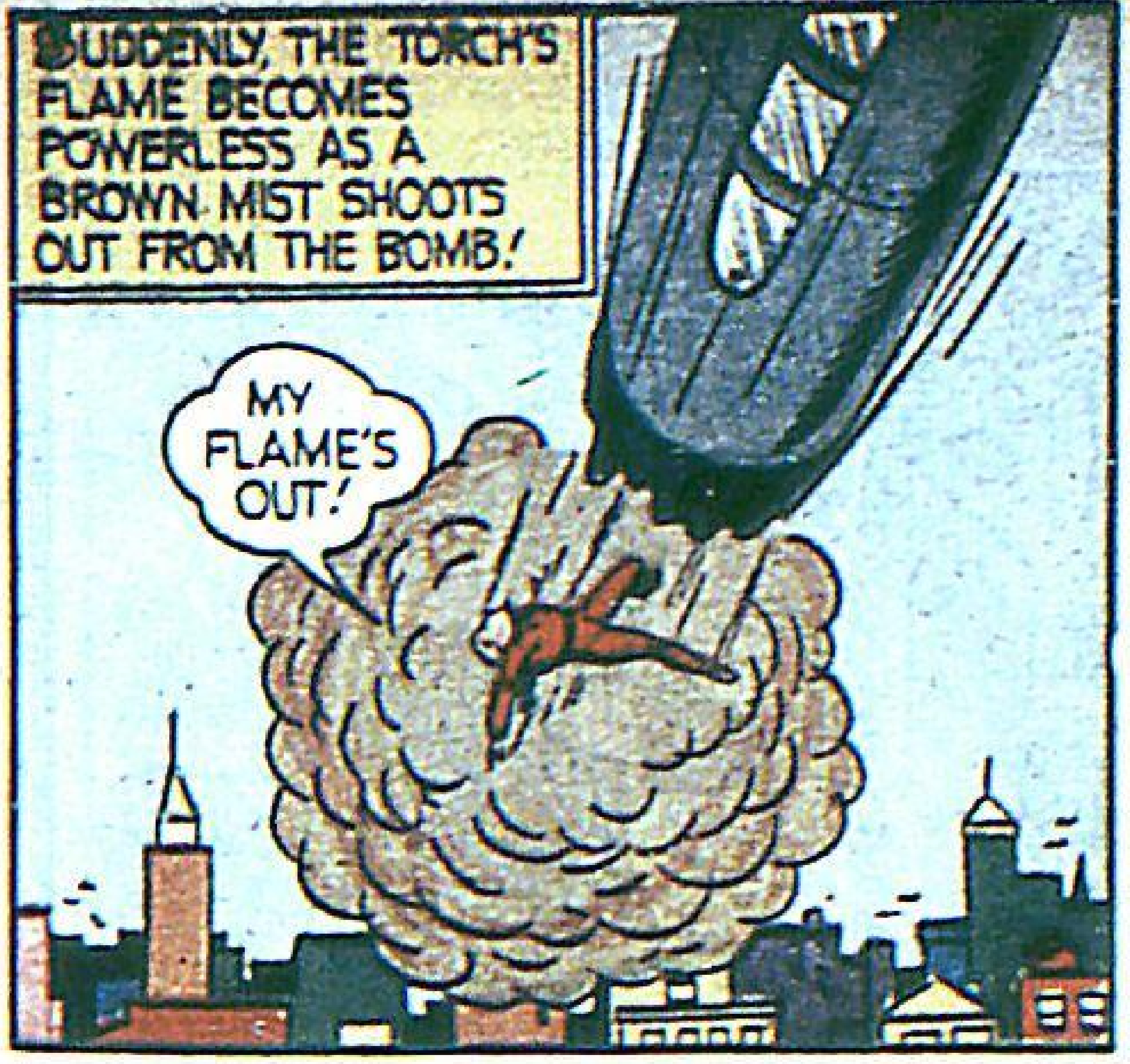

AND DEPOSITS THE MUSTACHE ATOP BENNY MUSCLEIN'S BALD HEAD
SUDDENLY, HERR MEDALS ENTERS THE CHAMBER IN A NEW UNIFORM
MIND IF I COME IN, CHANCELLOR HICCUP?
AH, MY FRIEND, HERR MEDALS.. WELCOME!
ACH, DER FIRE-BUG! NEIN, TANKS, I GOT APPOINTMENT! GOOD-BYE!
HA! LEAVING SO SOON, MEDALS? HMM, A STONE FLOOR!
A BALL OF FIRE SPEEDS ALONG THE MARBLE FLOOR REDUCING IT TO A SEMI-LIQUID..
OOPS! I SLIPPED!
OH, THE STAIRS! I CAN'T STOP!
HERR MEDALS BELLOWS LOUD AS HE ROLLS DOWN THE FLIGHT OF STEPS!
IT'S GOOD FOR REDUCING, MEDALS!
SUDDENLY, THE PALACE DOOR OPENS AND SEVERAL GUARDS DRAG IN TORO FORCIBLY!
HE RUINED OUR MUNITIONS FACTORY!
I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE TO BE USED FOR DESTRUCTION!
HICCUP WILL ATTEND TO, YOU! PRINCE TORO, BAH!
11

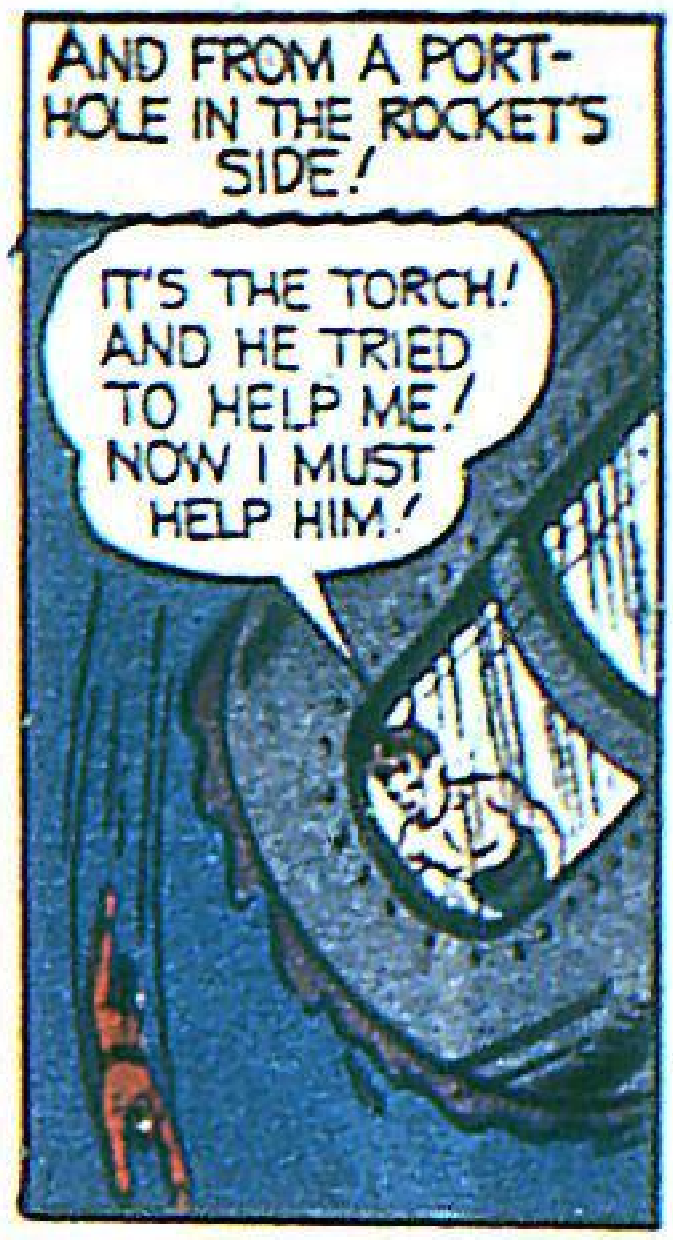

THE TRIO ENTERS HICCUP'S CHAMBER!
..HICCUP, WHERE'S YOUR MUSTACHE?
HIC' NEVER MIND MEIN MUSTACHE, 'HIC' VOT'S DOT BRAT DOING HERE?
THIS IS TORO!
THE FLAMING KID, EH?..WELL HOW'S THIS?
HEY! WHY YOU DO DAT, HICCUP?
AS THE TORCH STARTS BACK TOWARD THE CHAMBER, HE SEES TORO LAND ON THE FLOOR!
WHAT MADE HICCUP HIT TORO?
CURIOUS AS TO VHY I HIT HIM, EH, MUSCLE-IN? VELL, I PLAN TO USE HIM ON OUR NEW ROCKET-CANNON! "HIC"
..AT'S A GOOD, HICKY!
ROCKET-CANNON! ..INTERESTING! BUT WHATEVER THESE DICTATORS ARE UP TO, I'LL STOP!!
TAKE TORO TO DER ROCKET-CANNON!
THE TORCH HIDES AS HICCUP'S HUSKY GUARDS CARRY THE UNCONSCIOUS TORO TO THE ROCKET.
UND DON'T FORGET, FILL DER ROCKET WITH ICE! LOTS OF ICE!
ICE? JAHOL! DAT ISS VERY CLEVER!
LATER!
THE CANNON ISS READY, CHANCELLOR HICCUP!
GOOT! UND ISS DER ICE INSIDE MITT TORO?..GOOT..DEN LET HER GO!
12

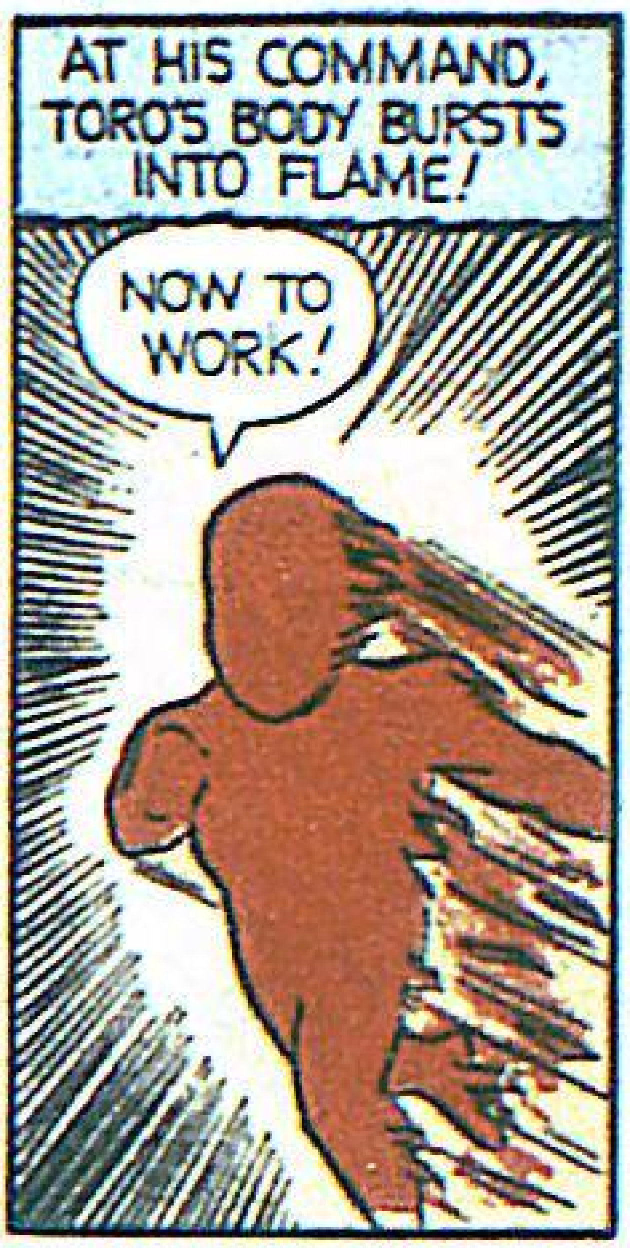

WITH A LOUD BANG, THE HUGE CANNON SHOOTS THE MIGHTY ROCKET INTO SPACE!
DOT ROCKET VILL START DER INVASION OF DER UNITED STATES!
-AT'S A WONDERFUL, HICKY!
WHILE FROM A NEARBY BUILDING!
SO, THEY PLAN AN INVASION OF THE U.S.! ISN'T THAT JUST DUCKY?
IN A FLASH, THE TORCH FLYS THROUGH THE AIR! STRAIGHT FOR HICCUP AND MUSCLE-IN!
DER FIRE MAN!
AT'S A NO GOOT, HICKY!
ZOOMING UP, THE TORCH'S BLAZING FISTS CRASH ON THE DICTATOR'S JAWS!
THEN, FROM THE AIR, THE TORCH HURLS A STRING OF FIRE-BALLS AT THE MIGHTY STEEL ROCKET CANNON!
HA! IT'S MELTED TO THE GROUND!
THE TORCH THEN DIVES TOWARD THE EARTH CLOSE TO THE DICTATORS!
JUST A TIP! DON'T TRY TO INVADE THE U.S.! GOOD-BYE RATS!
THE TORCH HEADS SKYWARD!
NOW, TO SAVE TORO!

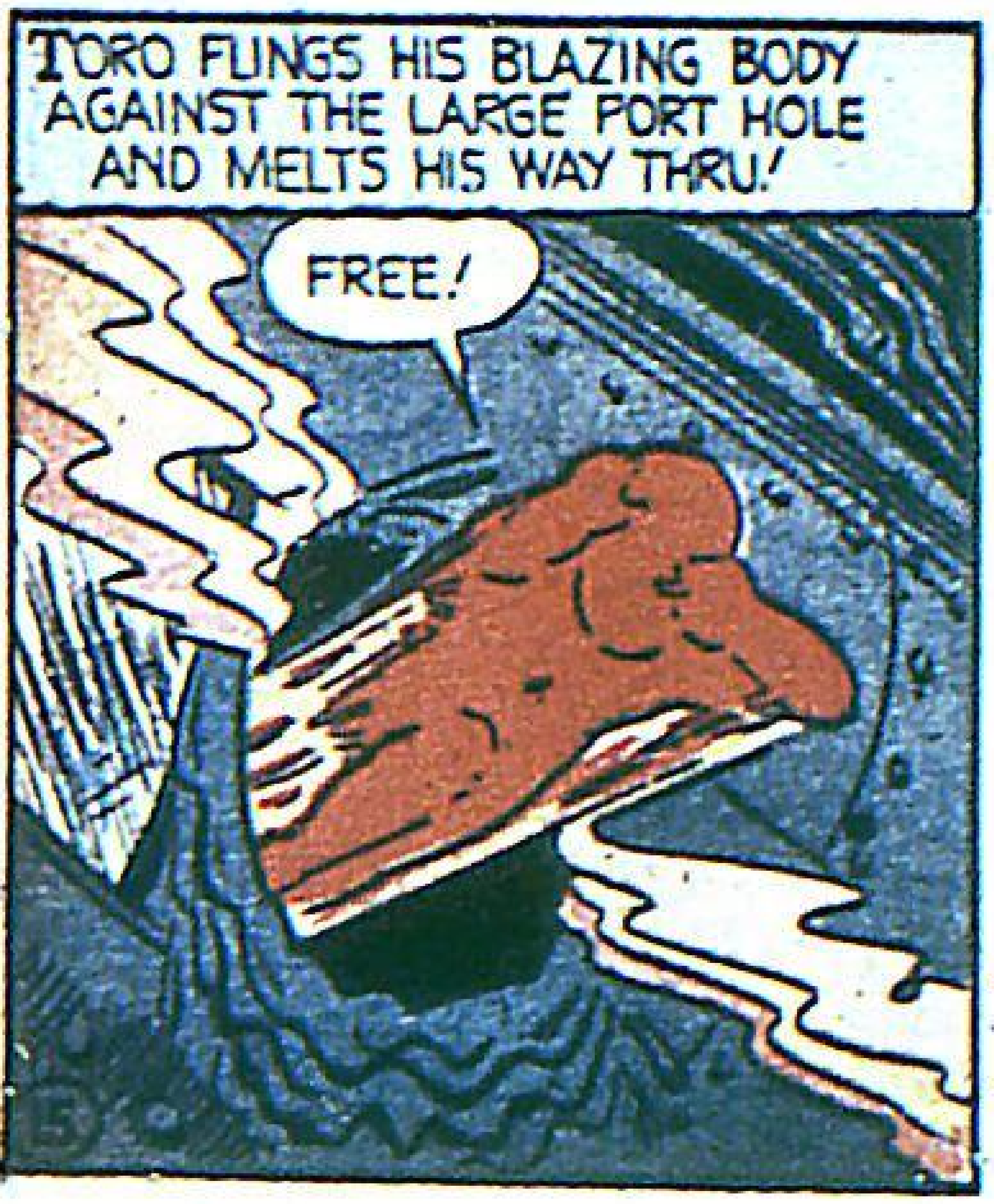

MEANWHILE, FAR OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, INSIDE THE ROCKET-BOMB, TORO REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS!
OH..H MY JAW!!.. B-R-R- IT'S FREEZING! WHAT'S THIS ICE DOING IN HERE?
TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME!
AH! THAT'S BETTER!
OOPS! MY UNIFORM BURNED OFF!
WHILE OUTSIDE, AS THE TORCH NEARS THE ROCKET!
WHAT IN? THAT ROCKET SUDDENLY GOT NEW SPEED! WONDER IF THE ICE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT?
IF THAT ROCKET WAS FROZEN IT COULD TRAVEL FOR AWHILE ON THE FORCE OF THE CANNON, AND IF TORO PUT HIS FLAME ON, HE INNOCENTLY PROVIDED FUEL FOR IT!..BLAZES!.THAT'S IT! TORO MUST HAVE REGAINED HIS SENSES!
AND WHEN THE BOMB LANDS, WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN..C'MON, FLAME, WE'RE GOING TO STOP THAT ROCKET!
IN A SUDDEN BLAST OF SPEED, THE TORCH CATCHES UP WITH THE ROCKET-BOMB!
JUMPIN' WATER SPOUTS! WE'RE ALMOST OVER NEW YORK CITY! ..THE ROCKET IS GOING DOWN!!
WHILE CLEAR ACROSS THE BROAD ATLANTIC, IN SLAVELAND!
HAHA! IF DER TORCH ONLY KNEW VE VATCHED EVERY MOVE OF HIS THRU DER TELEVISION SET!
AT'S A GOOD, HICKY! BUT WE SEND TH' ROCKET PATROL NOW, EH? AN' PAY EM' BACK FOR HIS INSULT! EH, HICKY?
YAH!

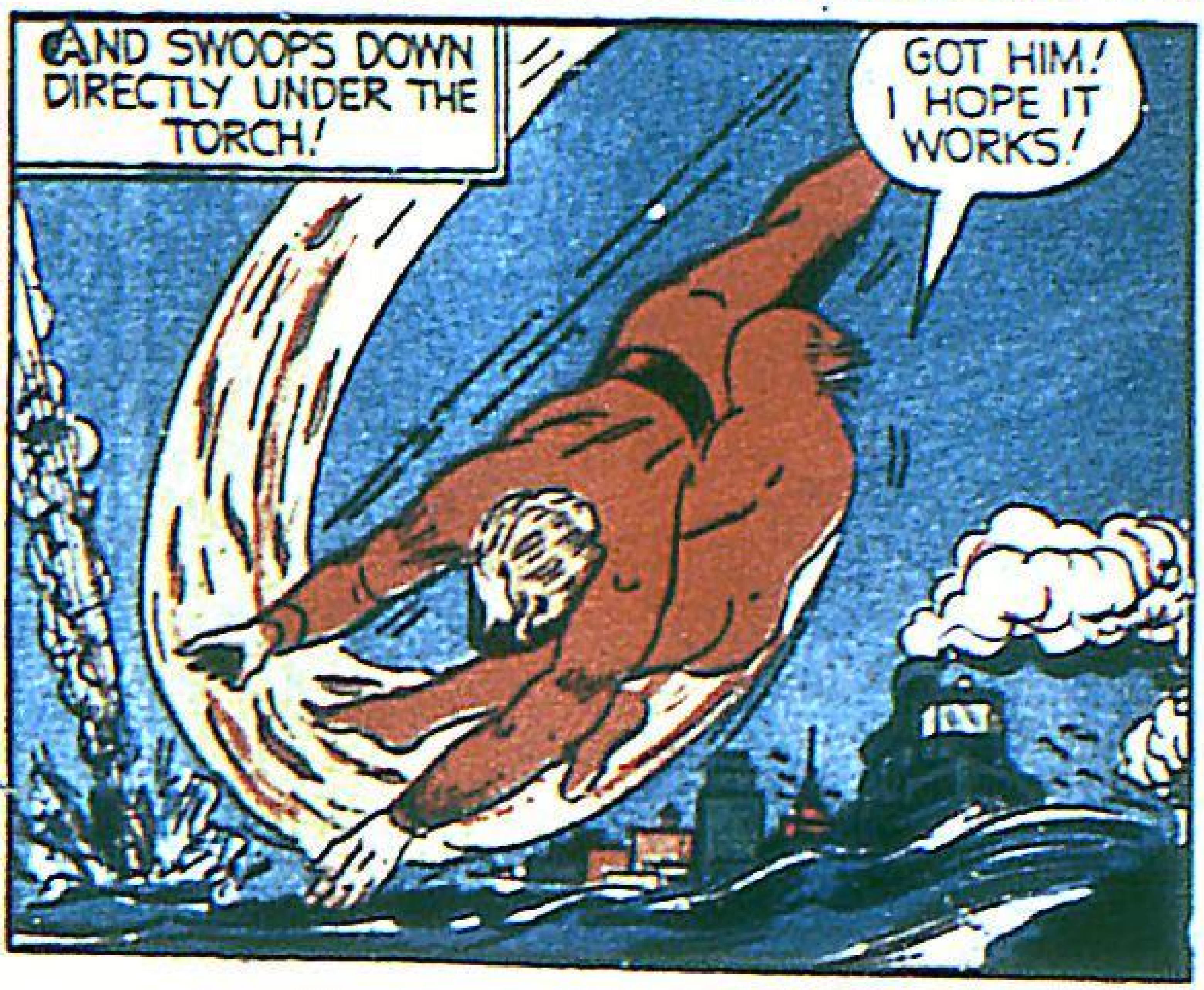

AT THAT MOMENT, THE TORCH WINGS IN FRONT OF THE BULLET-SHAPED MISSILE AND STARTS MELTING INTO IT..

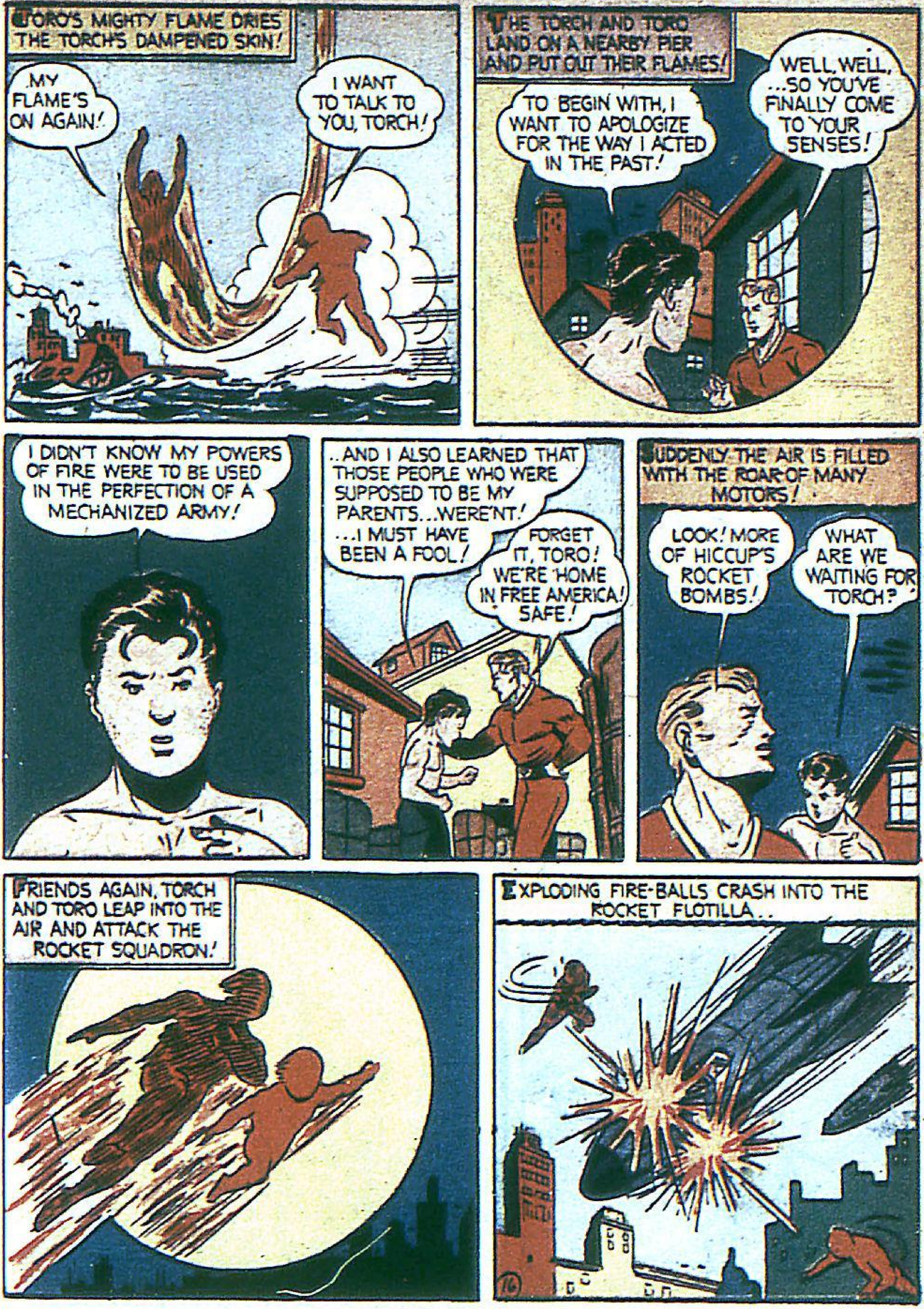

SUDDENLY, THE TORCH'S FLAME BECOMES POWERLESS AS A BROWN MIST SHOOTS OUT FROM THE BOMB!
MY FLAME'S OUT!

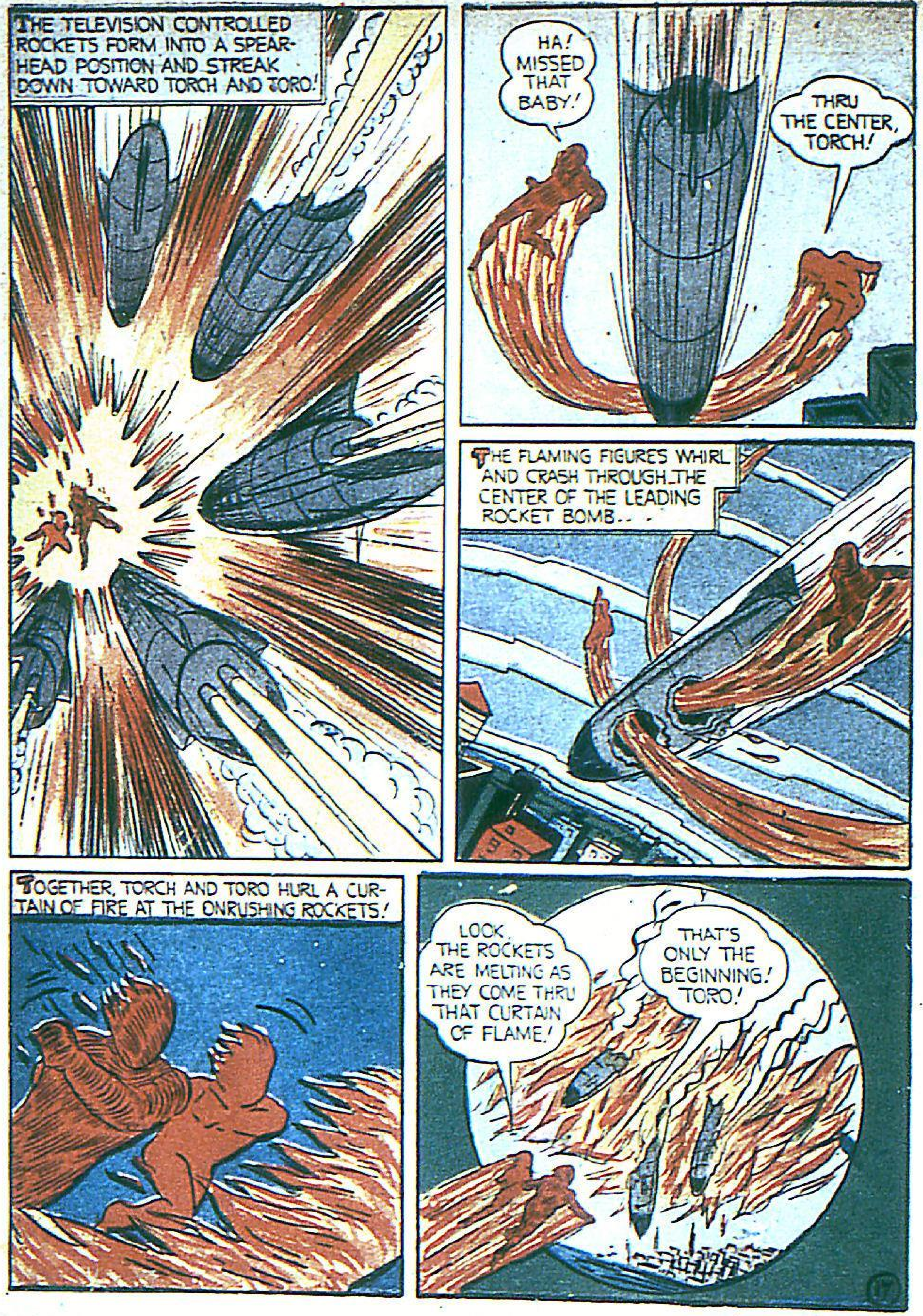

AND FROM A PORT-HOLE IN THE ROCKET'S SIDE!
IT'S THE TORCH! AND HE TRIED TO HELP ME! NOW I MUST HELP HIM!

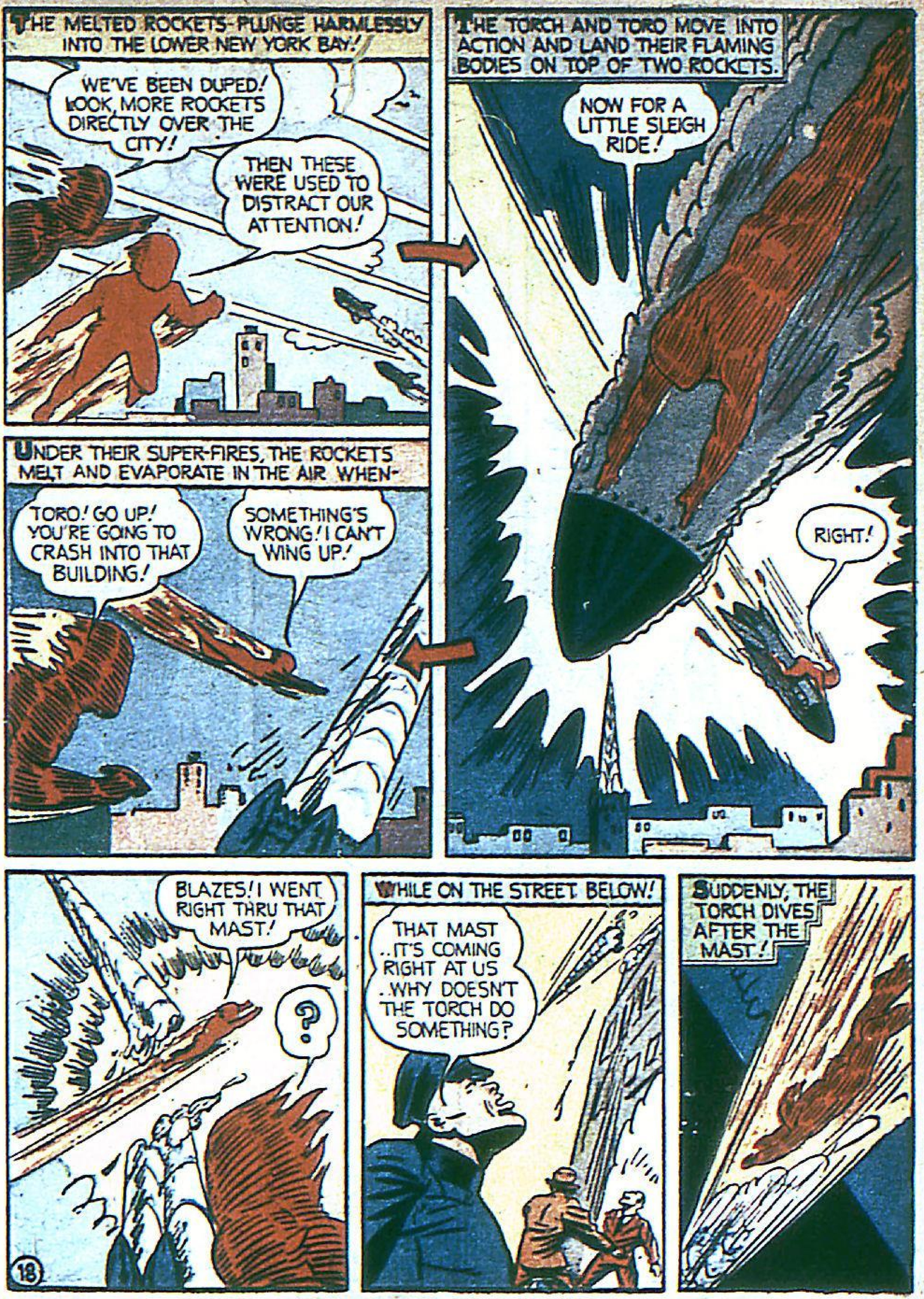

AT HIS COMMAND, TORO'S BODY BURSTS INTO FLAME!
NOW TO WORK!

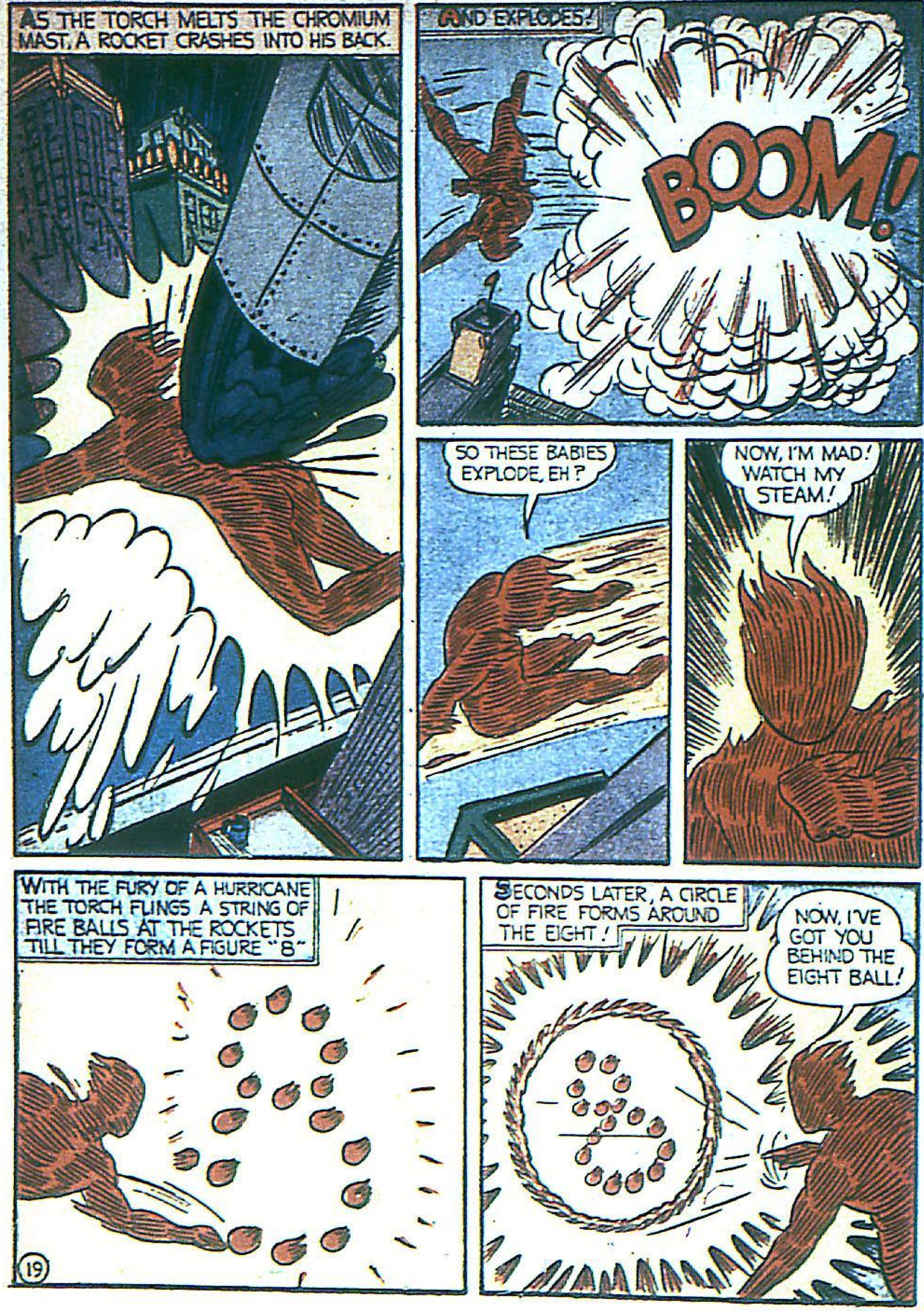

TORO FLINGS HIS BLAZING BODY AGAINST THE LARGE PORT HOLE AND MELTS HIS WAY THRU!
FREE!

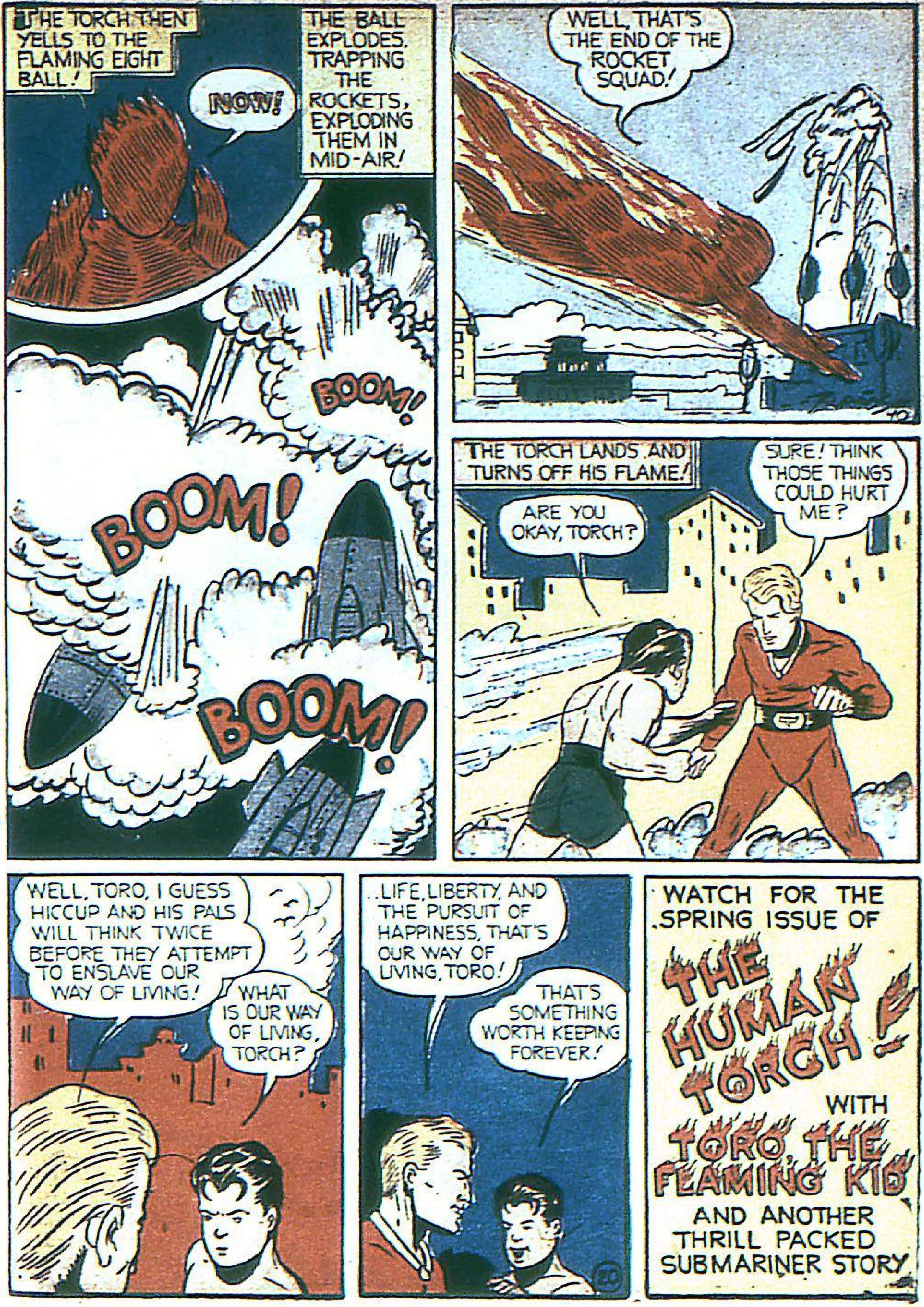

AND SWOOPS DOWN DIRECTLY UNDER THE TORCH!
GOT HIM! I HOPE IT WORKS!


TORO'S MIGHTY FLAME DRIES THE TORCH'S DAMPENED SKIN!
MY FLAME'S ON AGAIN!
I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, TORCH!
THE TORCH AND TORO LAND ON A NEARBY PIER AND PUT OUT THEIR FLAMES!
TO BEGIN WITH, I WANT TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE WAY I ACTED IN THE PAST!
WELL, WELL, ...SO YOU'VE FINALLY COME TO YOUR SENSES!
I DIDN'T KNOW MY POWERS OF FIRE WERE TO BE USED IN THE PERFECTION OF A MECHANIZED ARMY!
..AND I ALSO LEARNED THAT THOSE PEOPLE WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO BE MY PARENTS...WERE'NT! ...I MUST HAVE BEEN A FOOL!
FORGET IT, TORO! WE'RE HOME IN FREE AMERICA! SAFE!
SUDDENLY THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE ROAR OF MANY MOTORS!
LOOK! MORE OF HICCUP'S ROCKET BOMBS!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR TORCH?
FRIENDS AGAIN, TORCH AND TORO LEAP INTO THE AIR AND ATTACK THE ROCKET SQUADRON!
EXPLODING FIRE-BALLS CRASH INTO THE ROCKET FLOTILLA..
16

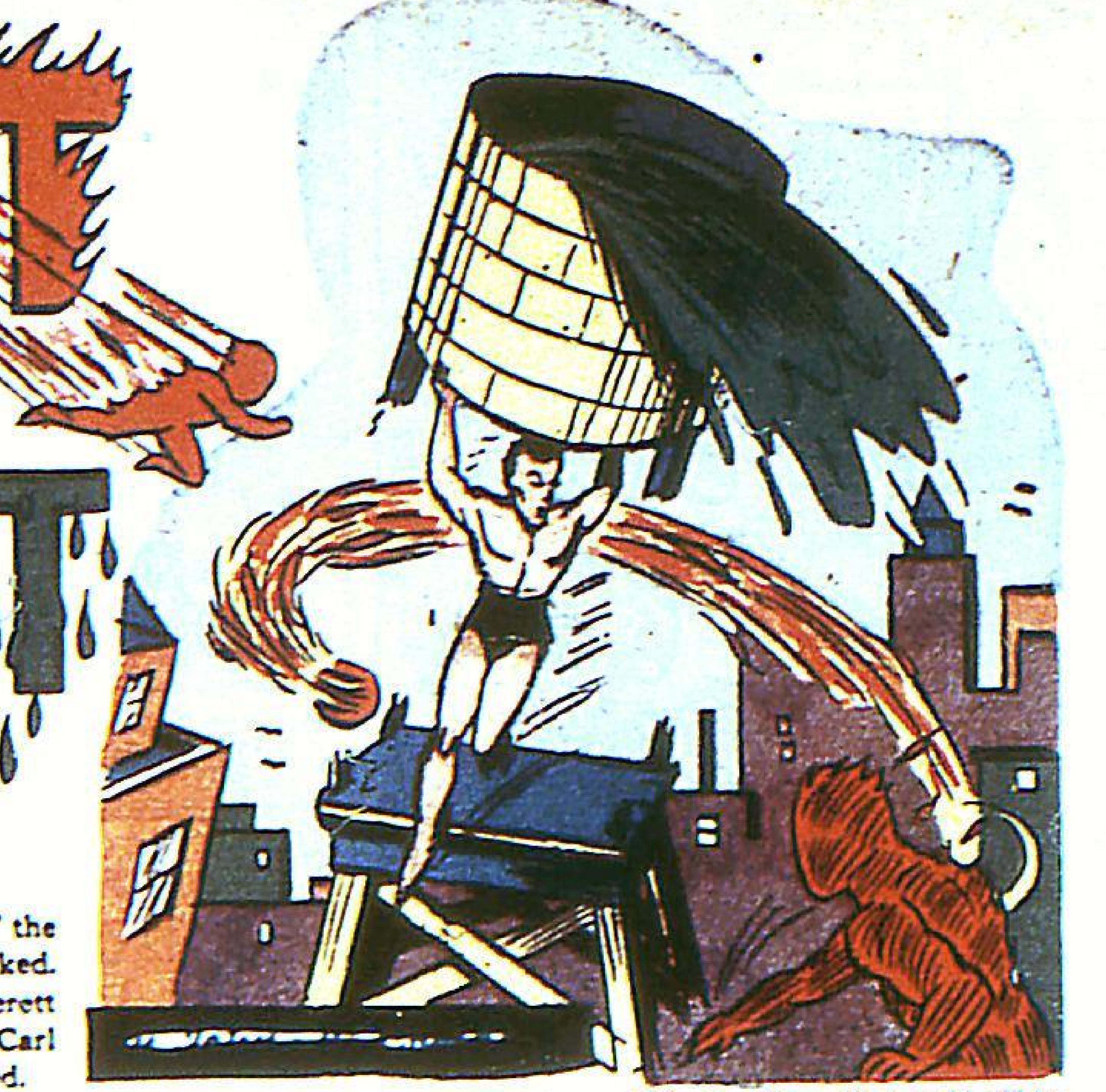

THE TELEVISION CONTROLLED ROCKETS FORM INTO A SPEARHEAD POSITION AND STREAK DOWN TOWARD TORCH AND TORO!
HA! MISSED THAT BABY!
THRU THE CENTER, TORCH!
THE FLAMING FIGURES WHIRL AND CRASH THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE LEADING ROCKET BOMB..
TOGETHER, TORCH AND TORO HURL A CURTAIN OF FIRE AT THE ONRUSHING ROCKETS!
LOOK, THE ROCKETS ARE MELTING AS THEY COME THRU THAT CURTAIN OF FLAME!
THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING! TORO!


THE MELTED ROCKETS PLUNGE HARMLESSLY INTO THE LOWER NEW YORK BAY!
WE'VE BEEN DUPED! LOOK, MORE ROCKETS DIRECTLY OVER THE CITY!
THEN THESE WERE USED TO DISTRACT OUR ATTENTION!
THE TORCH AND TORO MOVE INTO ACTION AND LAND THEIR FLAMING BODIES ON TOP OF TWO ROCKETS.
NOW FOR A LITTLE SLEIGH RIDE!
RIGHT!
UNDER THEIR SUPER-FIRES, THE ROCKETS MELT AND EVAPORATE IN THE AIR WHEN-
TORO! GO UP! YOU'RE GOING TO CRASH INTO THAT BUILDING!
SOMETHING'S WRONG! I CAN'T WING UP!
BLAZES! I WENT RIGHT THRU THAT MAST!
?
WHILE ON THE STREET BELOW!
THAT MAST ..IT'S COMING RIGHT AT US ..WHY DOESN'T THE TORCH DO SOMETHING?
SUDDENLY, THE TORCH DIVES AFTER THE MAST!


AS THE TORCH MELTS THE CHROMIUM MAST, A ROCKET CRASHES INTO HIS BACK.
AND EXPLODES!
BOOM!
SO THESE BABIES EXPLODE, EH?
NOW, I'M MAD! WATCH MY STEAM!
WITH THE FURY OF A HURRICANE THE TORCH FLINGS A STRING OF FIRE BALLS AT THE ROCKETS TILL THEY FORM A FIGURE "8"
19
SECONDS LATER, A CIRCLE OF FIRE FORMS AROUND THE EIGHT!
NOW, I'VE GOT YOU BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL!


THE TORCH THEN YELLS TO THE FLAMING EIGHT BALL!
NOW!
THE BALL EXPLODES, TRAPPING THE ROCKETS, EXPLODING THEM IN MID-AIR!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THE ROCKET SQUAD!
THE TORCH LANDS AND TURNS OFF HIS FLAME!
ARE YOU OKAY, TORCH?
SURE! THINK THOSE THINGS COULD HURT ME?
WELL, TORO, I GUESS HICCUP AND HIS PALS WILL THINK TWICE BEFORE THEY ATTEMPT TO ENSLAVE OUR WAY OF LIVING!
WHAT IS OUR WAY OF LIVING, TORCH?
..LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THAT'S OUR WAY OF LIVING, TORO!
THAT'S SOMETHING WORTH KEEPING FOREVER!
20
WATCH FOR THE SPRING ISSUE OF
THE HUMAN TORCH!
WITH
TORO, THE FLAMING KID
AND ANOTHER THRILL PACKED SUBMARINER STORY

HOT AND WET



"WHAT did you say?" the Human Torch asked.

"I said Bill Everett was a better artist than Carl Burgos!" Sub-Mariner replied.

"You're crazy, you inhuman fish!" the Torch shot back. "My boss can draw rings around Everett any day in the week!"

"Listen, you hot-headed fool," Sub-Mariner shouted, "Carl Burgos can't even draw flies! And if you don't think so, I'll knock your blazing head off!"

"You will, eh?" the Human Torch replied. "Well, I don't think so!"

The Sub-Mariner tensed, then swung. His clenched, steel-like fist whistled through the air — directly toward the Torch's stubborn jaw. But just at that moment the Torch snapped on his flames, and the Sub-Mariner's fist hit nothing more concrete than a mass of fire.

"Hah!" the Torch taunted. "Shouldn't play with fire, little boy. Never will learn that, will you?"

"You need a good cooling, you incendiary imbecile," Sub-Mariner said. "And I'm just the guy to do it!"

Without waiting for the Torch to reply, Sub-Mariner leapt up —straight up to the roof of the building before which they stood. For a moment the Torch watched him, puzzled. Then, with his flames still raging, he roared into the air after him.

Landing on the roof of the building, the Torch saw Sub-Mariner just as the latter reached the base of the tower that supported the huge water tank. Remembering the destruction the Sub-Mariner had caused when he had run wild through the city, the Torch shouted. But he was too late. Already the Sub-Mariner's great strength was on exhibition. The water tower, uprooted bodily from its moorings, was swaying slightly, water sloshing from the tank.

"Namor!" Torch yelled. "Don't!"

More and more the tank tilted as Sub-Mariner lifted it high into the air. The Torch knew that something would have to be done—and done fast!

"Maybe this will stop him!" he muttered, hurling a sheet of flame across the roof. The flames spread out, preparatory to encircling the Sub-Mariner and trapping him. The Torch waited, tense—waited for the Sub-Mariner to retaliate, waited for the giant tank to crash down upon him. But it never happened!

A thin, shrill voice suddenly sounded above the roar of the flames that were forming about Sub-Mariner.

"Stop! Go back!"

The flames stopped. Slowly they began to return to the Torch. And then the Torch saw what had caused it — saw who had shouted.

"Toro!"

"YES," Toro said. "What's the matter with you fellows? I thought you'd settled your argument long ago. Put that tank back, Namor!"

The Sub-Mariner stared, dumbfounded, at the small boy

Once again the HUMAN TORCH and SUB-MARINER meet—this time in an argument over their artists. And what a brawl it turns out to be!

who stood between him and the Torch. Then sheepishly he obeyed.

In less than five minutes the Torch, with Sub-Mariner helping, had soldered the tower back on its base. When he had finished, Toro glared at both of them.

"I can't understand what you two are always fighting about. Honest, you act like a couple of kids."

The Torch laughed, and a wide grin split Sub-Mariner's lean face.

"Look who's talking," the Torch said.

"Well, kid," Sub-Mariner said, "it's like this. We were discussing who was the better artist — Bill Everett; who draws me, or Carl Burgos, who draws Torchy. And we couldn't agree."

"Well for Pete's sake," Toro said, "why can't you settle it like gentlemen? Suppose you let me decide. Why do you think Bill's better than Carl, Namor?"

Sub-Mariner scratched his head for a moment, his brows furrowed. Then he replied.

"Well, look at the swell girl he put in the strip with me—Betty, the police-woman. And if I get mad he lets me smack anybody I want to. Besides, he doesn't make me work as hard as Carl makes you and Torchy work."

The Human Torch laughed.

"Hah—is that all? I've worked with Betty—just as much as you have. And look at all the guys I've socked in my day. As for working — don't kid yourself about me working hard. I don't have to get up early in the morning, I don't work on rainy days, and in the summer, when it's nice and warm, Carl takes me out to the park."

"Bill can work faster than Carl," Sub-Mariner said.

"I don't know about that," the Torch replied. "But I do know that Carl can work with either hand!"

"Yeah?" Sub-Mariner shot back. "Sometimes it looks like he used a foot when he drew you!"

"If he did," the Torch retorted, his face getting red, "he could still do a better job than Everett does with you!"

"You take that back, you flaming fool! Take it back before I——"

"Before you what, fish-face?" the Torch cut in.

"Hey!" Toro shouted. "Cut it out, you two!"

"Before I really get sore and show you what I *can* do to that flame of yours!" the Sub-Mariner replied, ignoring the protesting Toro.

The Human Torch's flame leapt suddenly to life. He spread his legs, propped his fists against his hips.

"There you are, water-bug. Let's see you do it!"

A SHARP, thin smile spread across Sub-Mariner's lean face. He took four steps forward, tensed himself, then——

"Wait!" Toro leapt forward, got between Sub-Mariner and the Torch. "What's the matter with you fellows? I thought you were going to settle this like gentlemen!"

"Gentlemen! Hah!" the Torch snorted. "Call that thing a gentleman!"

"Listen, you," Sub-Mariner shot back, trying to push Toro aside, "if you think——"

"Stop! Stop it!" Toro shouted. "Use your heads, both of you. What will happen if you start belting the daylights out of each other, huh? Why you'll both be so badly mangled that you won't be able to appear in our comic book. *Then* what'll happen? We won't have any book, that's what!"

There was a moment of silence as both the Human Torch and Sub-Mariner considered the wisdom of Toro's remarks. It was the Torch who spoke first.

"He's right, Namor. Not that I think you could hurt me, but I might mess you up so badly you wouldn't be in the next few issues."

"Look, Torch," Sub-Mariner said, poking a steel-like finger against the Torch's chest, "Toro's right, but it would be *you* who wouldn't show up. So I guess we'd better call a truce—for the time being. One of these days I'll prove to you that Bill's the better artist."

The Torch gripped Sub-Mariner's outstretched hand.

"All right, it's a truce. But you'll never be able to prove that Bill's better than Carl, because, my fine fat fish-like friend, you can't prove something that just isn't true."

As he finished speaking, the Torch let his hand turn slowly into a small mild flame. Abruptly Sub-Mariner snapped his hand away, shook it.

"Why you no-good——"

Before the words were out of his mouth, Sub-Mariner ground his heel down hard on the Torch's foot. The Torch leaped back, grabbed his foot and glared at Sub-Mariner.

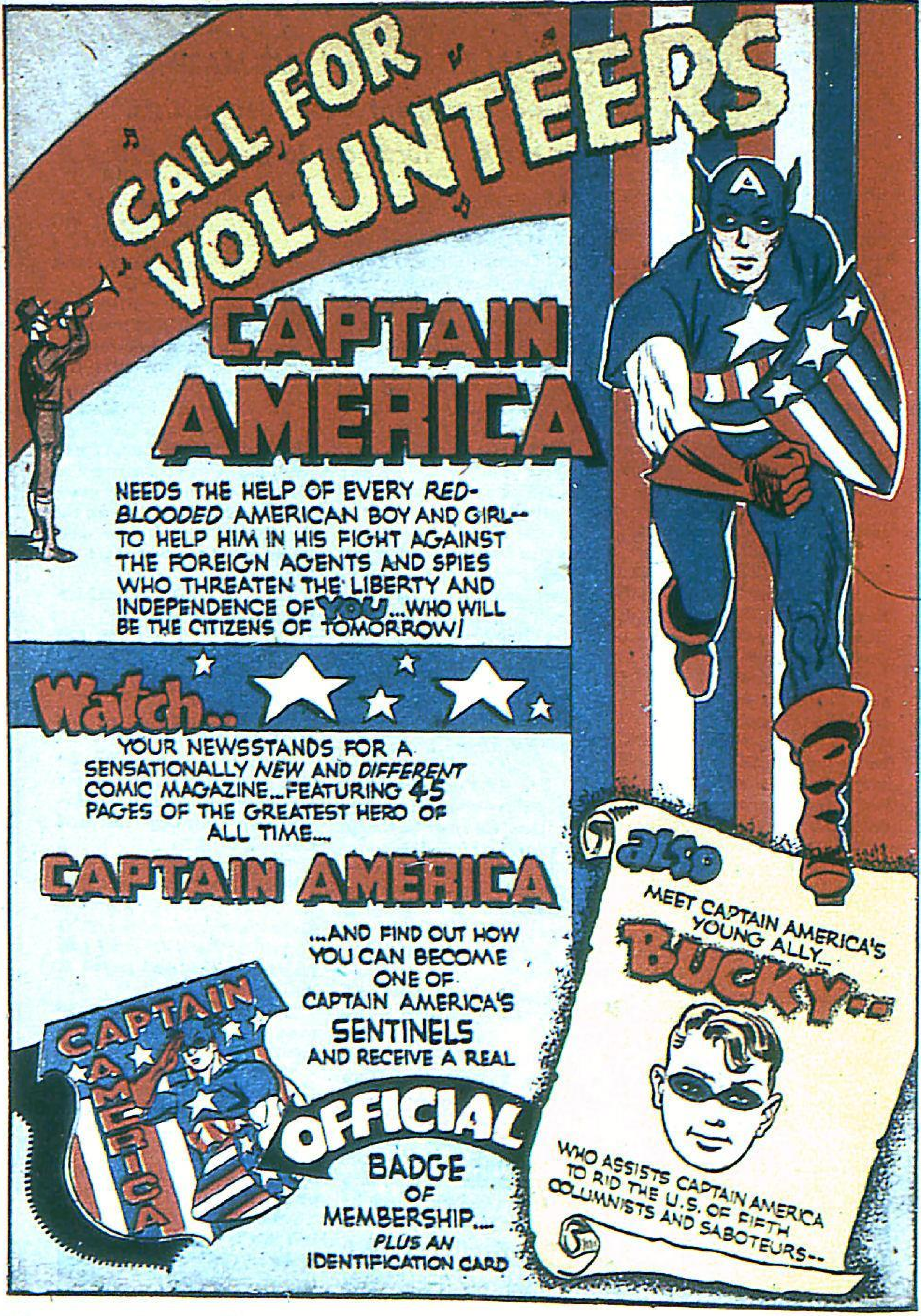
"All right, wise guy, we're even. But I'll be seeing you—soon!"

"Anytime you say, Torchy," Sub-Mariner said, blowing on his hand. "Anytime at all. I'll be ready!"

Toro shook his head sadly.

"You fellows sure can work up a mad-on when you want to. There's only one thing I hope—and that is that the kids see all of us in the next issue of our regular magazine."

END



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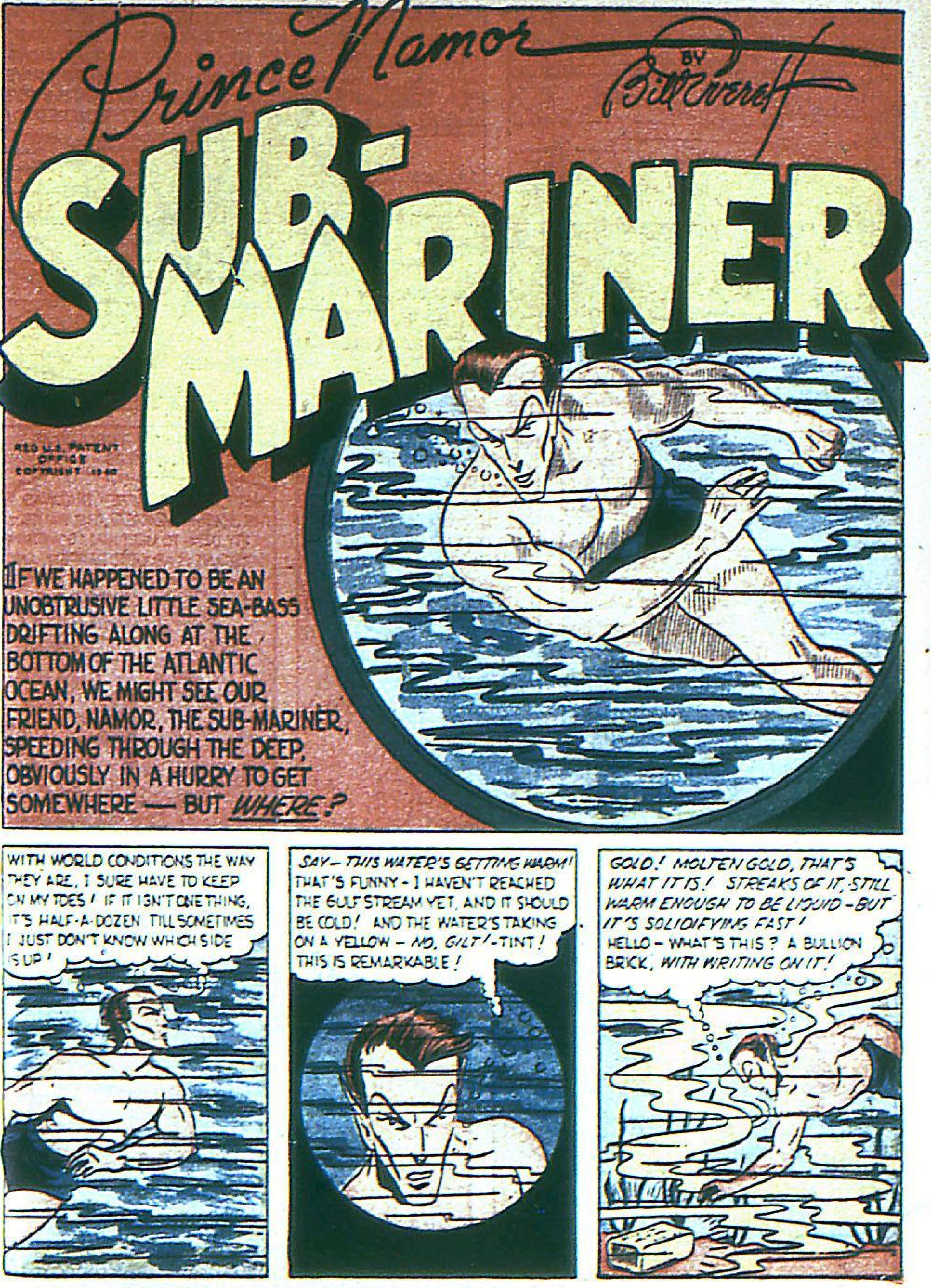
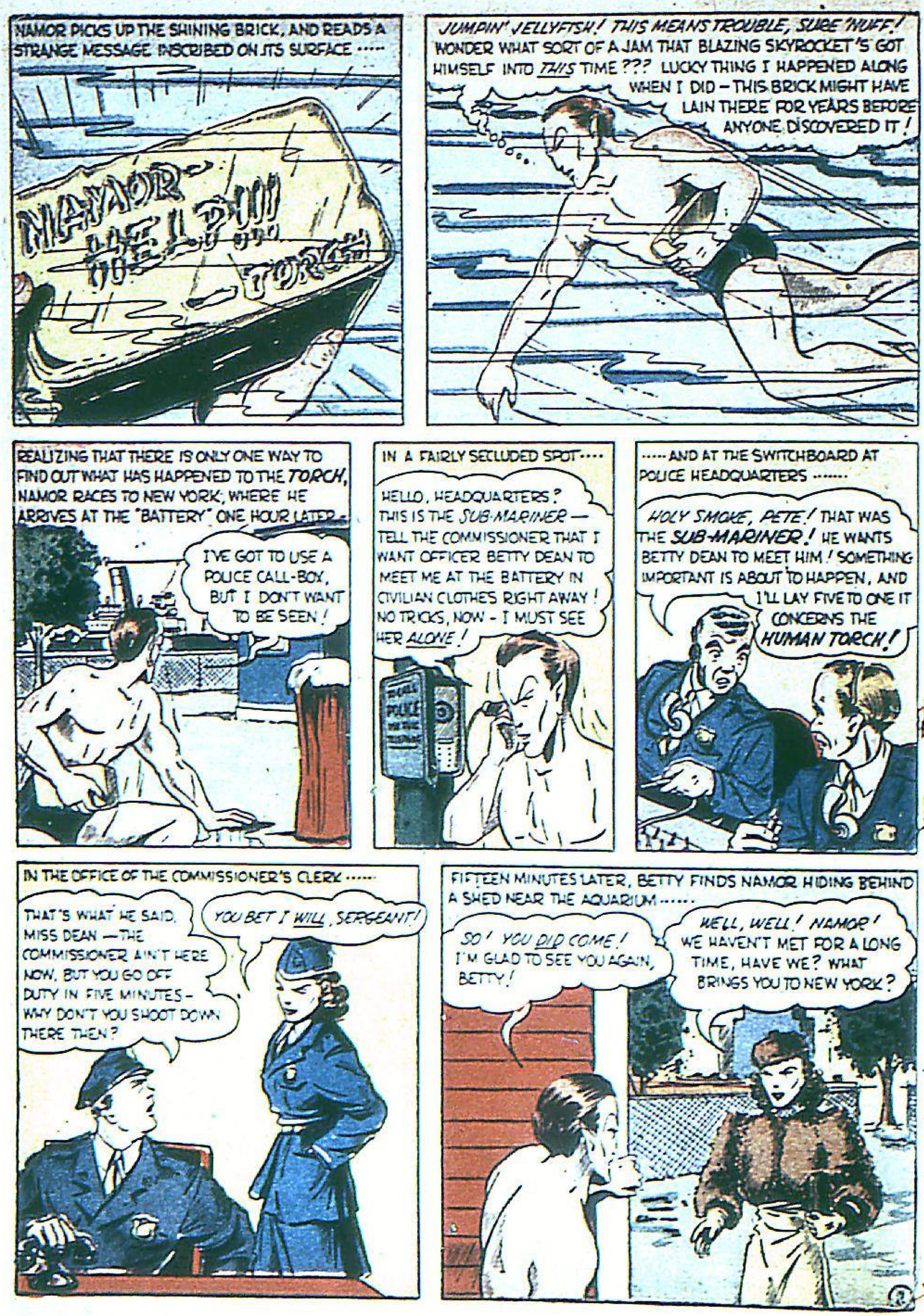
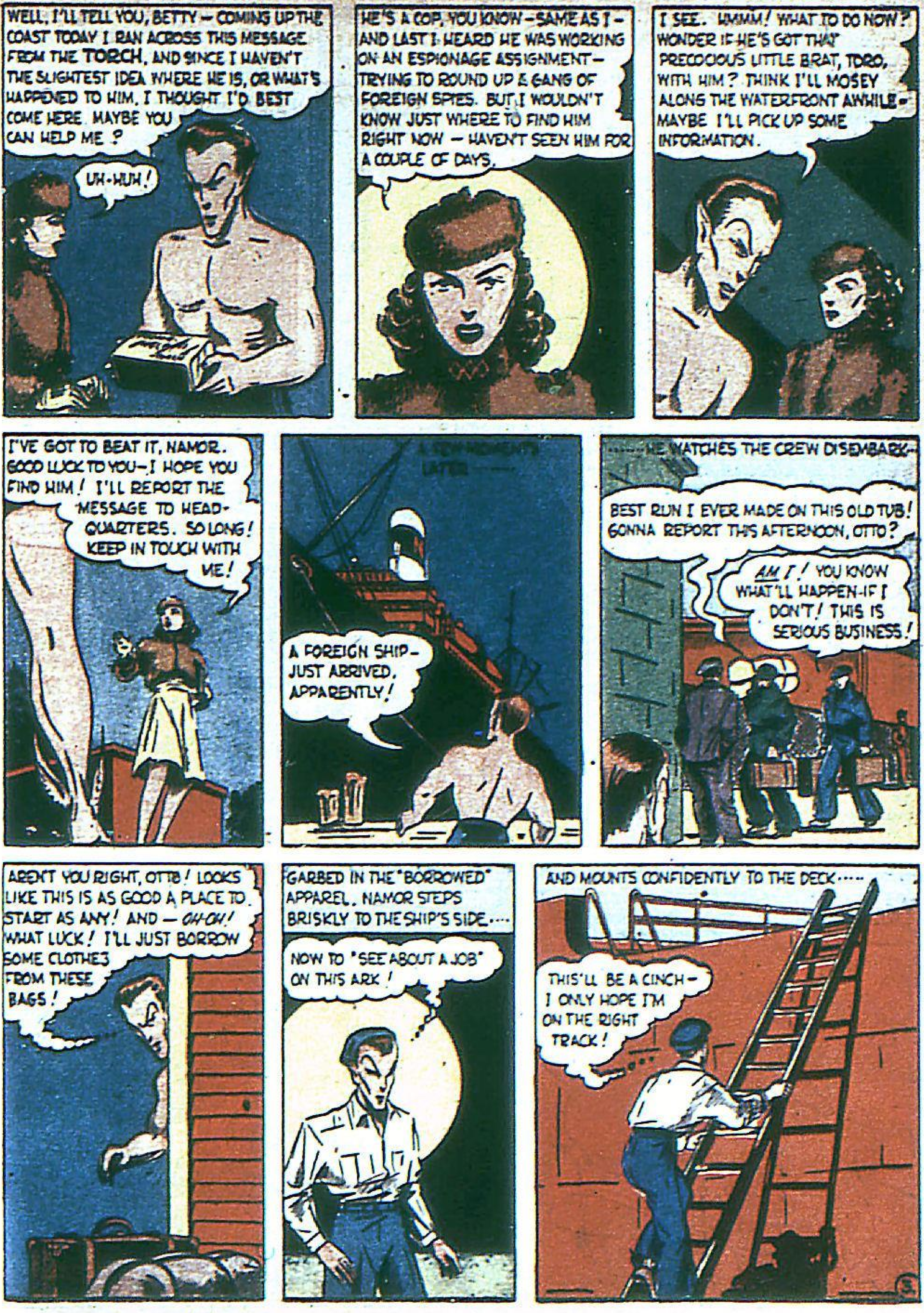
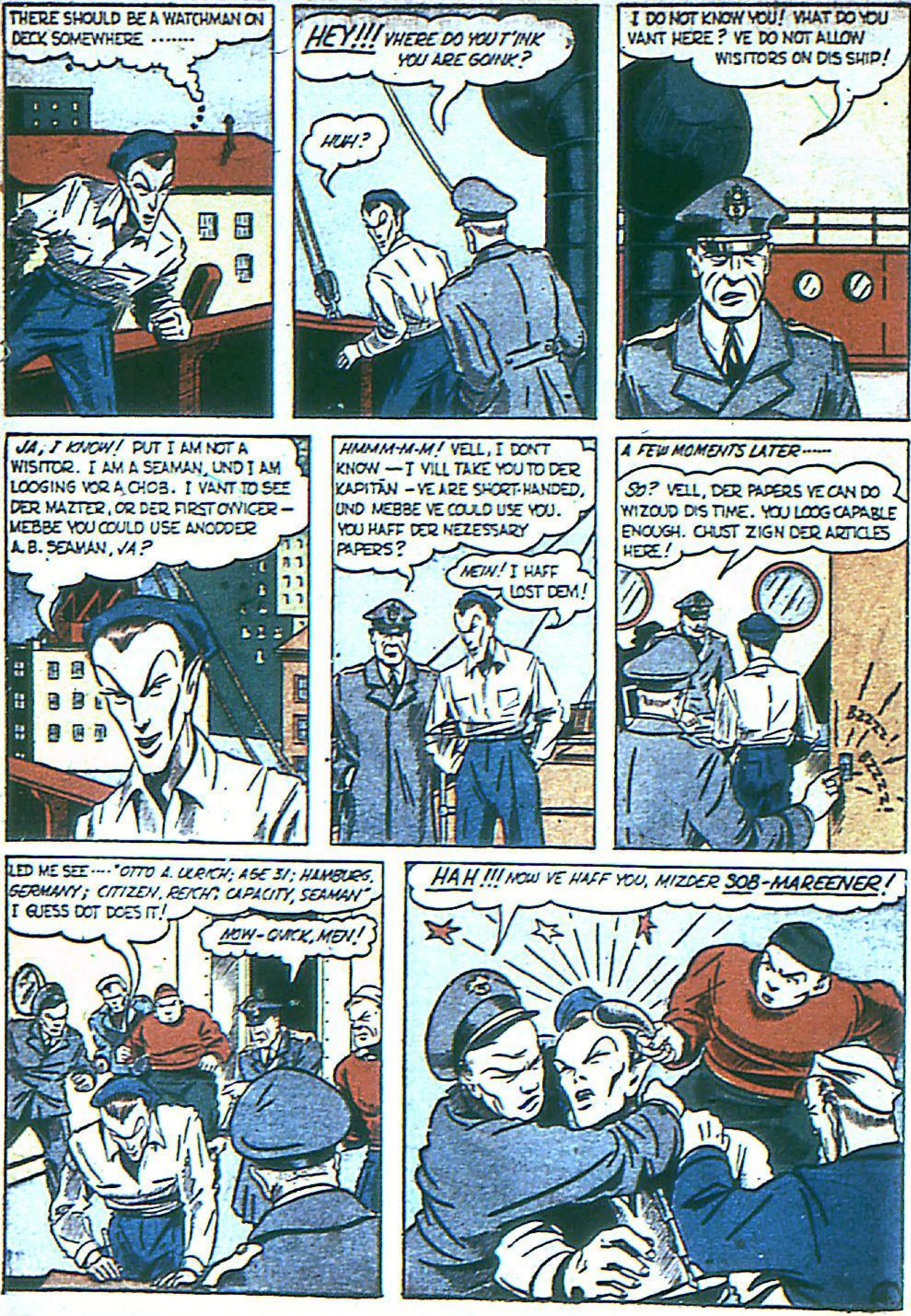
BUCKY..

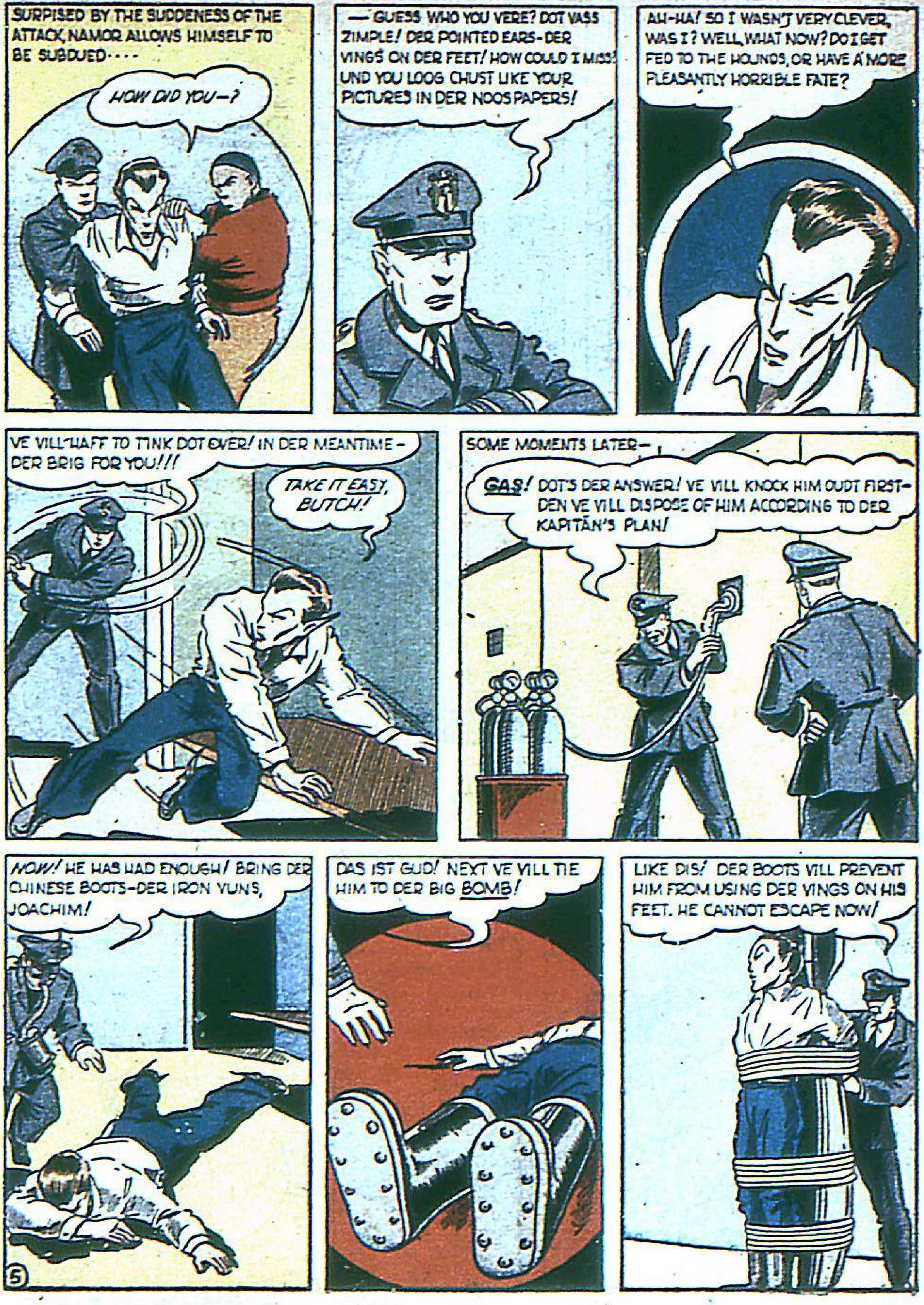
WHO ASSISTS CAPTAIN AMERICA TO RID THE U.S. OF FIFTH COLUMNISTS AND SABOTEURS--

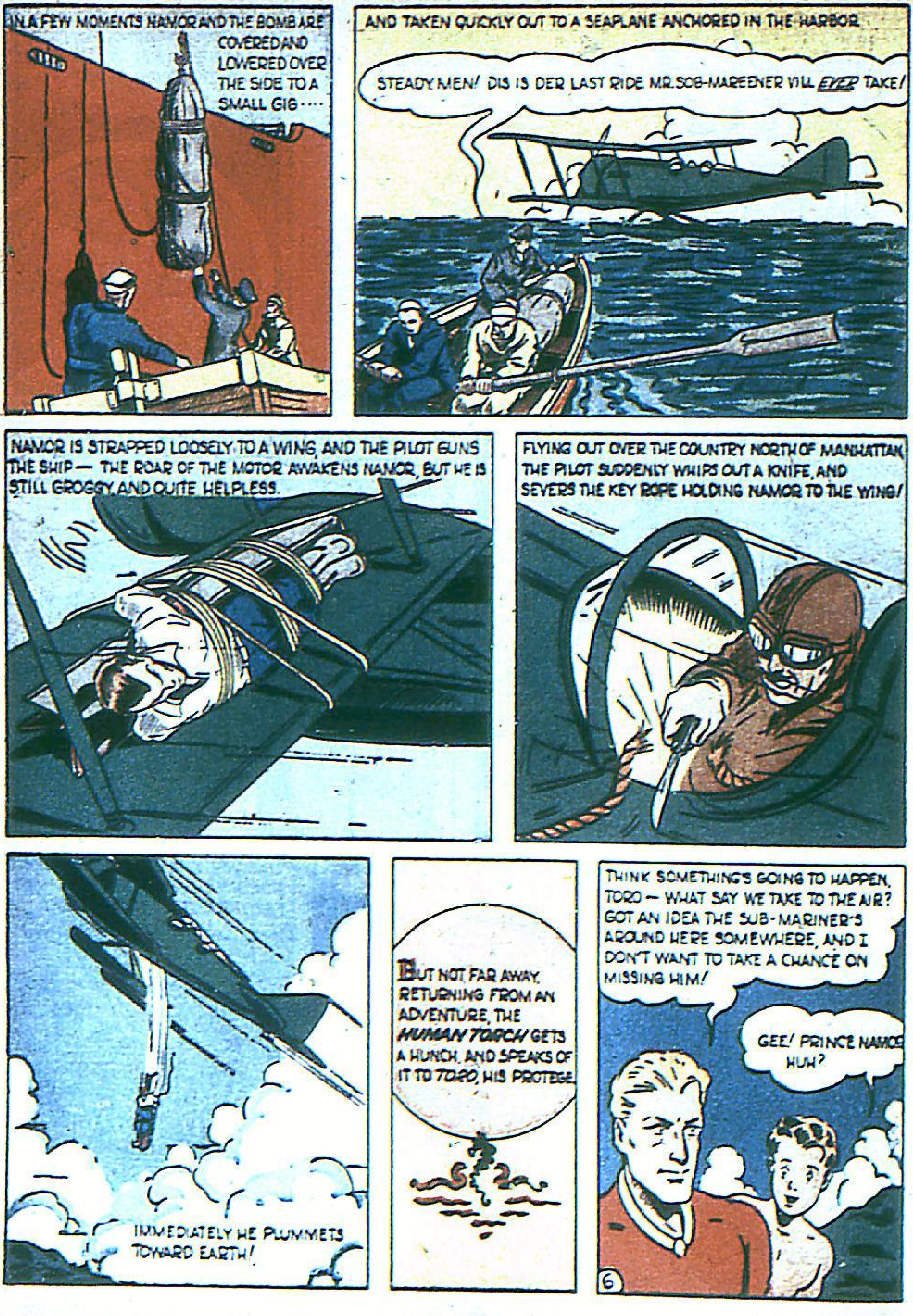

Prince Namor
BY Bill Everett
SUB-MARINER
REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE COPYRIGHT 1940
IF WE HAPPENED TO BE AN UNOBTRUSIVE LITTLE SEA-BASS DRIFTING ALONG AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, WE MIGHT SEE OUR FRIEND, NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER, SPEEDING THROUGH THE DEEP, OBVIOUSLY IN A HURRY TO GET SOMEWHERE — BUT WHERE?
WITH WORLD CONDITIONS THE WAY THEY ARE, I SURE HAVE TO KEEP ON MY TOES! IF IT ISN'T ONE THING, IT'S HALF-A-DOZEN TILL SOMETIMES I JUST DON'T KNOW WHICH SIDE IS UP!
SAY— THIS WATER'S GETTING WARM! THAT'S FUNNY - I HAVEN'T REACHED THE GULF STREAM YET, AND IT SHOULD BE COLD! AND THE WATER'S TAKING ON A YELLOW - NO, GILT! -TINT! THIS IS REMARKABLE!
GOLD! MOLTEN GOLD, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! STREAKS OF IT, STILL WARM ENOUGH TO BE LIQUID - BUT IT'S SOLIDIFYING FAST! HELLO - WHAT'S THIS? A BULLION BRICK, WITH WRITING ON IT!

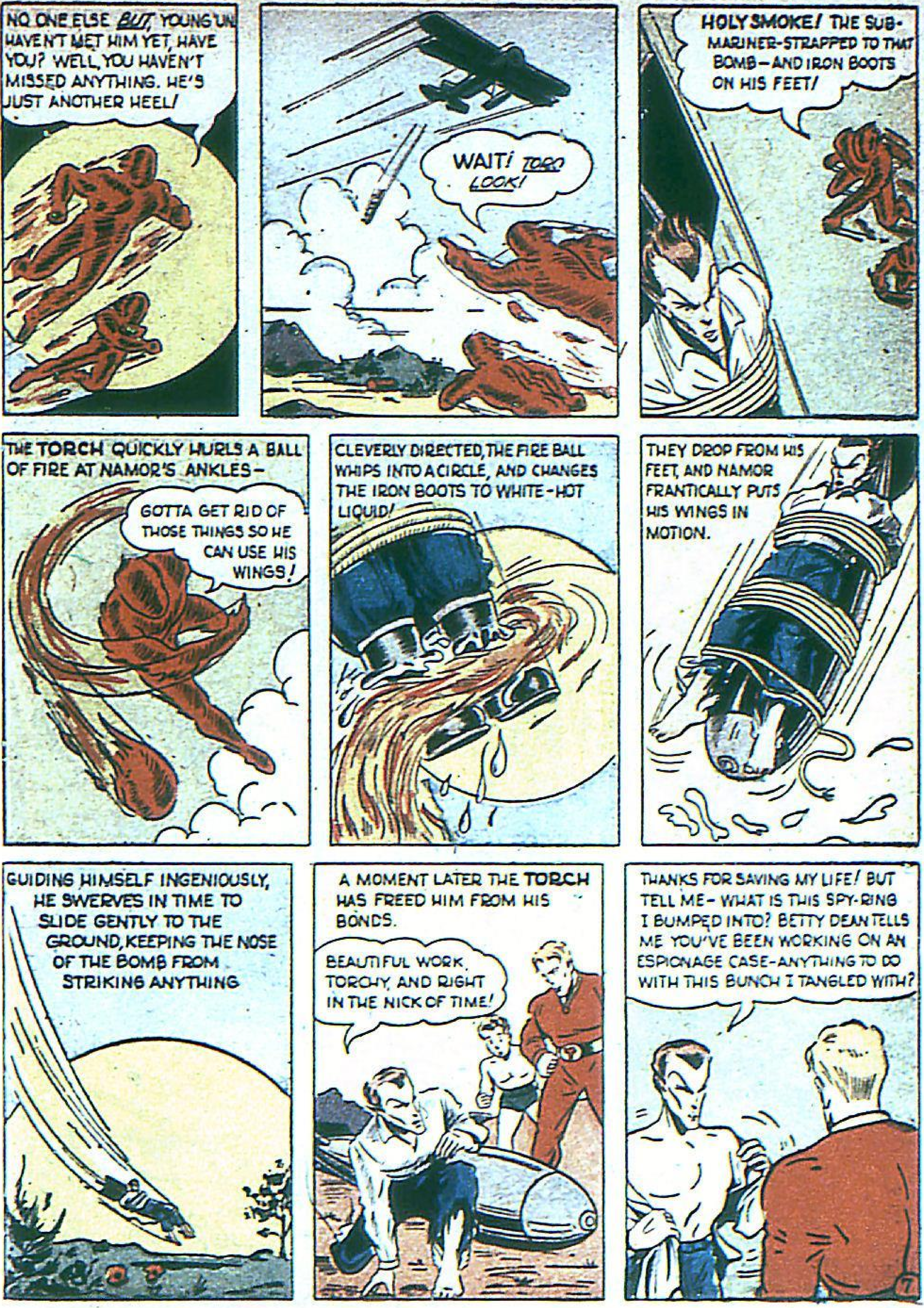

NAMOR PICKS UP THE SHINING BRICK, AND READS A STRANGE MESSAGE INSCRIBED ON ITS SURFACE .....
NAMOR - HELP!!! - TORCH
JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! THIS MEANS TROUBLE, SURE 'NUFF! WONDER WHAT SORT OF A JAM THAT BLAZING SKYROCKET'S GOT HIMSELF INTO THIS TIME??? LUCKY THING I HAPPENED ALONG WHEN I DID - THIS BRICK MIGHT HAVE LAIN THERE FOR YEARS BEFORE ANYONE DISCOVERED IT!
REALIZING THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE TORCH, NAMOR RACES TO NEW YORK; WHERE HE ARRIVES AT THE "BATTERY" ONE HOUR LATER -
I'VE GOT TO USE A POLICE CALL-BOX, BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN!
IN A FAIRLY SECLUDED SPOT ....
HELLO, HEADQUARTERS? THIS IS THE SUB-MARINER — TELL THE COMMISSIONER THAT I WANT OFFICER BETTY DEAN TO MEET ME AT THE BATTERY IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES RIGHT AWAY! NO TRICKS, NOW - I MUST SEE HER ALONE!
POLICE
..... AND AT THE SWITCHBOARD AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ....
HOLY SMOKE, PETE! THAT WAS THE SUB-MARINER! HE WANTS BETTY DEAN TO MEET HIM! SOMETHING IMPORTANT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN, AND I'LL LAY FIVE TO ONE IT CONCERNS THE HUMAN TORCH!
IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER'S CLERK ......
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID, MISS DEAN — THE COMMISSIONER AIN'T HERE NOW, BUT YOU GO OFF DUTY IN FIVE MINUTES - WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT DOWN THERE THEN?
YOU BET I WILL, SERGEANT!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, BETTY FINDS NAMOR HIDING BEHIND A SHED NEAR THE AQUARIUM ......
SO! YOU DID COME! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, BETTY!
WELL, WELL! NAMOR! WE HAVEN'T MET FOR A LONG TIME, HAVE WE? WHAT BRINGS YOU TO NEW YORK?

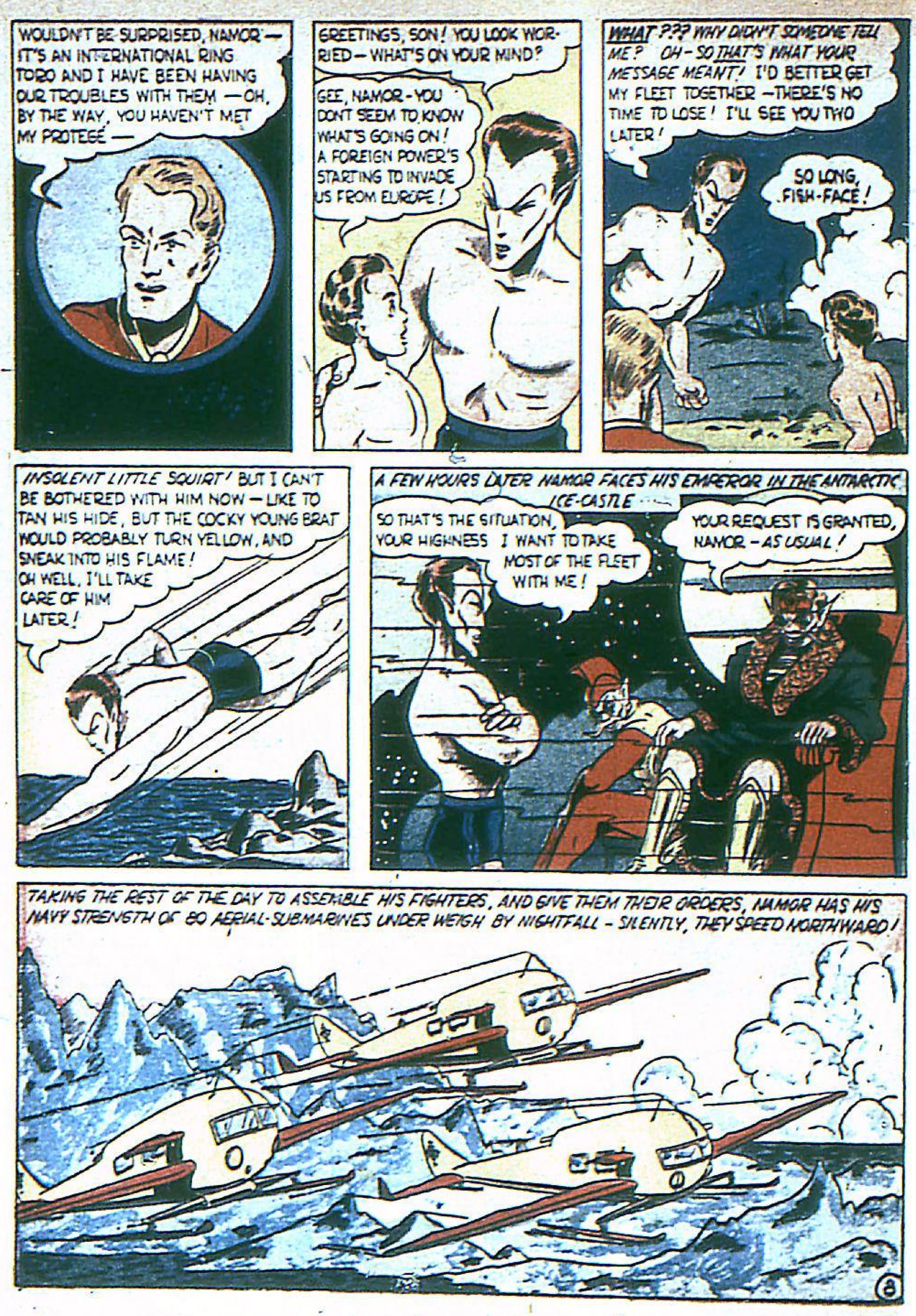

WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, BETTY — COMING UP THE COAST TODAY I RAN ACROSS THIS MESSAGE FROM THE TORCH, AND SINCE I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHERE HE IS, OR WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM, I THOUGHT I'D BEST COME HERE. MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME ?
UH-HUH !
HE'S A COP, YOU KNOW — SAME AS I — AND LAST I HEARD HE WAS WORKING ON AN ESPIONAGE ASSIGNMENT — TRYING TO ROUND UP A GANG OF FOREIGN SPIES. BUT I WOULDN'T KNOW JUST WHERE TO FIND HIM RIGHT NOW — HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS.
I SEE. HMMM! WHAT TO DO NOW? WONDER IF HE'S GOT THAT PRECOCIOUS LITTLE BRAT, TORO, WITH HIM? THINK I'LL MOSEY ALONG THE WATERFRONT AWHILE — MAYBE I'LL PICK UP SOME INFORMATION.
I'VE GOT TO BEAT IT, NAMOR. GOOD LUCK TO YOU — I HOPE YOU FIND HIM! I'LL REPORT THE MESSAGE TO HEADQUARTERS. SO LONG! KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ME!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER ----
A FOREIGN SHIP — JUST ARRIVED, APPARENTLY!
...... HE WATCHES THE CREW DISEMBARK —
BEST RUN I EVER MADE ON THIS OLD TUB! GONNA REPORT THIS AFTERNOON, OTTO?
AM I! YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF I DON'T! THIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS!
AREN'T YOU RIGHT, OTTO! LOOKS LIKE THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE TO START AS ANY! AND — OH-OH! WHAT LUCK! I'LL JUST BORROW SOME CLOTHES FROM THESE BAGS!
GARBED IN THE "BORROWED" APPAREL, NAMOR STEPS BRISKLY TO THE SHIP'S SIDE....
NOW TO "SEE ABOUT A JOB" ON THIS ARK!
AND MOUNTS CONFIDENTLY TO THE DECK....
THIS'LL BE A CINCH — I ONLY HOPE I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
3

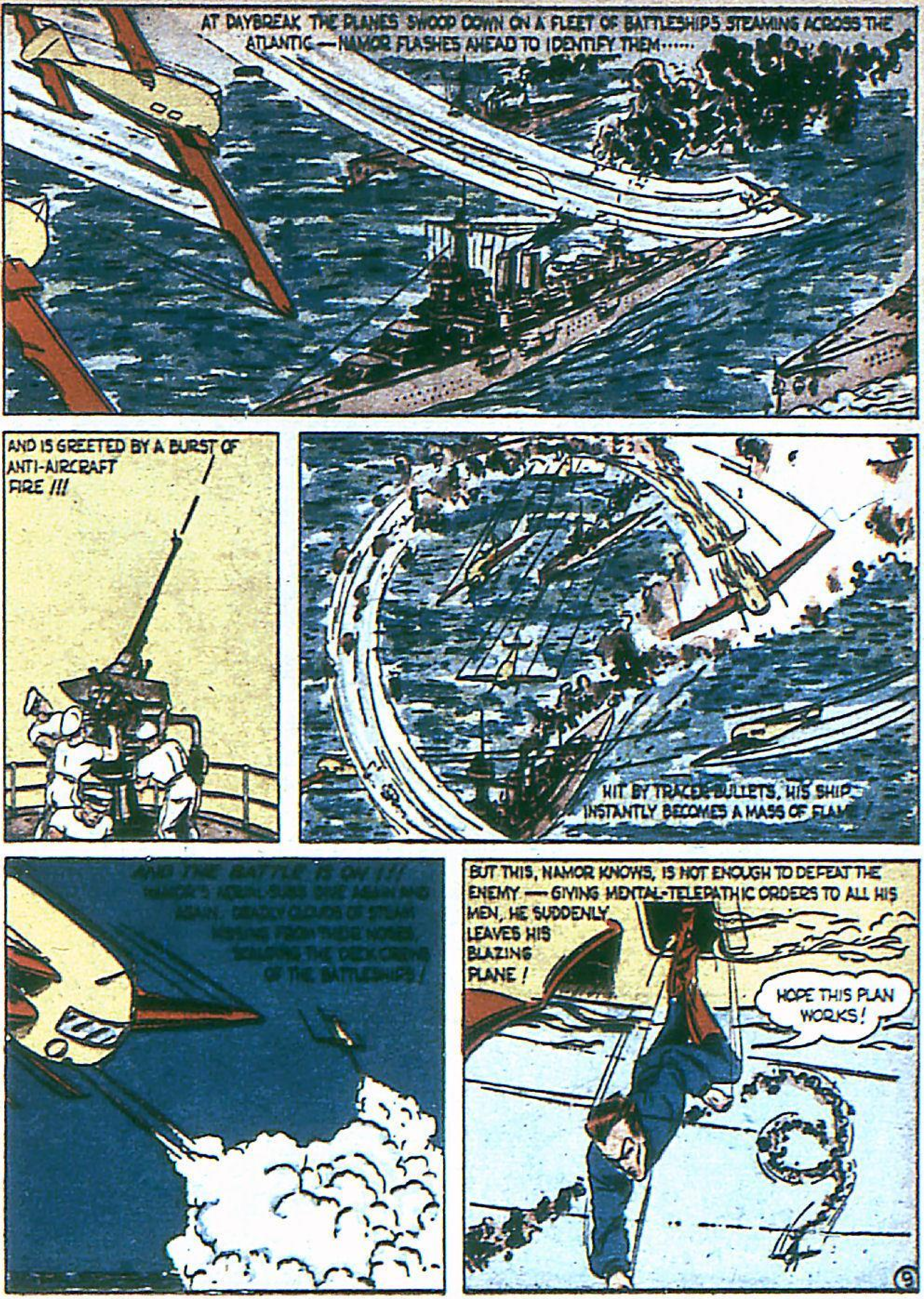

THERE SHOULD BE A WATCHMAN ON DECK SOMEWHERE ....
HEY!!! VHERE DO YOU T'INK YOU ARE GOINK?
HUH?
I DO NOT KNOW YOU! WHAT DO YOU VANT HERE? VE DO NOT ALLOW WISITORS ON DIS SHIP!
JA, I KNOW! PUT I AM NOT A WISITOR. I AM A SEAMAN, UND I AM LOOGING VOR A CHOB. I VANT TO SEE DER MAZTER, OR DER FIRST OVVICER — MEBBE YOU COULD USE ANODDER A. B. SEAMAN, JA?
HMMM-M-M! VELL, I DON'T KNOW — I VILL TAKE YOU TO DER KAPITÄN — VE ARE SHORT-HANDED, UND MEBBE VE COULD USE YOU. YOU HAFF DER NEZESSARY PAPERS?
NEIN! I HAFF LOST DEM!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER ......
SO? VELL, DER PAPERS VE CAN DO WIZOUD DIS TIME. YOU LOOG CAPABLE ENOUGH. CHUST ZIGN DER ARTICLES HERE!
BZZZZ!
BZZZ-Z!
LED ME SEE ---- "OTTO A. ULRICH; AGE 31; HAMBURG, GERMANY; CITIZEN, REICH; CAPACITY, SEAMAN" I GUESS DOT DOES IT!
NOW - QUICK, MEN!
HAH!!! NOW VE HAFF YOU, MIZDER SOB-MAREENER!

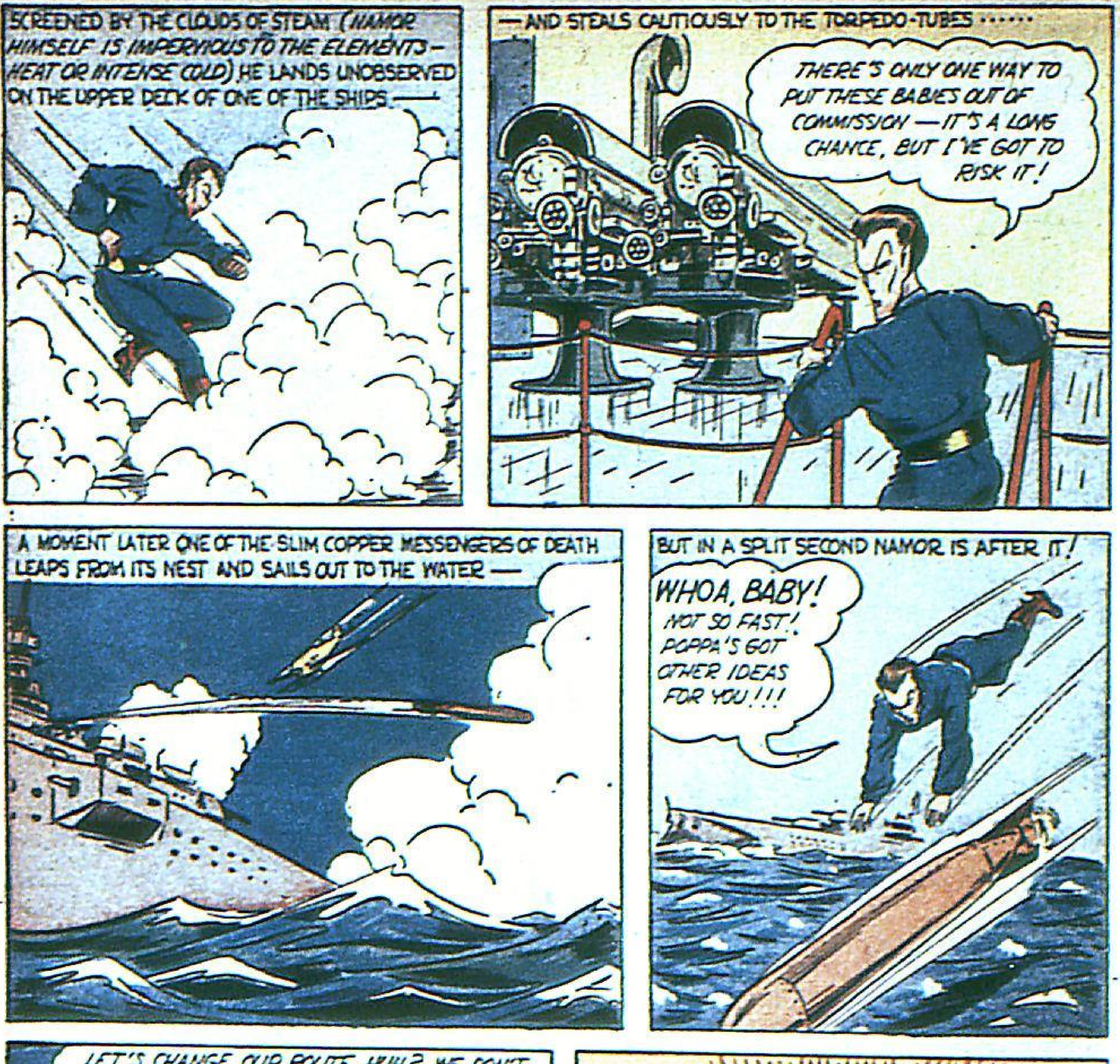

SURPISED BY THE SUDDENESS OF THE ATTACK, NAMOR ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE SUBDUED....
HOW DID YOU—?
—GUESS WHO YOU VERE? DOT VASS ZIMPLE! DER POINTED EARS-DER VINGS ON DER FEET! HOW COULD I MISS! UND YOU LOOG CHUST LIKE YOUR PICTURES IN DER NOOSPAPERS!
AH-HA! SO I WASN'T VERY CLEVER, WAS I? WELL, WHAT NOW? DO I GET FED TO THE HOUNDS, OR HAVE A MORE PLEASANTLY HORRIBLE FATE?
VE VILL HAFF TO TINK DOT OVER! IN DER MEANTIME—DER BRIG FOR YOU!!!
TAKE IT EASY, BUTCH!
SOME MOMENTS LATER—
GAS! DOT'S DER ANSWER! VE VILL KNOCK HIM OUDT FIRST—DEN VE VILL DISPOSE OF HIM ACCORDING TO DER KAPITÄN'S PLAN!
NOW! HE HAS HAD ENOUGH! BRING DER CHINESE BOOTS-DER IRON VUNS, JOACHIM!
DAS IST GUD! NEXT VE VILL TIE HIM TO DER BIG BOMB!
LIKE DIS! DER BOOTS VILL PREVENT HIM FROM USING DER VINGS ON HIS FEET. HE CANNOT ESCAPE NOW!
5

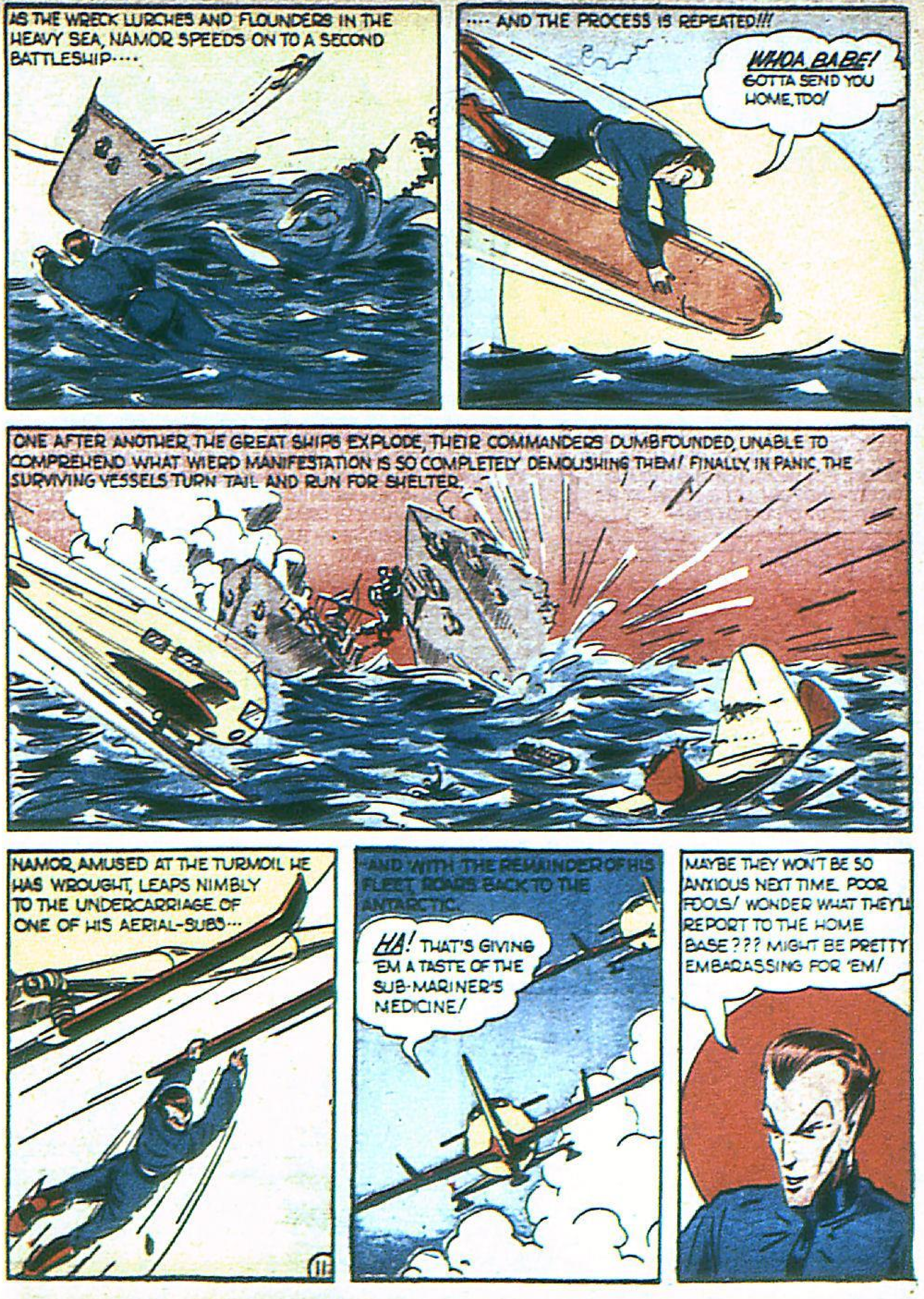

IN A FEW MOMENTS NAMOR AND THE BOMB ARE COVERED AND LOWERED OVER THE SIDE TO A SMALL GIG....
AND TAKEN QUICKLY OUT TO A SEAPLANE ANCHORED IN THE HARBOR
STEADY MEN! DIS IS DER LAST RIDE MR. SOB-MAREENER VILL *EVER* TAKE!
NAMOR IS STRAPPED LOOSELY TO A WING, AND THE PILOT GUNS THE SHIP— THE ROAR OF THE MOTOR AWAKENS NAMOR, BUT HE IS STILL GROGGY AND QUITE HELPLESS.
FLYING OUT OVER THE COUNTRY NORTH OF MANHATTAN THE PILOT SUDDENLY WHIPS OUT A KNIFE, AND SEVERS THE KEY ROPE HOLDING NAMOR TO THE WING!
IMMEDIATELY HE PLUMMETS TOWARD EARTH!
BUT NOT FAR AWAY, RETURNING FROM AN ADVENTURE, THE *HUMAN TORCH* GETS A HUNCH, AND SPEAKS OF IT TO *TORO*, HIS PROTEGE.
THINK SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN, TORO — WHAT SAY WE TAKE TO THE AIR? GOT AN IDEA THE SUB-MARINER'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE, AND I DON'T WANT TO TAKE A CHANCE ON MISSING HIM!
GEE! PRINCE NAMOR HUH?
6

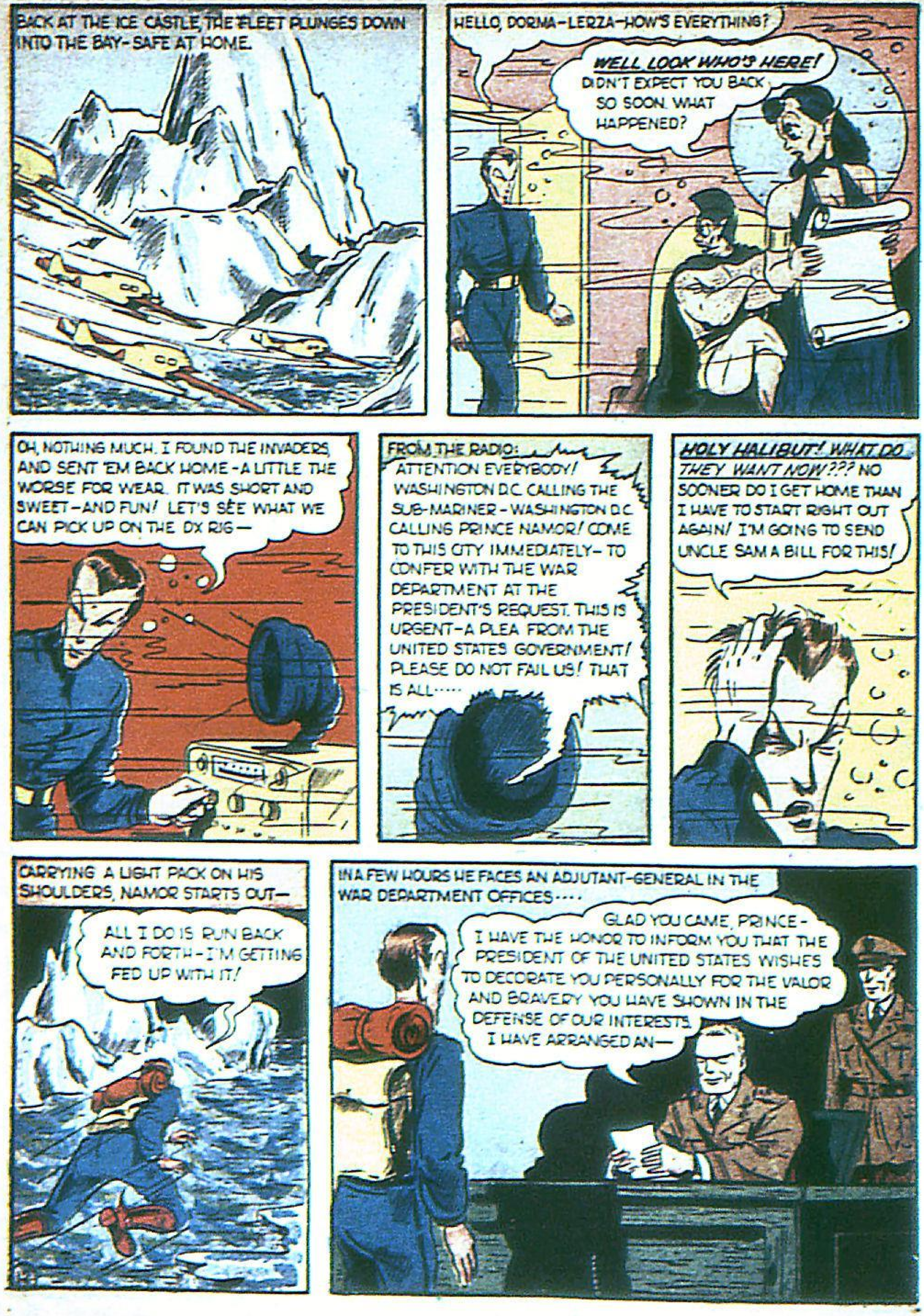

NO ONE ELSE BUT, YOUNG 'UN. HAVEN'T MET HIM YET, HAVE YOU? WELL, YOU HAVEN'T MISSED ANYTHING. HE'S JUST ANOTHER HEEL!
WAIT! TORO LOOK!
HOLY SMOKE! THE SUB-MARINER-STRAPPED TO THAT BOMB—AND IRON BOOTS ON HIS FEET!
THE TORCH QUICKLY HURLS A BALL OF FIRE AT NAMOR'S ANKLES—
GOTTA GET RID OF THOSE THINGS SO HE CAN USE HIS WINGS!
CLEVERLY DIRECTED, THE FIRE BALL WHIPS INTO A CIRCLE, AND CHANGES THE IRON BOOTS TO WHITE-HOT LIQUID!
THEY DROP FROM HIS FEET, AND NAMOR FRANTICALLY PUTS HIS WINGS IN MOTION.
GUIDING HIMSELF INGENIOUSLY, HE SWERVES IN TIME TO SLIDE GENTLY TO THE GROUND, KEEPING THE NOSE OF THE BOMB FROM STRIKING ANYTHING
A MOMENT LATER THE TORCH HAS FREED HIM FROM HIS BONDS.
BEAUTIFUL WORK, TORCHY, AND RIGHT IN THE NICK OF TIME!
THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE! BUT TELL ME- WHAT IS THIS SPY-RING I BUMPED INTO? BETTY DEAN TELLS ME YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON AN ESPIONAGE CASE-ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS BUNCH I TANGLED WITH?

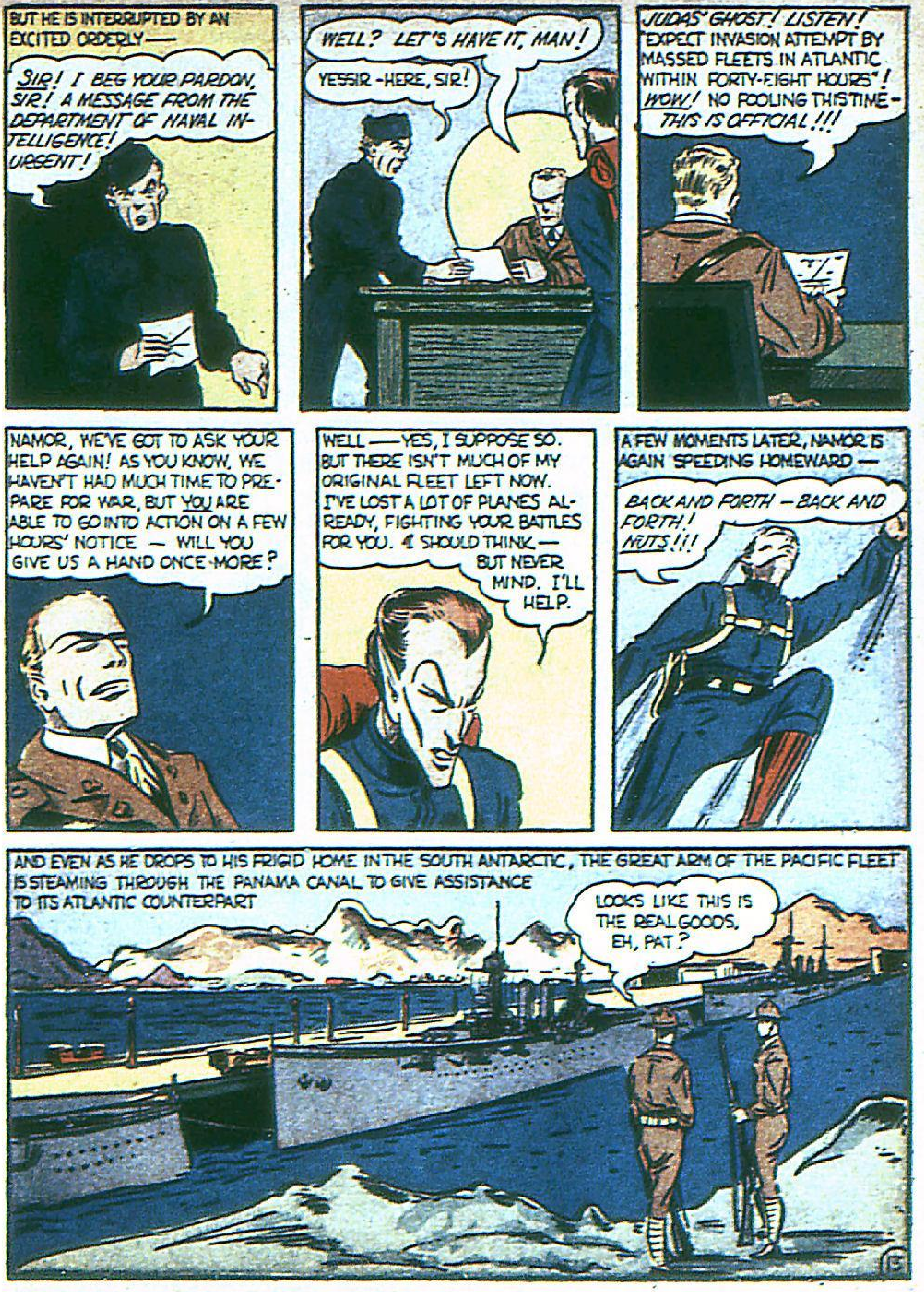

WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED, NAMOR — IT'S AN INTERNATIONAL RING TORO AND I HAVE BEEN HAVING OUR TROUBLES WITH THEM — OH, BY THE WAY, YOU HAVEN'T MET MY PROTEGÉ —
GREETINGS, SON! YOU LOOK WORRIED — WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
GEE, NAMOR - YOU DONT SEEM TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON! A FOREIGN POWER'S STARTING TO INVADE US FROM EUROPE!
WHAT??? WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME? OH - SO THAT'S WHAT YOUR MESSAGE MEANT! I'D BETTER GET MY FLEET TOGETHER — THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! I'LL SEE YOU TWO LATER!
SO LONG, FISH-FACE!
INSOLENT LITTLE SQUIRT! BUT I CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH HIM NOW — LIKE TO TAN HIS HIDE, BUT THE COCKY YOUNG BRAT WOULD PROBABLY TURN YELLOW, AND SNEAK INTO HIS FLAME! OH WELL, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER!
A FEW HOURS LATER NAMOR FACES HIS EMPEROR IN THE ANTARCTIC ICE-CASTLE
SO THAT'S THE SITUATION, YOUR HIGHNESS I WANT TO TAKE MOST OF THE FLEET WITH ME!
YOUR REQUEST IS GRANTED, NAMOR - AS USUAL!
TAKING THE REST OF THE DAY TO ASSEMBLE HIS FIGHTERS, AND GIVE THEM THEIR ORDERS, NAMOR HAS HIS NAVY STRENGTH OF 80 AERIAL-SUBMARINES UNDER WEIGH BY NIGHTFALL - SILENTLY, THEY SPEED NORTHWARD!
8

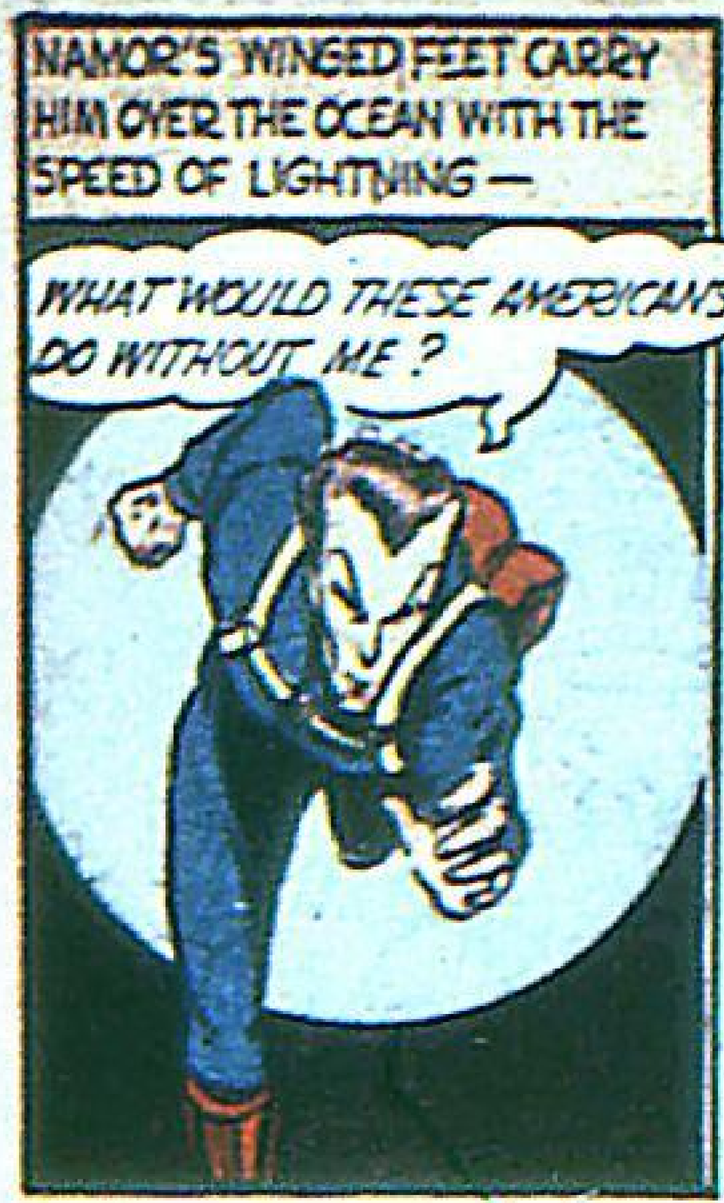

AT DAYBREAK THE PLANES SWOOP DOWN ON A FLEET OF BATTLESHIPS STEAMING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC — NAMOR FLASHES AHEAD TO IDENTIFY THEM......
AND IS GREETED BY A BURST OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE !!!
HIT BY TRACER BULLETS, HIS SHIP INSTANTLY BECOMES A MASS OF FLAME
AND THE BATTLE IS ON !!! NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUBS DIVE AGAIN AND AGAIN, DEADLY CLOUDS OF STEAM ISSUING FROM THEIR NOSES, SCALDING THE DECK CREWS OF THE BATTLESHIPS!
BUT THIS, NAMOR KNOWS, IS NOT ENOUGH TO DEFEAT THE ENEMY — GIVING MENTAL-TELEPATHIC ORDERS TO ALL HIS MEN, HE SUDDENLY LEAVES HIS BLAZING PLANE!
HOPE THIS PLAN WORKS!

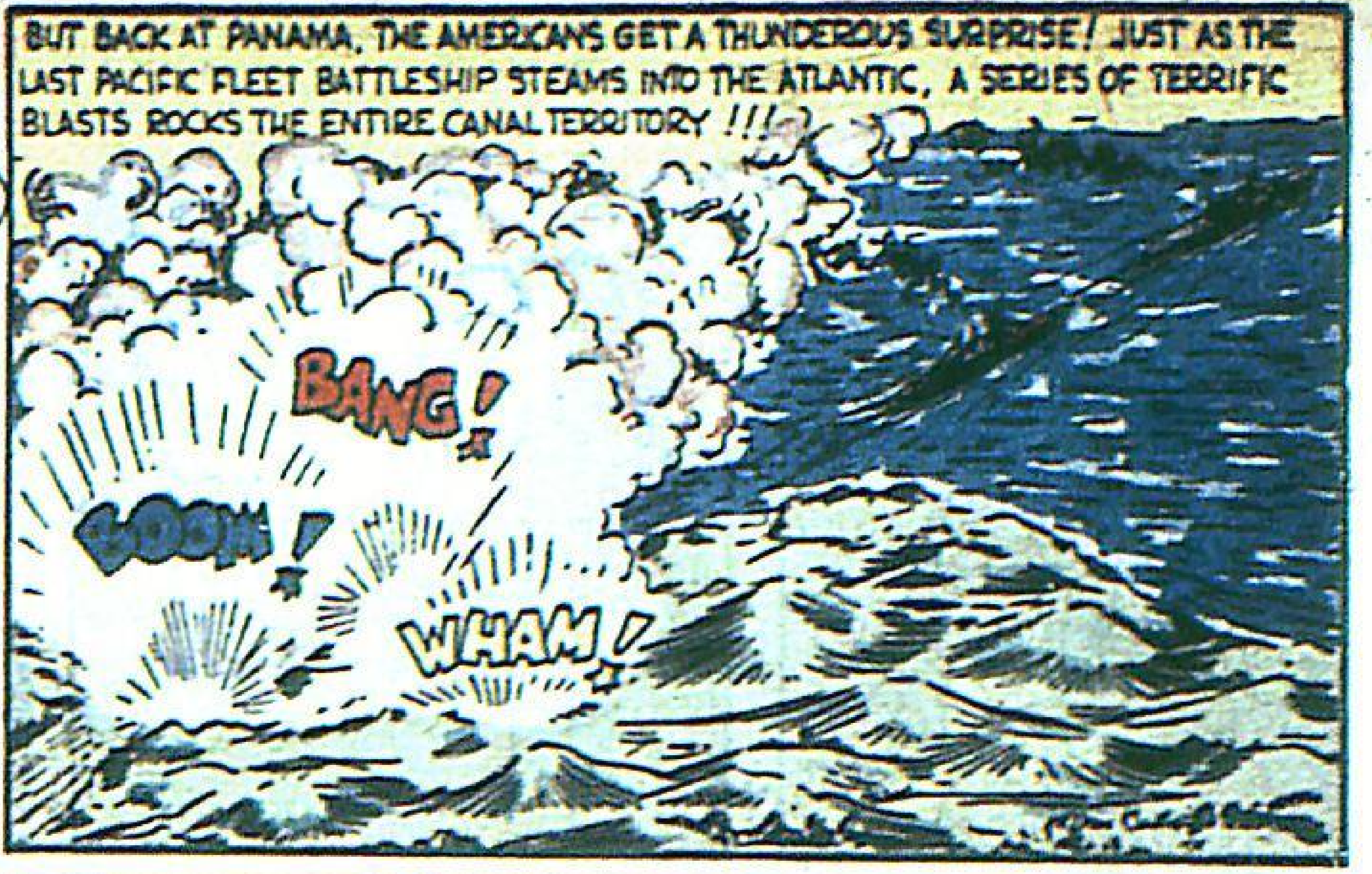

SCREENED BY THE CLOUDS OF STEAM (NAMOR HIMSELF IS IMPERVIOUS TO THE ELEMENTS—HEAT OR INTENSE COLD) HE LANDS UNOBSERVED ON THE UPPER DECK OF ONE OF THE SHIPS—
—AND STEALS CAUTIOUSLY TO THE TORPEDO-TUBES ……
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO PUT THESE BABIES OUT OF COMMISSION —IT'S A LONG CHANCE, BUT I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!
A MOMENT LATER ONE OF THE SLIM COPPER MESSENGERS OF DEATH LEAPS FROM ITS NEST AND SAILS OUT TO THE WATER—
BUT IN A SPLIT SECOND NAMOR IS AFTER IT!
WHOA, BABY! NOT SO FAST! POPPA'S GOT OTHER IDEAS FOR YOU!!!
LET'S CHANGE OUR ROUTE, HUH? WE DON'T WANT YOUR OWNERS TO THINK WE'RE STEALING YOU! YOU'D BETTER GO BACK HOME WHERE YOU BELONG — THERE, THAT'S IT! NOW— ON YOUR WAY!!!
WHAM!!!
GRINNING AT THE CLEVERNESS OF HIS TRICK, NAMOR PAUSES TO WATCH ITS EFFECT—THE SHINING TUBE PURRS THRU THE WATER BACK TO THE SHIP!

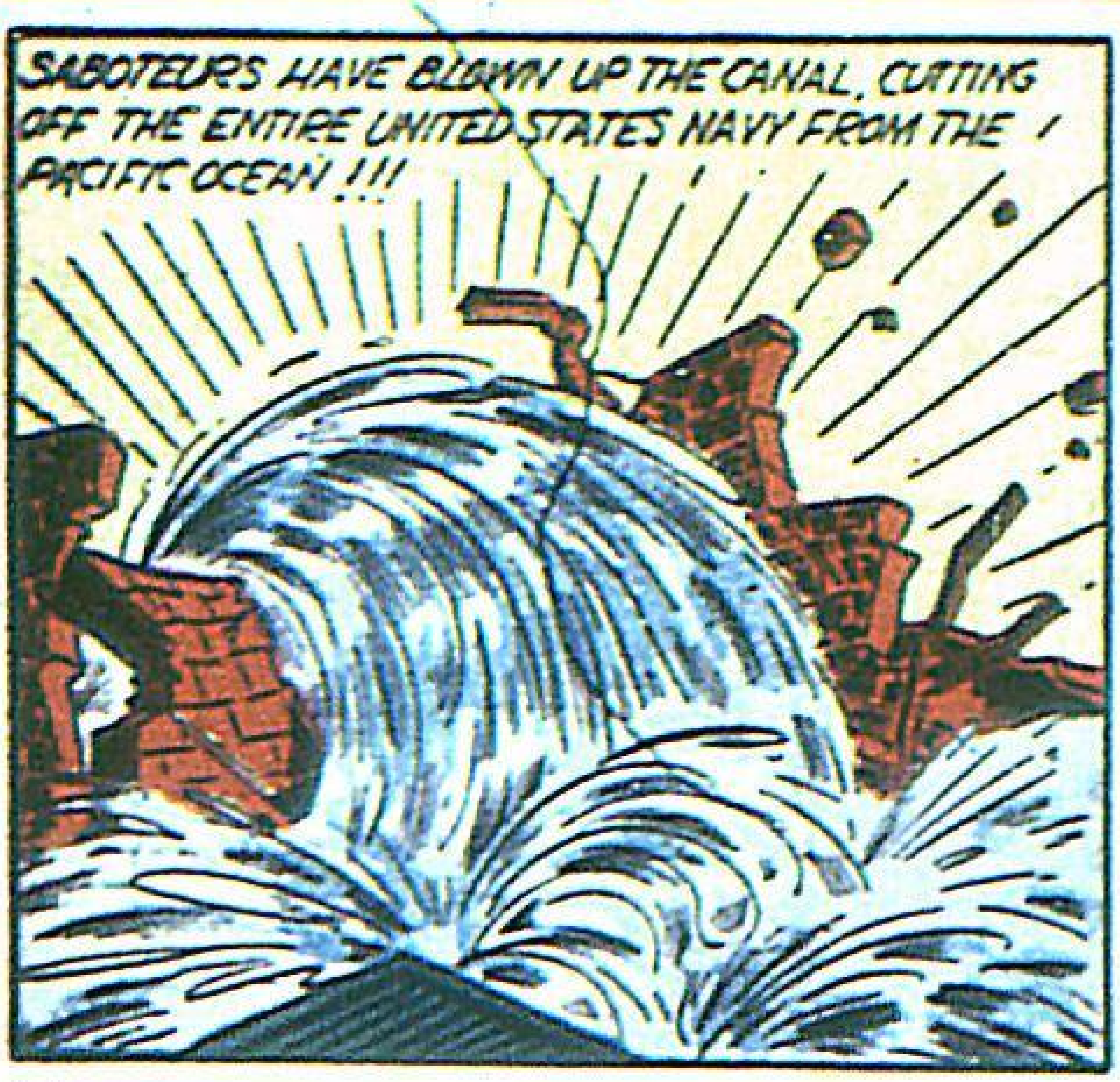

AS THE WRECK LURCHES AND FLOUNDERS IN THE HEAVY SEA, NAMOR SPEEDS ON TO A SECOND BATTLESHIP....
.... AND THE PROCESS IS REPEATED!!!
WHOA BABE! GOTTA SEND YOU HOME, TOO!
ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE GREAT SHIPS EXPLODE, THEIR COMMANDERS DUMBFOUNDED, UNABLE TO COMPREHEND WHAT WIERD MANIFESTATION IS SO COMPLETELY DEMOLISHING THEM! FINALLY, IN PANIC, THE SURVIVING VESSELS TURN TAIL AND RUN FOR SHELTER.
NAMOR, AMUSED AT THE TURMOIL HE HAS WROUGHT, LEAPS NIMBLY TO THE UNDERCARRIAGE OF ONE OF HIS AERIAL-SUBS...
11
...AND WITH THE REMAINDER OF HIS FLEET, ROARS BACK TO THE ANTARCTIC.
HA! THAT'S GIVING 'EM A TASTE OF THE SUB-MARINER'S MEDICINE!
MAYBE THEY WON'T BE SO ANXIOUS NEXT TIME. POOR FOOLS! WONDER WHAT THEY'LL REPORT TO THE HOME BASE??? MIGHT BE PRETTY EMBARASSING FOR 'EM!

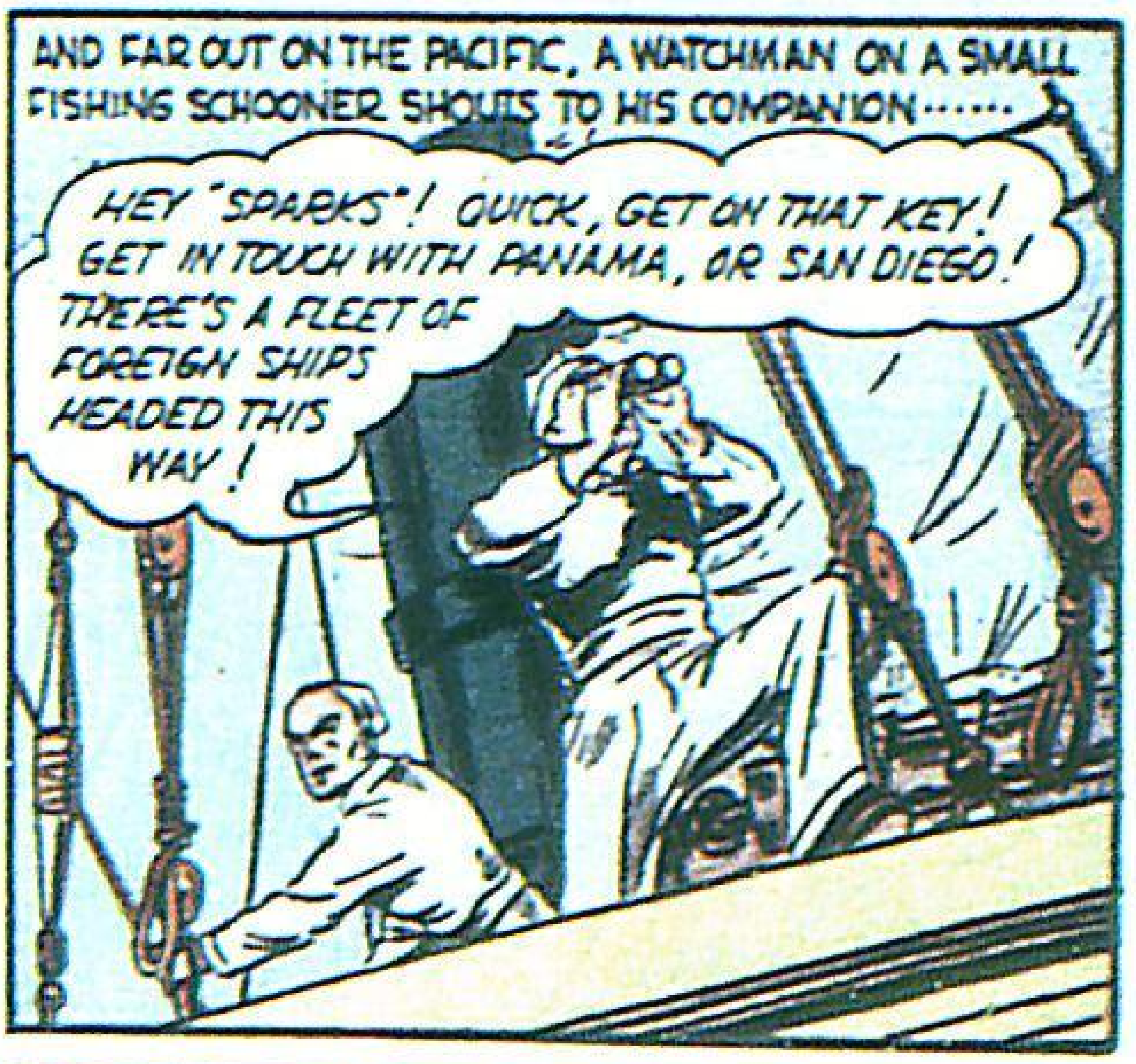

BACK AT THE ICE CASTLE, THE FLEET PLUNGES DOWN INTO THE BAY-SAFE AT HOME.
HELLO, DORMA-LERZA-HOW'S EVERYTHING?
WELL LOOK WHO'S HERE! DIDN'T EXPECT YOU BACK SO SOON. WHAT HAPPENED?
OH, NOTHING MUCH. I FOUND THE INVADERS, AND SENT 'EM BACK HOME-A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR. IT WAS SHORT AND SWEET-AND FUN! LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN PICK UP ON THE DX RIG-
FROM THE RADIO:
ATTENTION EVERYBODY! WASHINGTON D.C. CALLING THE SUB-MARINER-WASHINGTON D.C. CALLING PRINCE NAMOR! COME TO THIS CITY IMMEDIATELY-TO CONFER WITH THE WAR DEPARTMENT AT THE PRESIDENT'S REQUEST. THIS IS URGENT-A PLEA FROM THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT! PLEASE DO NOT FAIL US! THAT IS ALL.....
HOLY HALIBUT! WHAT DO THEY WANT NOW??? NO SOONER DO I GET HOME THAN I HAVE TO START RIGHT OUT AGAIN! I'M GOING TO SEND UNCLE SAM A BILL FOR THIS!
CARRYING A LIGHT PACK ON HIS SHOULDERS, NAMOR STARTS OUT-
ALL I DO IS RUN BACK AND FORTH-I'M GETTING FED UP WITH IT!
IN A FEW HOURS HE FACES AN ADJUTANT-GENERAL IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT OFFICES....
GLAD YOU CAME, PRINCE-I HAVE THE HONOR TO INFORM YOU THAT THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WISHES TO DECORATE YOU PERSONALLY FOR THE VALOR AND BRAVERY YOU HAVE SHOWN IN THE DEFENSE OF OUR INTERESTS. I HAVE ARRANGED AN—

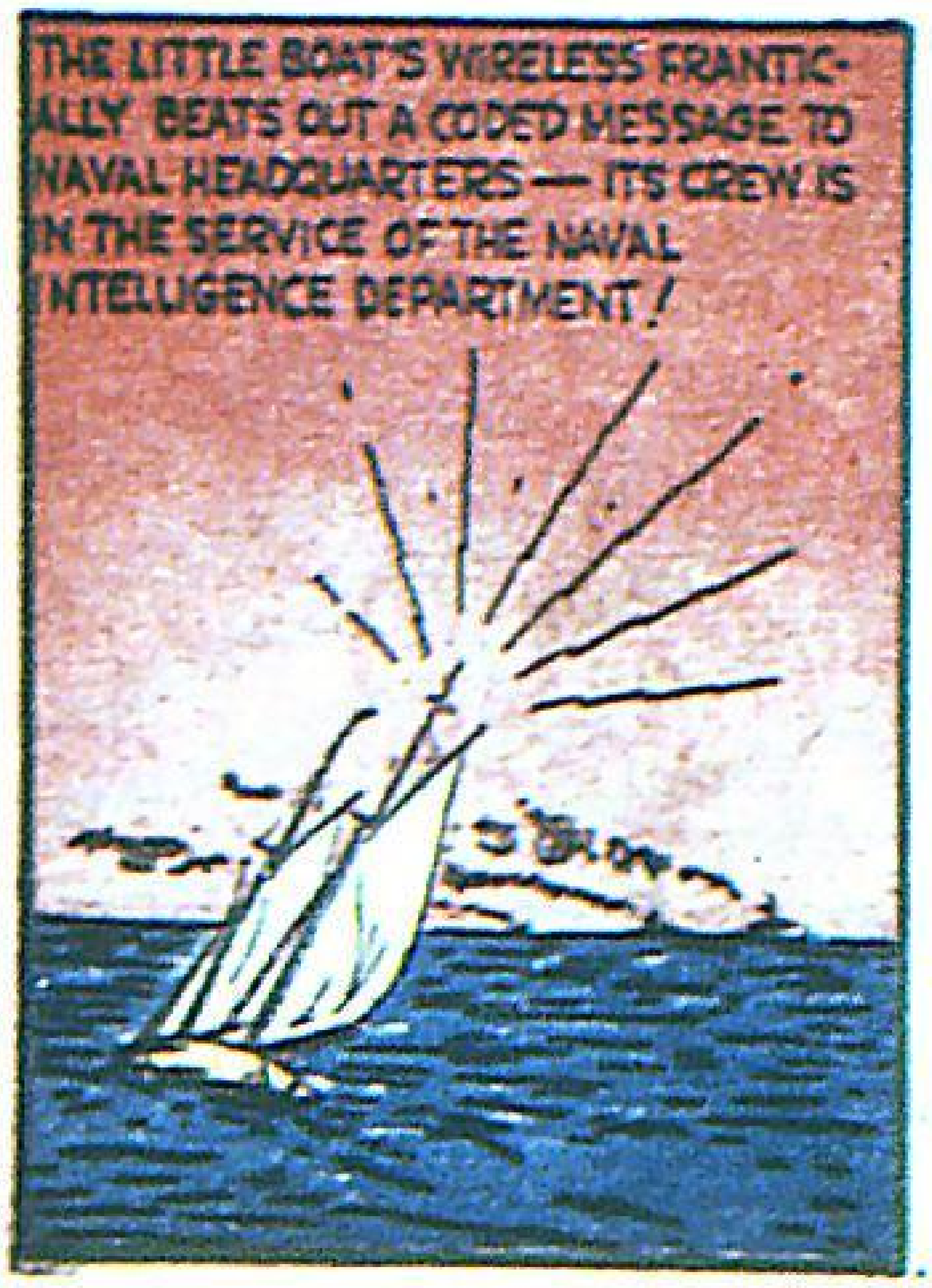

BUT HE IS INTERRUPTED BY AN EXCITED ORDERLY—
SIR! I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR! A MESSAGE FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE! URGENT!
WELL? LET'S HAVE IT, MAN!
YESSIR -HERE, SIR!
JUDAS' GHOST! LISTEN! "EXPECT INVASION ATTEMPT BY MASSED FLEETS IN ATLANTIC WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS"! WOW! NO FOOLING THIS TIME- THIS IS OFFICIAL!!!
NAMOR, WE'VE GOT TO ASK YOUR HELP AGAIN! AS YOU KNOW, WE HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TIME TO PREPARE FOR WAR, BUT YOU ARE ABLE TO GO INTO ACTION ON A FEW HOURS' NOTICE — WILL YOU GIVE US A HAND ONCE MORE?
WELL — YES, I SUPPOSE SO. BUT THERE ISN'T MUCH OF MY ORIGINAL FLEET LEFT NOW. I'VE LOST A LOT OF PLANES ALREADY, FIGHTING YOUR BATTLES FOR YOU. I SHOULD THINK— BUT NEVER MIND. I'LL HELP.
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, NAMOR IS AGAIN SPEEDING HOMEWARD —
BACK AND FORTH — BACK AND FORTH! NUTS!!!
AND EVEN AS HE DROPS TO HIS FRIGID HOME IN THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC, THE GREAT ARM OF THE PACIFIC FLEET IS STEAMING THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL TO GIVE ASSISTANCE TO ITS ATLANTIC COUNTERPART
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE REAL GOODS, EH, PAT?

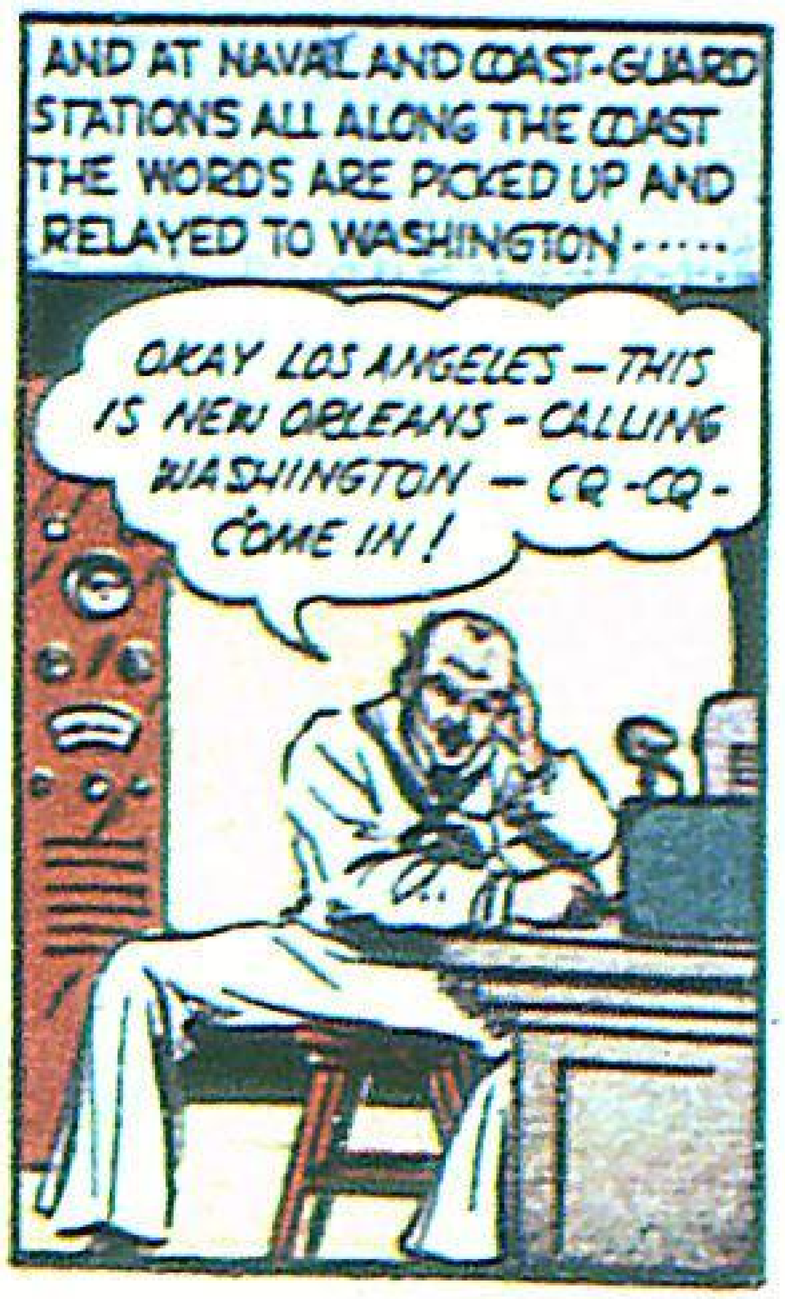

NAMOR'S WINGED FEET CARRY HIM OVER THE OCEAN WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING —
WHAT WOULD THESE AMERICANS DO WITHOUT ME ?

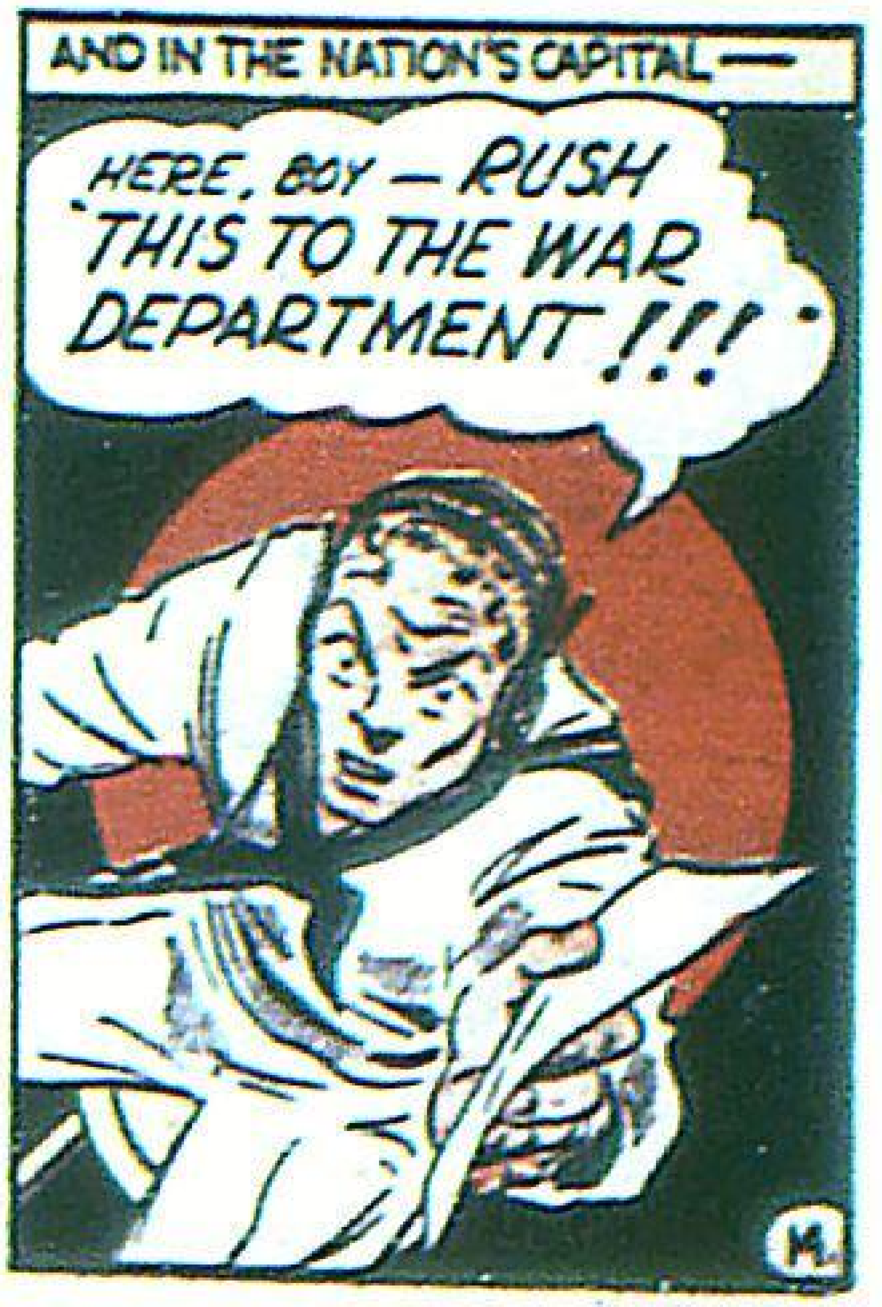

BUT BACK AT PANAMA, THE AMERICANS GET A THUNDEROUS SURPRISE! JUST AS THE LAST PACIFIC FLEET BATTLESHIP STEAMS INTO THE ATLANTIC, A SERIES OF TERRIFIC BLASTS ROCKS THE ENTIRE CANAL TERRITORY !!!
BANG!
BOOM!
WHAM!

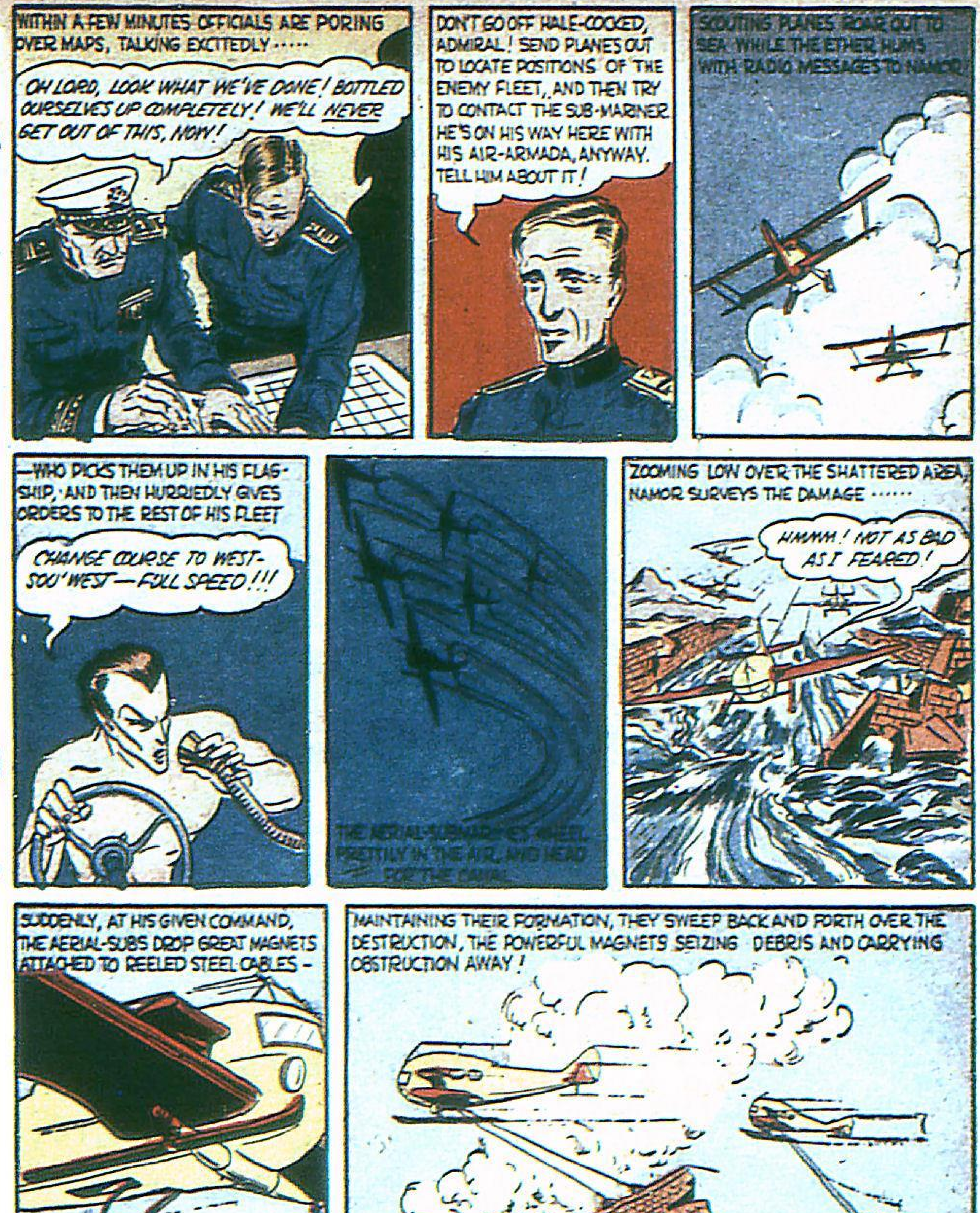

SABOTEURS HAVE BLOWN UP THE CANAL, CUTTING OFF THE ENTIRE UNITED STATES NAVY FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN !!!

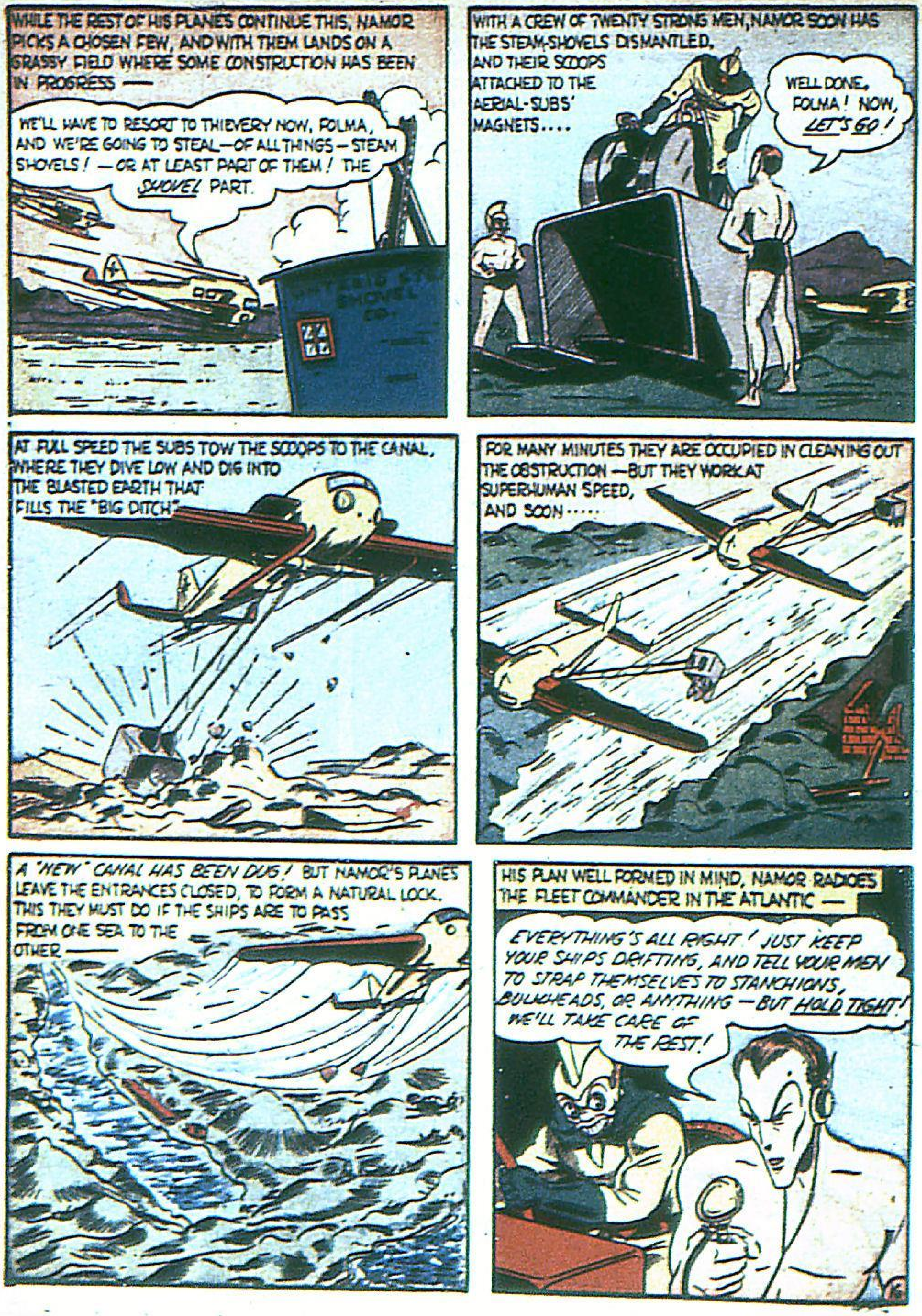

AND FAR OUT ON THE PACIFIC, A WATCHMAN ON A SMALL FISHING SCHOONER SHOUTS TO HIS COMPANION ......
HEY "SPARKS"! QUICK, GET ON THAT KEY! GET IN TOUCH WITH PANAMA, OR SAN DIEGO! THERE'S A FLEET OF FOREIGN SHIPS HEADED THIS WAY !

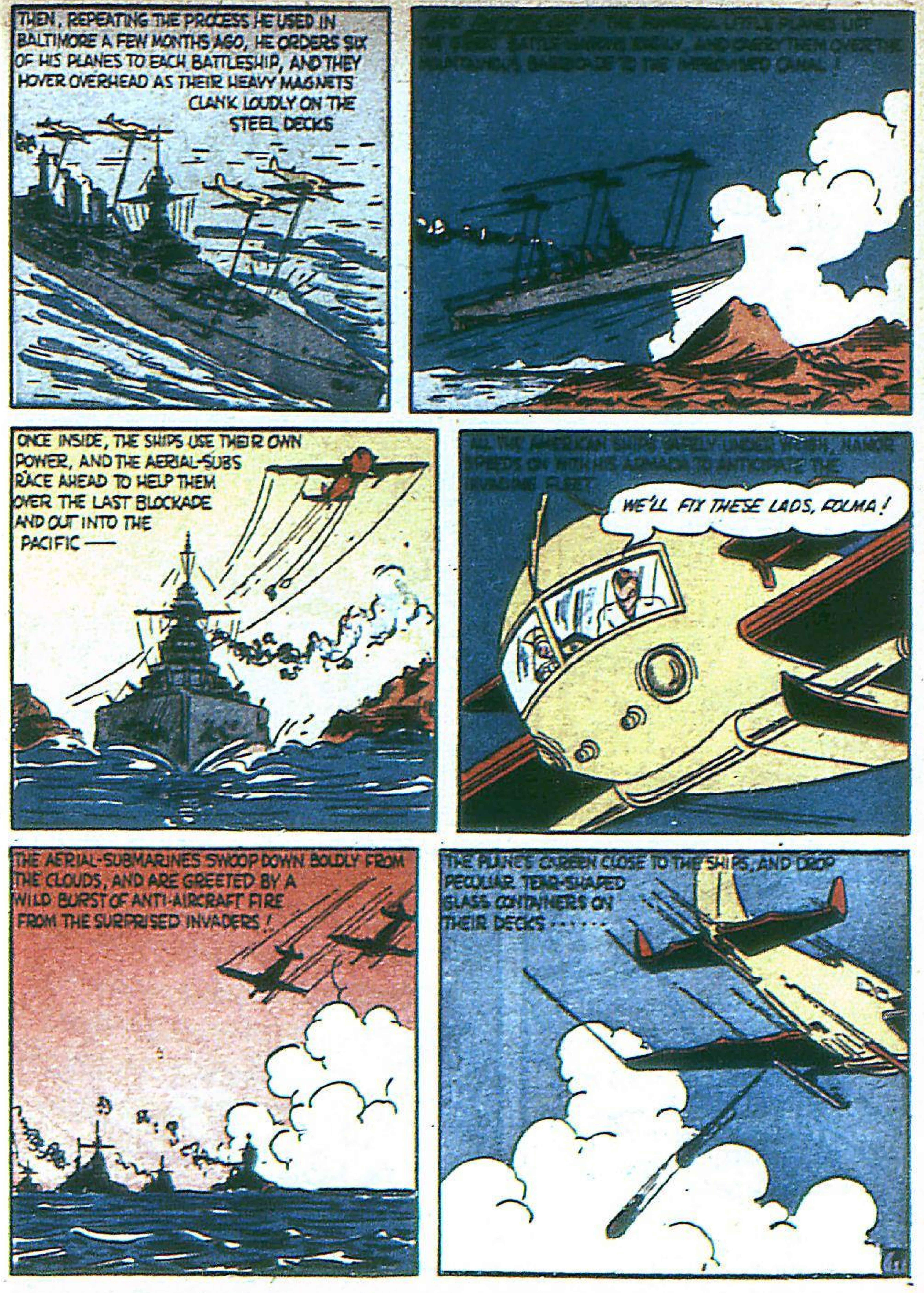

THE LITTLE BOAT'S WIRELESS FRANTICALLY BEATS OUT A CODED MESSAGE TO NAVAL HEADQUARTERS — ITS CREW IS IN THE SERVICE OF THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT !

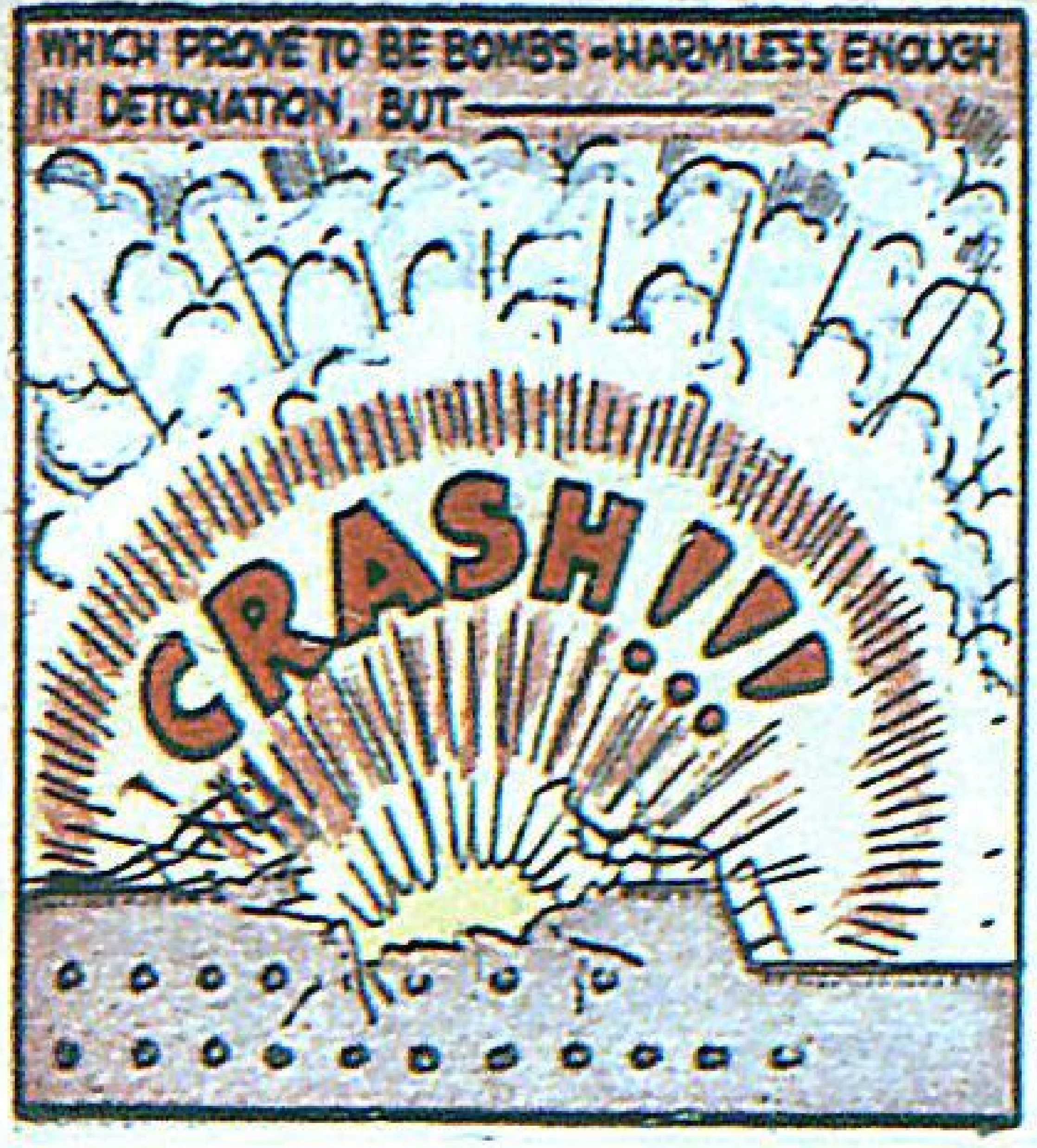

AND AT NAVAL AND COAST-GUARD STATIONS ALL ALONG THE COAST THE WORDS ARE PICKED UP AND RELAYED TO WASHINGTON .....
OKAY LOS ANGELES — THIS IS NEW ORLEANS - CALLING WASHINGTON — CQ - CQ - COME IN !

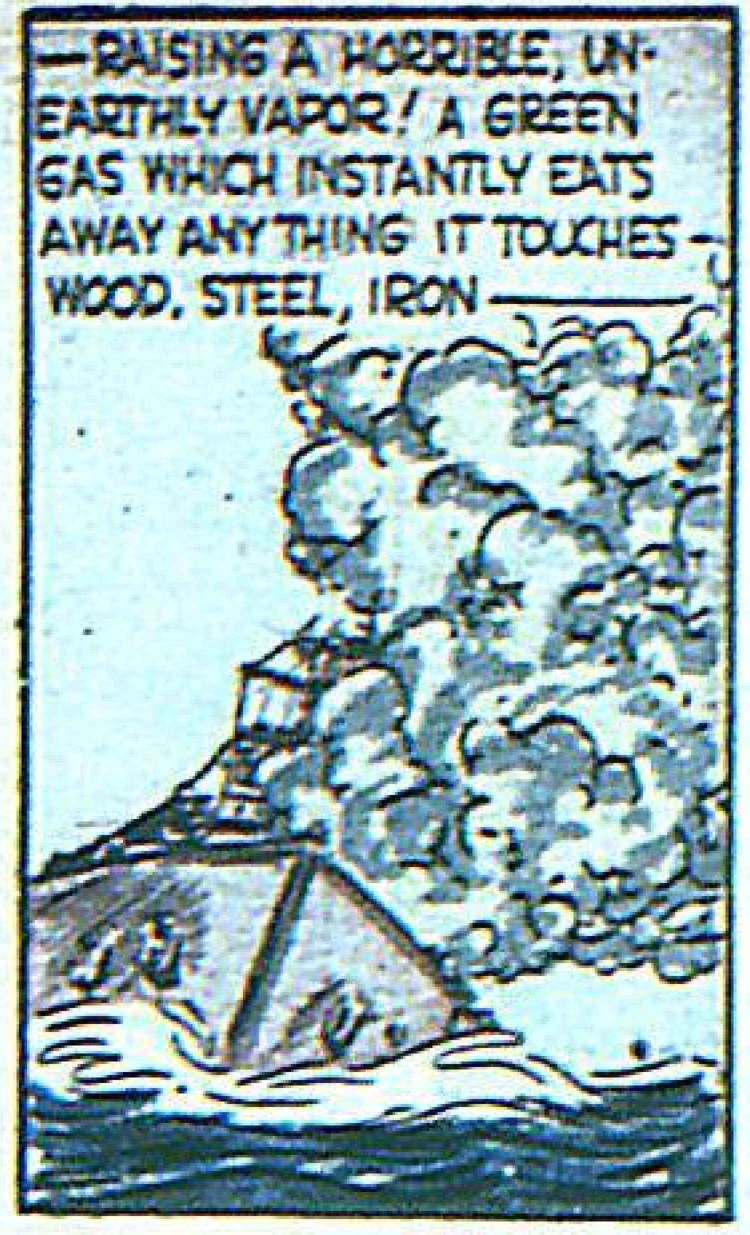

AND IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL —
HERE, BOY — RUSH THIS TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT !!!

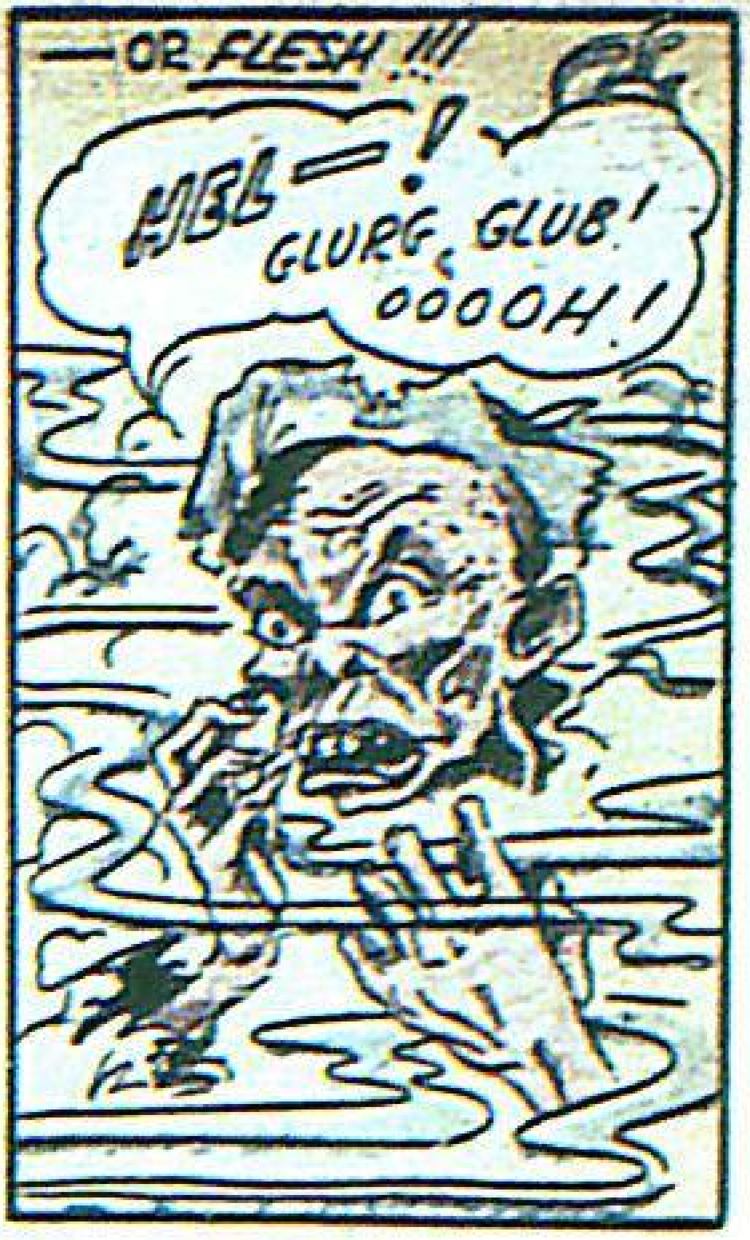

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES OFFICIALS ARE PORING OVER MAPS, TALKING EXCITEDLY .....
OH LORD, LOOK WHAT WE'VE DONE! BOTTLED OURSELVES UP COMPLETELY! WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS, NOW!
DON'T GO OFF HALF-COCKED, ADMIRAL! SEND PLANES OUT TO LOCATE POSITIONS OF THE ENEMY FLEET, AND THEN TRY TO CONTACT THE SUB-MARINER. HE'S ON HIS WAY HERE WITH HIS AIR-ARMADA, ANYWAY. TELL HIM ABOUT IT!
SCOUTING PLANES ROAR OUT TO SEA WHILE THE ETHER HUMS WITH RADIO MESSAGES TO NAMOR
—WHO PICKS THEM UP IN HIS FLAG-SHIP, AND THEN HURRIEDLY GIVES ORDERS TO THE REST OF HIS FLEET
CHANGE COURSE TO WEST-SOU'WEST—FULL SPEED!!!
THE AERIAL-SUBMARINES WHEEL PRETTILY IN THE AIR, AND HEAD FOR THE CANAL
ZOOMING LOW OVER THE SHATTERED AREA, NAMOR SURVEYS THE DAMAGE ......
HMMM! NOT AS BAD AS I FEARED!
SUDDENLY, AT HIS GIVEN COMMAND, THE AERIAL-SUBS DROP GREAT MAGNETS ATTACHED TO REELED STEEL CABLES -
MAINTAINING THEIR FORMATION, THEY SWEEP BACK AND FORTH OVER THE DESTRUCTION, THE POWERFUL MAGNETS SEIZING DEBRIS AND CARRYING OBSTRUCTION AWAY!


WHILE THE REST OF HIS PLANES CONTINUE THIS, NAMOR PICKS A CHOSEN FEW, AND WITH THEM LANDS ON A GRASSY FIELD WHERE SOME CONSTRUCTION HAS BEEN IN PROGRESS —
WE'LL HAVE TO RESORT TO THIEVERY NOW, FOLMA, AND WE'RE GOING TO STEAL—OF ALL THINGS—STEAM SHOVELS! —OR AT LEAST PART OF THEM! THE *SHOVEL* PART.
SHOVEL CO.
WITH A CREW OF TWENTY STRONG MEN, NAMOR SOON HAS THE STEAM-SHOVELS' DISMANTLED, AND THEIR SCOOPS ATTACHED TO THE AERIAL-SUBS' MAGNETS....
WELL DONE, FOLMA! NOW, *LET'S GO!*
AT FULL SPEED THE SUBS TOW THE SCOOPS TO THE CANAL, WHERE THEY DIVE LOW AND DIG INTO THE BLASTED EARTH THAT FILLS THE "BIG DITCH".
FOR MANY MINUTES THEY ARE OCCUPIED IN CLEANING OUT THE OBSTRUCTION —BUT THEY WORK AT SUPERHUMAN SPEED, AND SOON.....
A "NEW" CANAL HAS BEEN DUG! BUT NAMOR'S PLANES LEAVE THE ENTRANCES CLOSED, TO FORM A NATURAL LOCK. THIS THEY MUST DO IF THE SHIPS ARE TO PASS FROM ONE SEA TO THE OTHER —
HIS PLAN WELL FORMED IN MIND, NAMOR RADIOES THE FLEET COMMANDER IN THE ATLANTIC —
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT! JUST KEEP YOUR SHIPS DRIFTING, AND TELL YOUR MEN TO STRAP THEMSELVES TO STANCHIONS, BULKHEADS, OR ANYTHING — BUT *HOLD TIGHT!* WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!

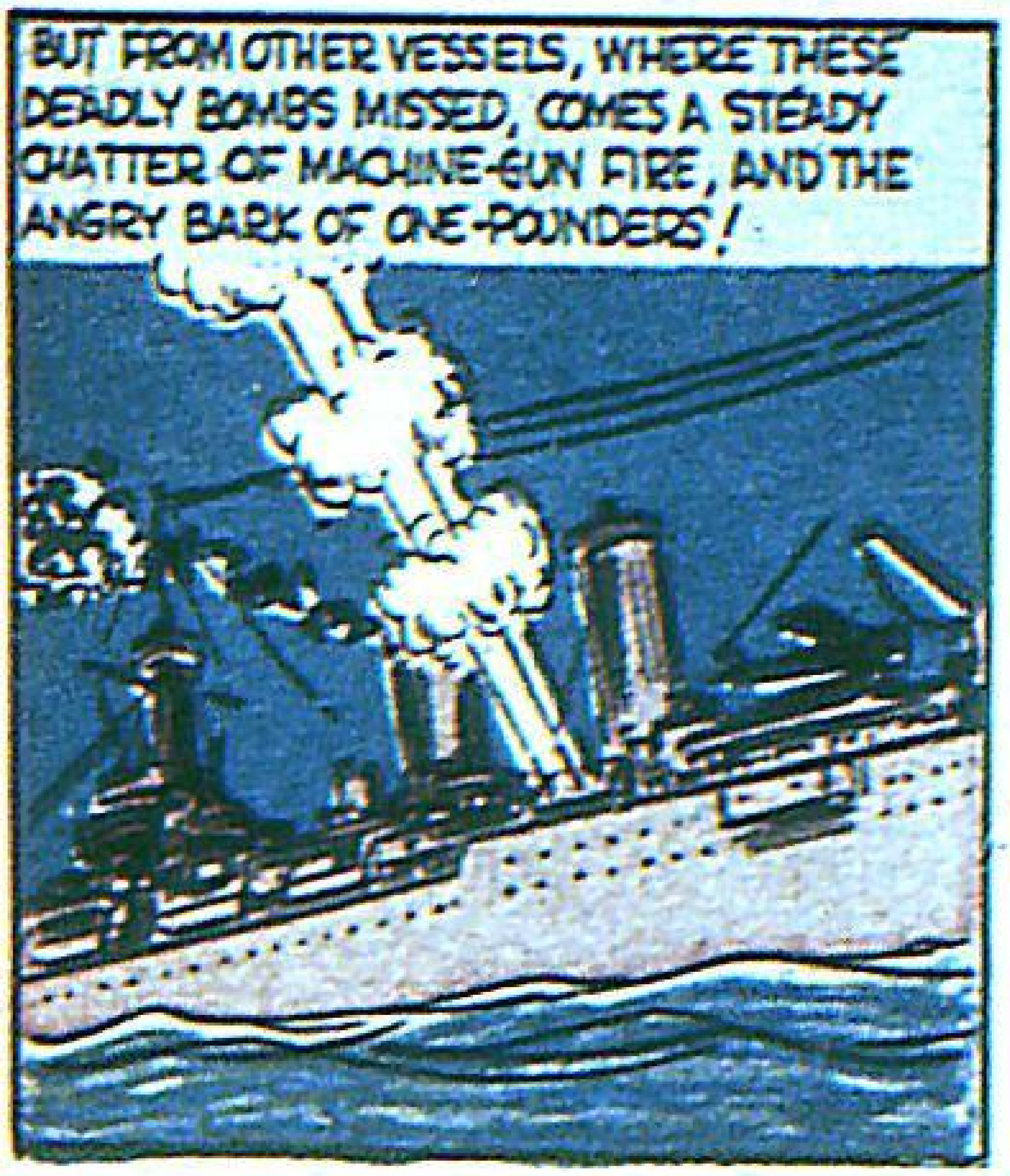

THEN, REPEATING THE PROCESS HE USED IN BALTIMORE A FEW MONTHS AGO, HE ORDERS SIX OF HIS PLANES TO EACH BATTLESHIP, AND THEY HOVER OVERHEAD AS THEIR HEAVY MAGNETS CLANK LOUDLY ON THE STEEL DECKS
[illegible] THE POWERFUL LITTLE PLANES LIFT THE GREAT BATTLEWAGONS EASILY, AND CARRY THEM OVER THE MOUNTAINOUS BARRICADE TO THE IMPROVISED CANAL!
ONCE INSIDE, THE SHIPS USE THEIR OWN POWER, AND THE AERIAL-SUBS RACE AHEAD TO HELP THEM OVER THE LAST BLOCKADE AND OUT INTO THE PACIFIC —
ALL THE AMERICAN SHIPS SAFELY UNDER WAY, NAMOR SPEEDS ON WITH HIS ARMADA TO ANTICIPATE THE INVADING FLEET!
WE'LL FIX THESE LADS, FOLMA!
THE AERIAL-SUBMARINES SWOOP DOWN BOLDLY FROM THE CLOUDS, AND ARE GREETED BY A WILD BURST OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE FROM THE SURPRISED INVADERS!
THE PLANES CAREEN CLOSE TO THE SHIPS, AND DROP PECULIAR TEAR-SHAPED GLASS CONTAINERS ON THEIR DECKS.....

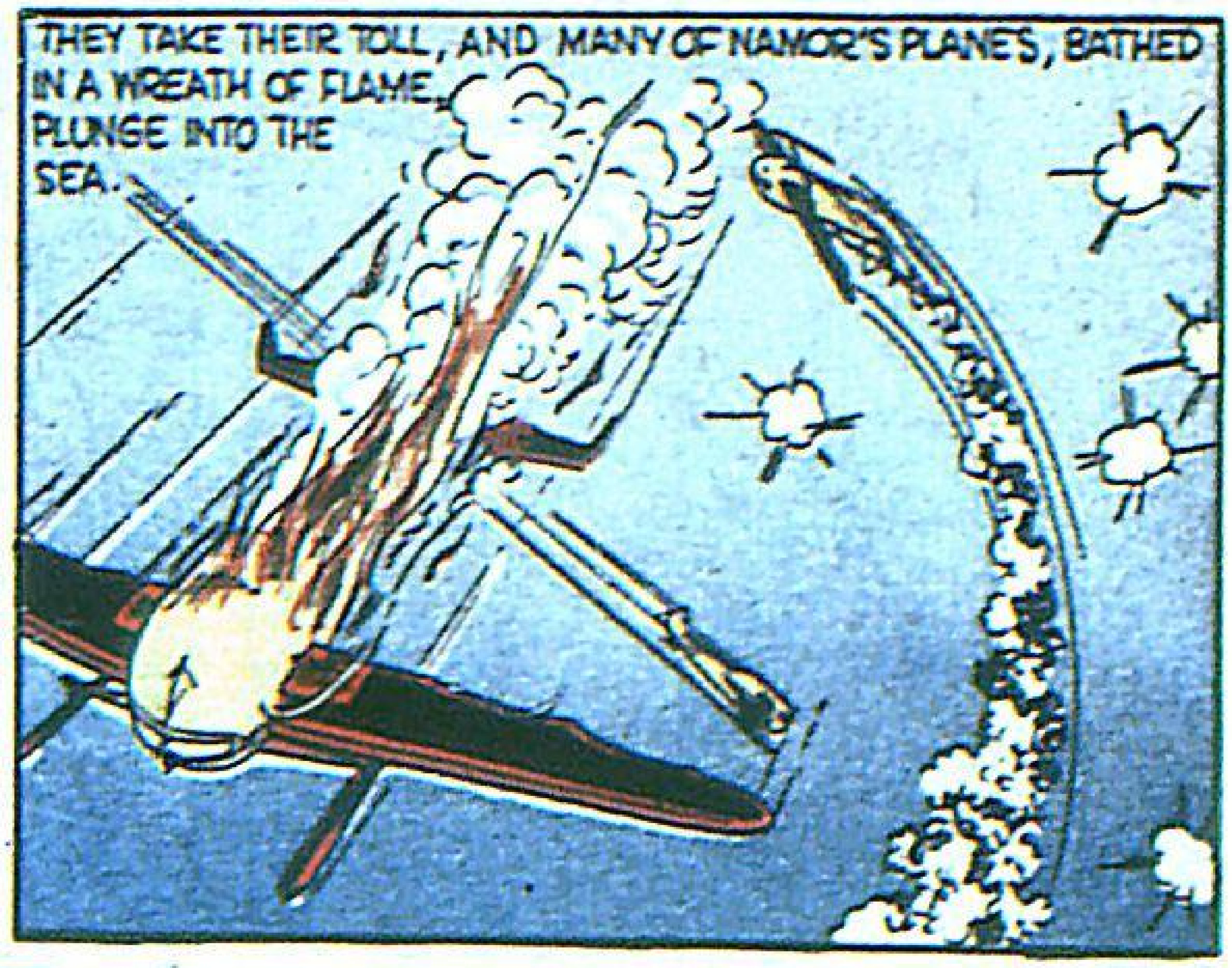

WHICH PROVE TO BE BOMBS - HARMLESS ENOUGH IN DETONATION, BUT—

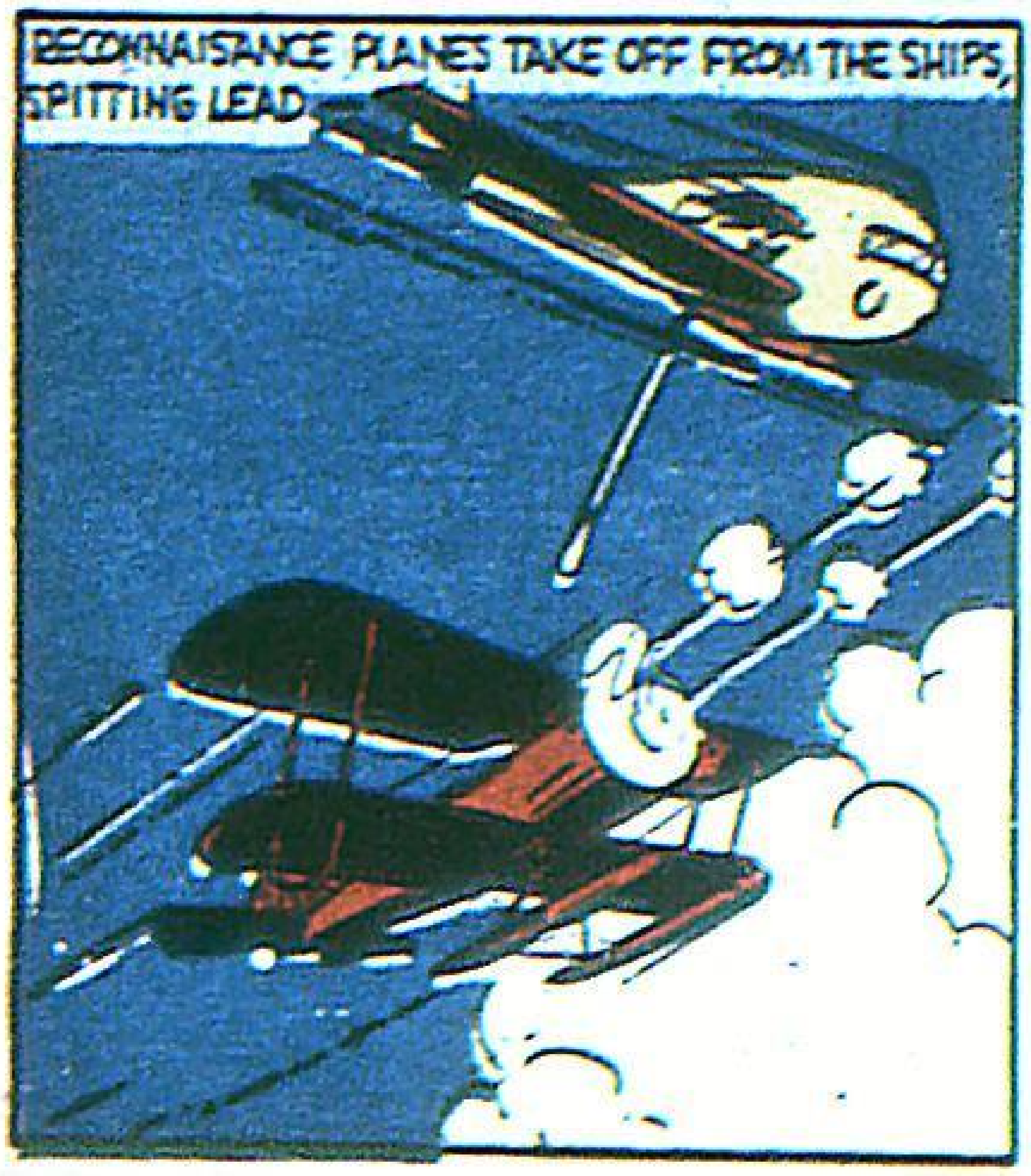

—RAISING A HORRIBLE, UNEARTHLY VAPOR! A GREEN GAS WHICH INSTANTLY EATS AWAY ANY THING IT TOUCHES - WOOD, STEEL, IRON—

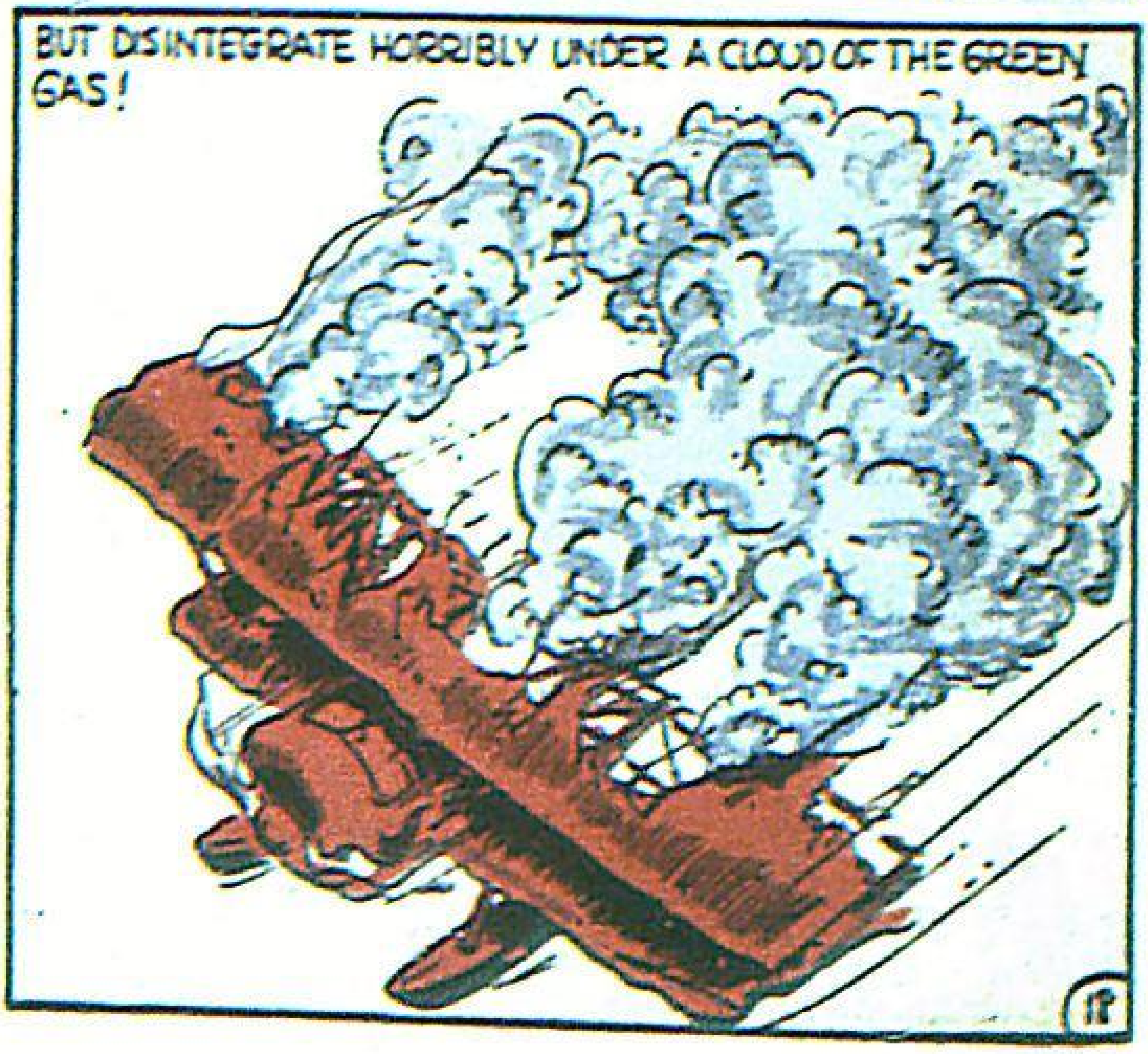

—OR *FLESH* !!!

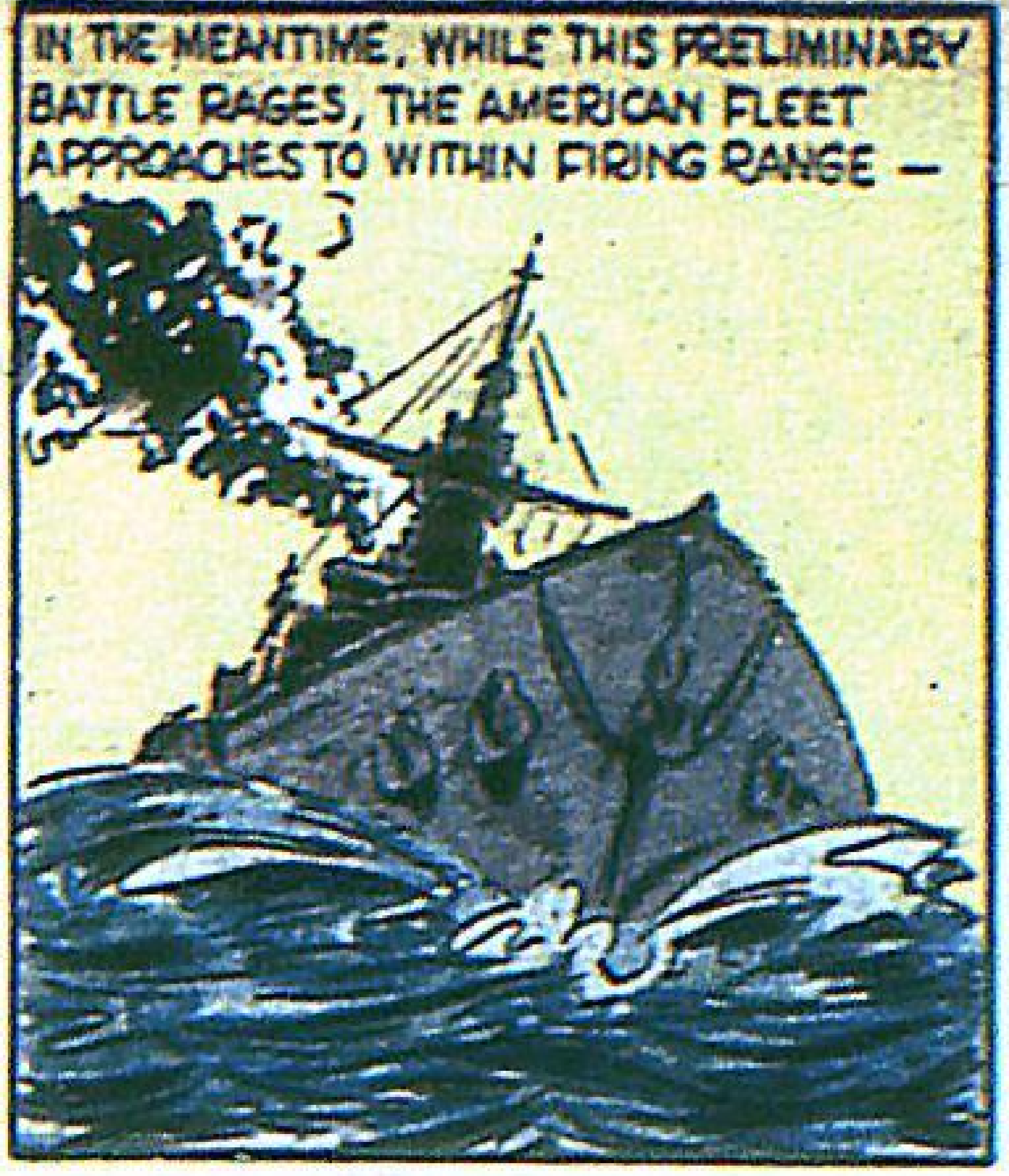
HEL—! GLURG, GLUB! OOOOH!

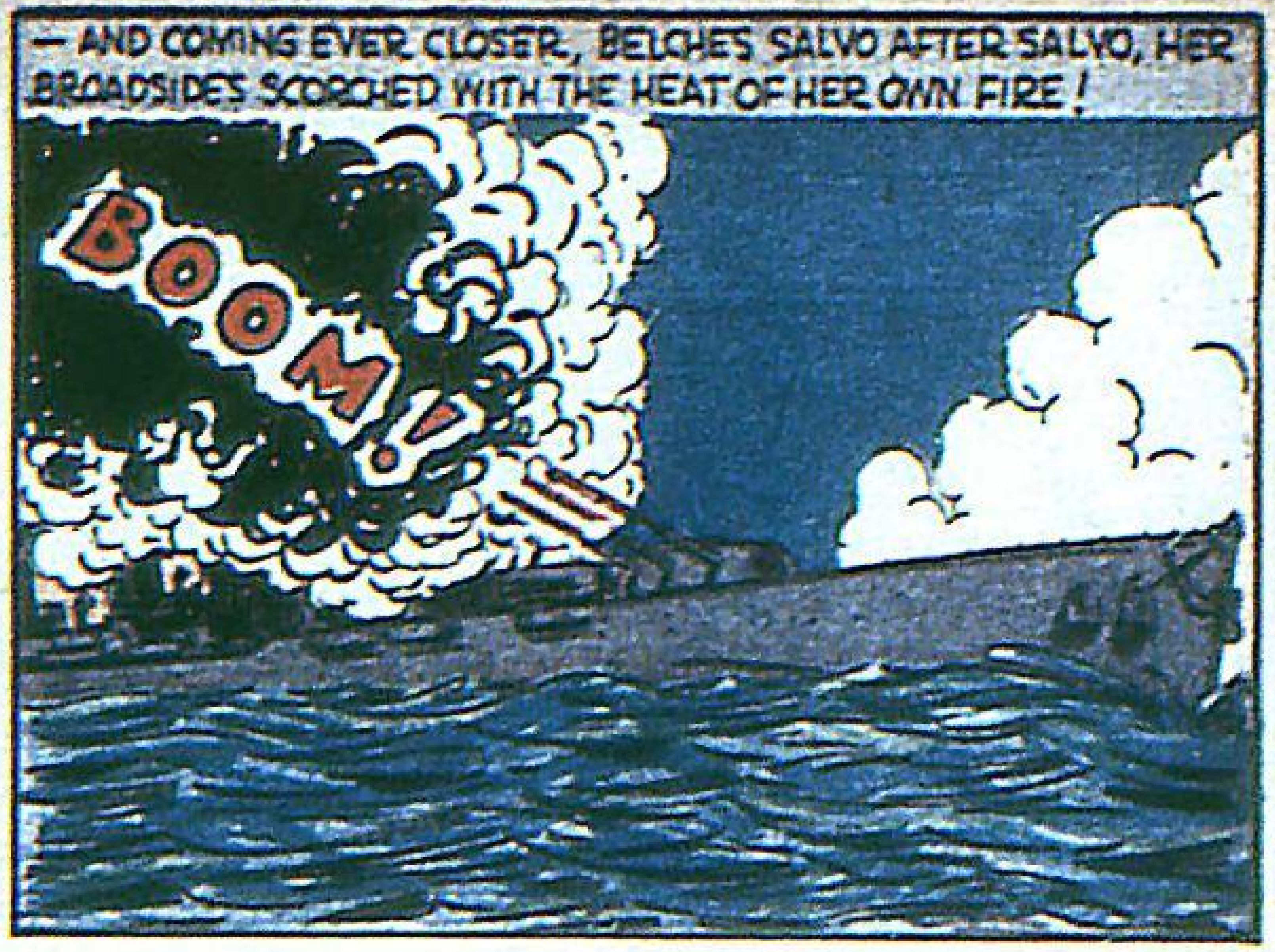

BUT FROM OTHER VESSELS, WHERE THESE DEADLY BOMBS MISSED, COMES A STEADY CHATTER OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE, AND THE ANGRY BARK OF ONE-POUNDERS!

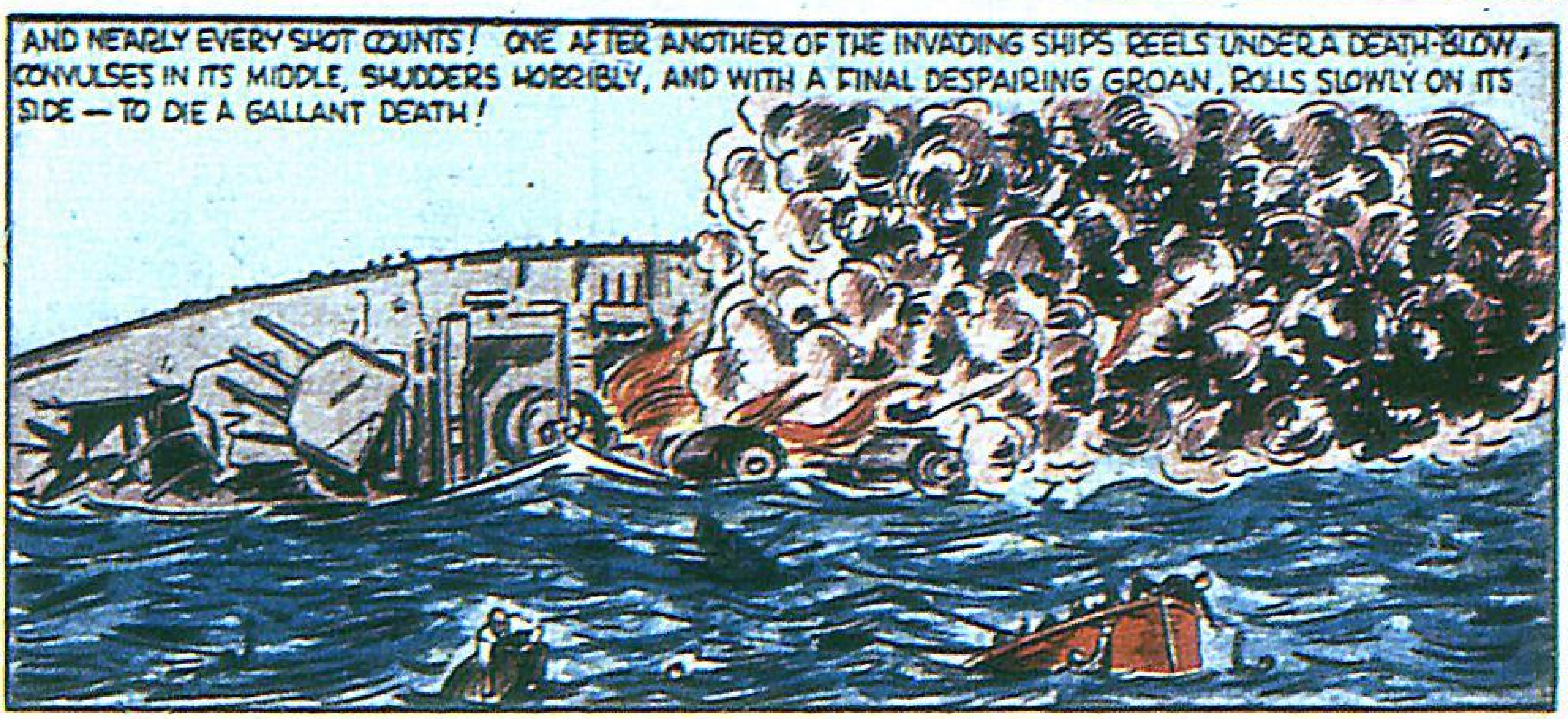

THEY TAKE THEIR TOLL, AND MANY OF NAMOR'S PLANES, BATHED IN A WREATH OF FLAME, PLUNGE INTO THE SEA.

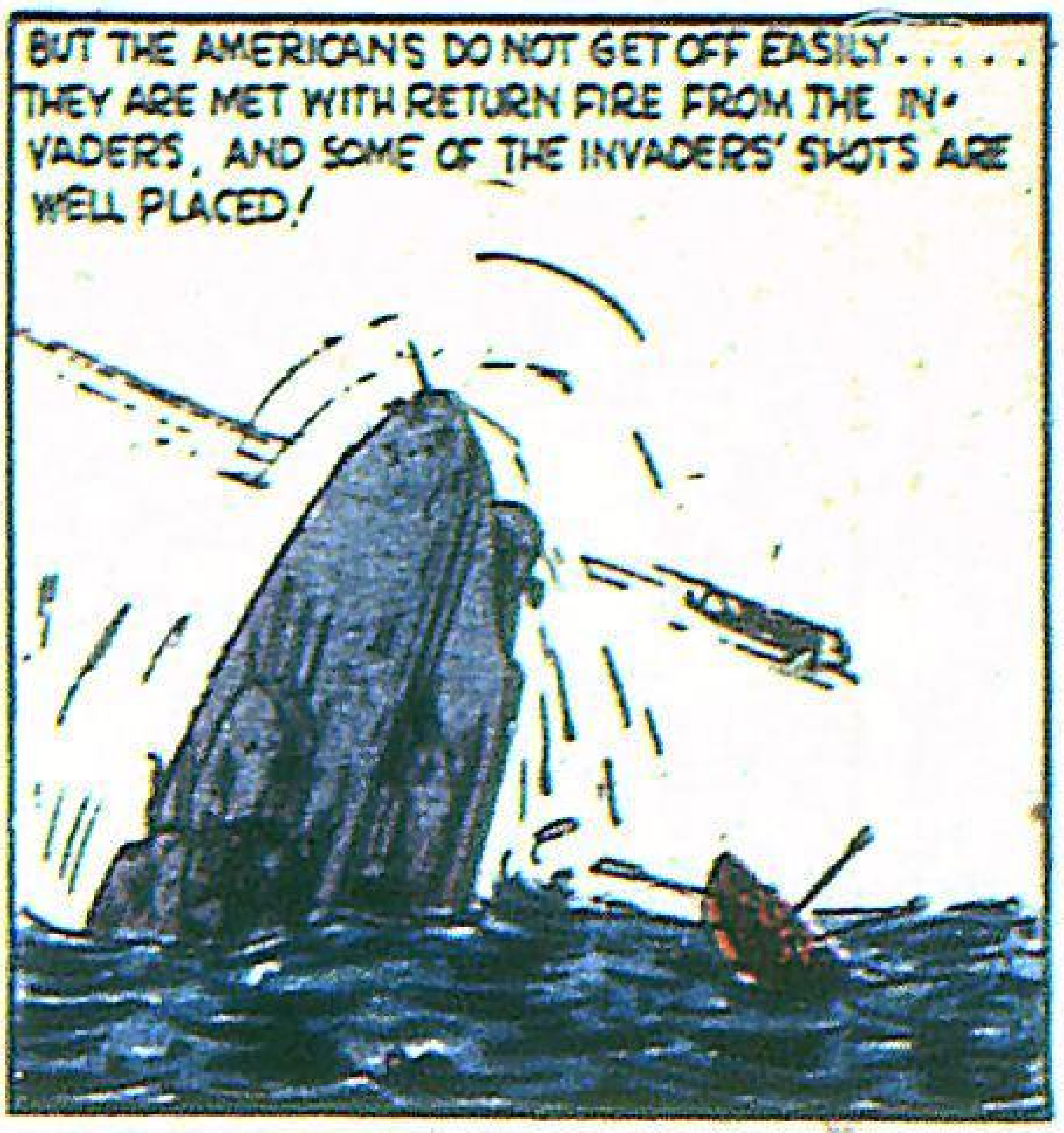

RECONNAISANCE PLANES TAKE OFF FROM THE SHIPS, SPITTING LEAD.

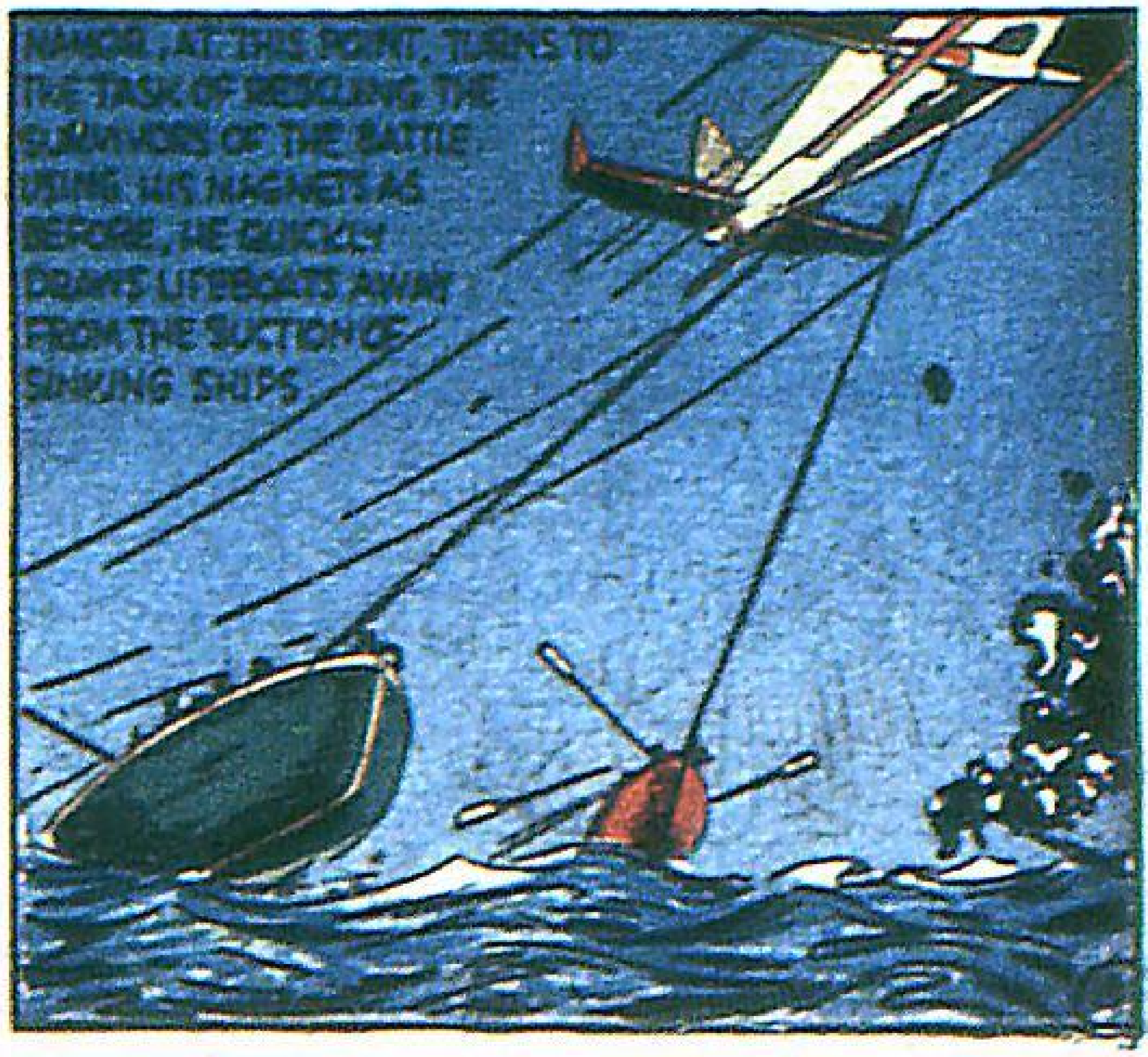

BUT DISINTEGRATE HORRIBLY UNDER A CLOUD OF THE GREEN GAS!

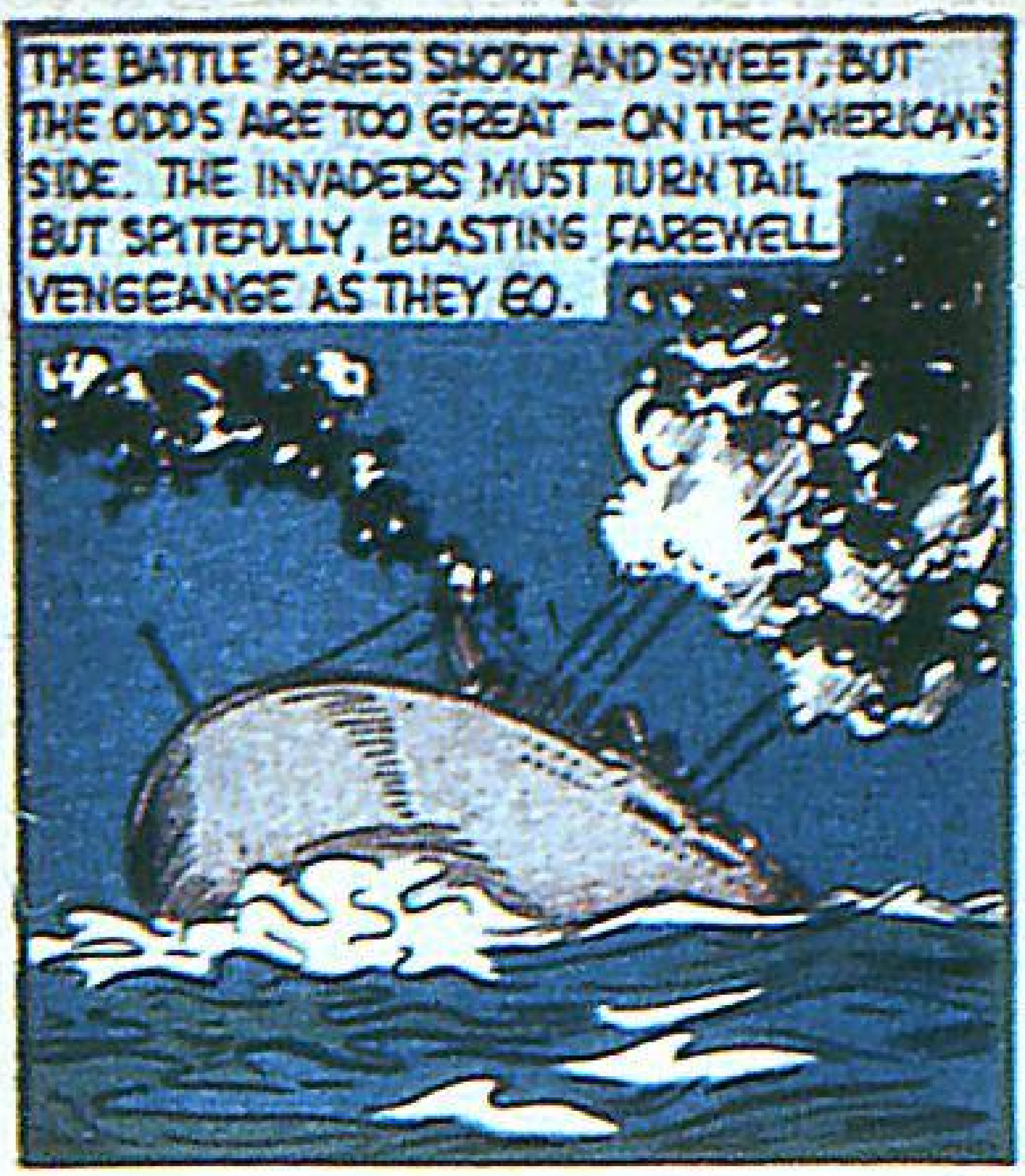

IN THE MEANTIME, WHILE THIS PRELIMINARY BATTLE RAGES, THE AMERICAN FLEET APPROACHES TO WITHIN FIRING RANGE —

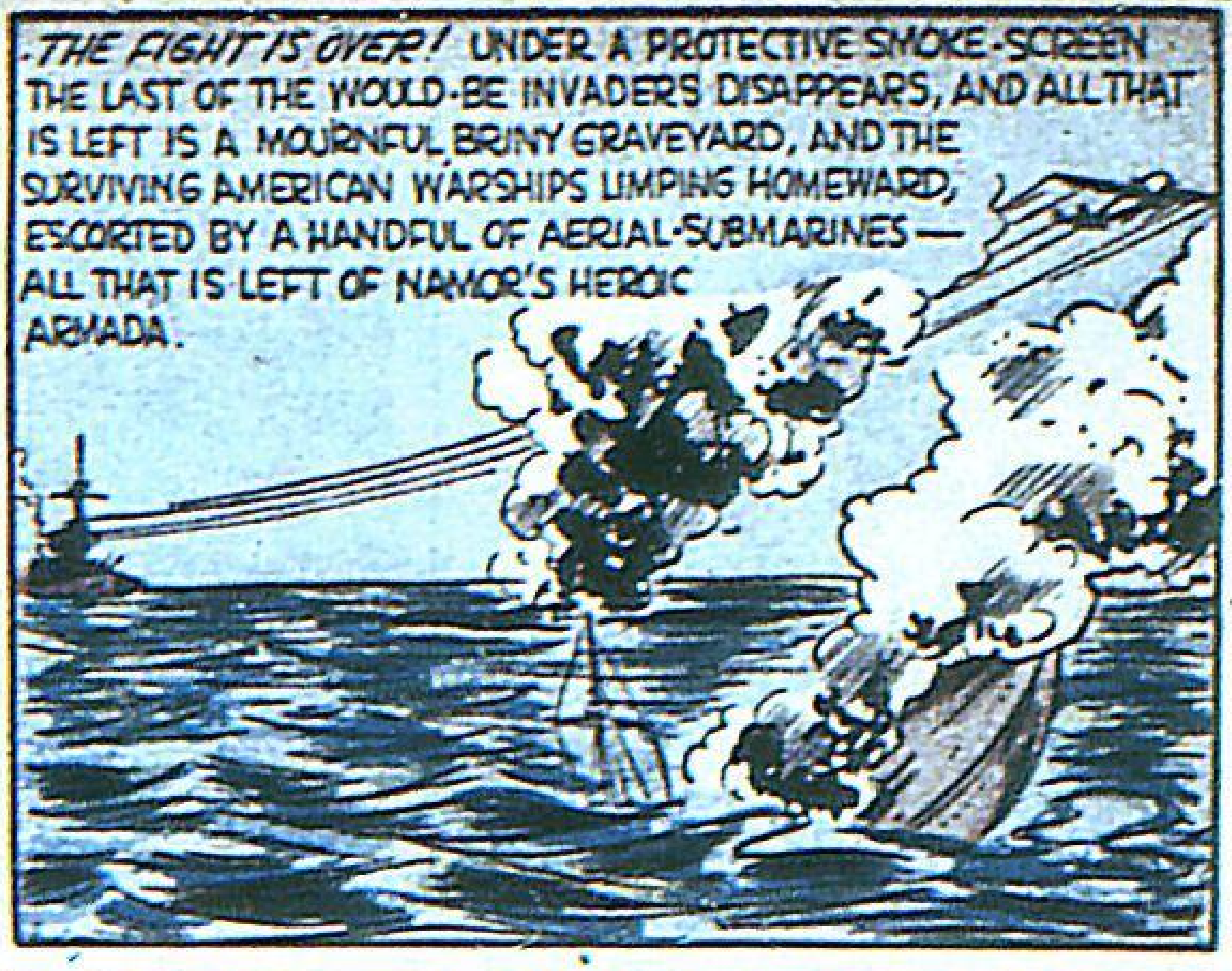

— AND COMING EVER CLOSER, BELCHES SALVO AFTER SALVO, HER BROADSIDES SCORCHED WITH THE HEAT OF HER OWN FIRE!
BOOM!

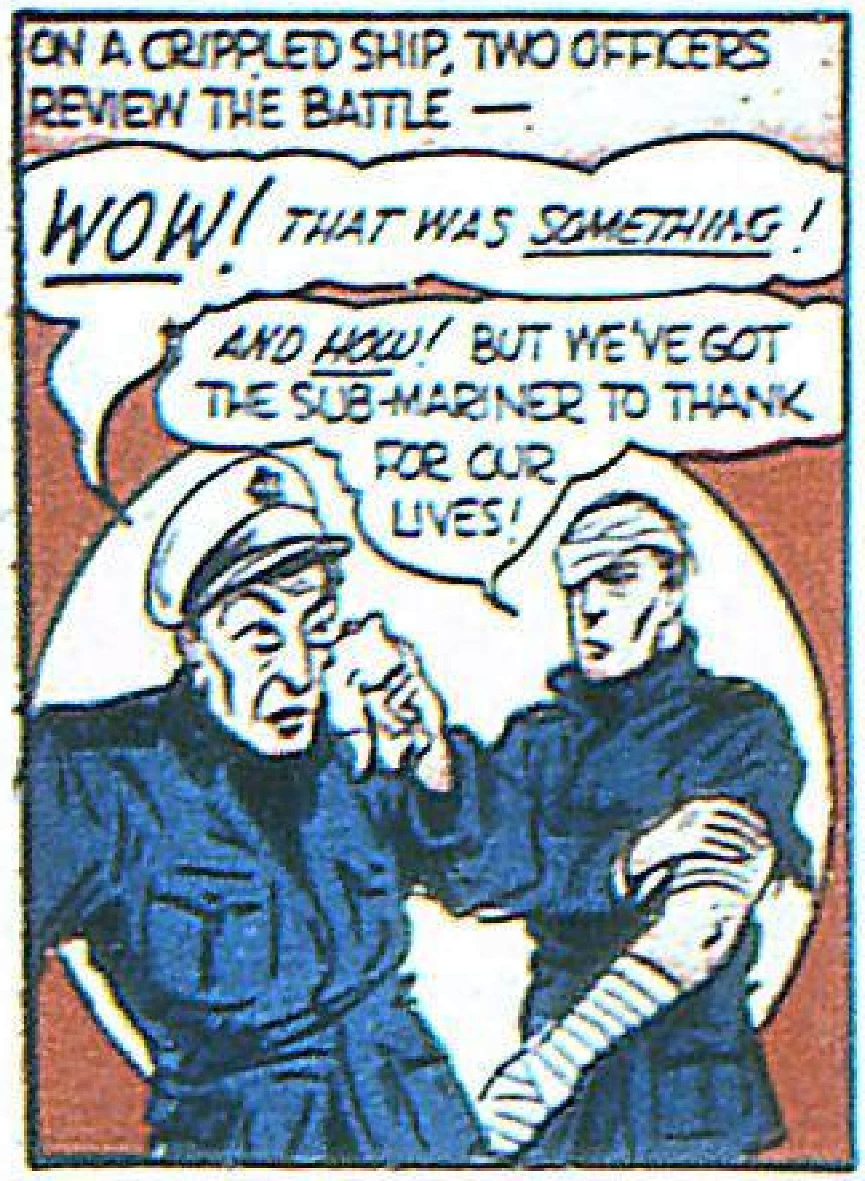

AND NEARLY EVERY SHOT COUNTS! ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF THE INVADING SHIPS REELS UNDER A DEATH-BLOW, CONVULSES IN ITS MIDDLE, SHUDDERS HORRIBLY, AND WITH A FINAL DESPAIRING GROAN, ROLLS SLOWLY ON ITS SIDE — TO DIE A GALLANT DEATH!

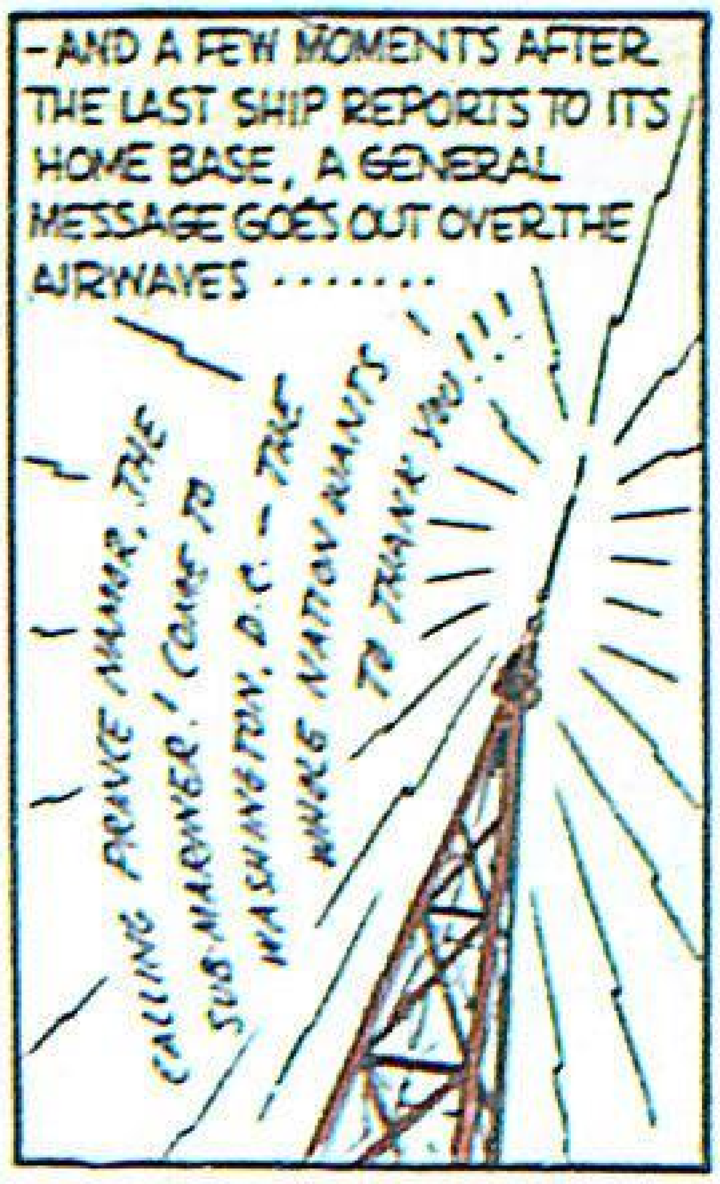

BUT THE AMERICANS DO NOT GET OFF EASILY..... THEY ARE MET WITH RETURN FIRE FROM THE INVADERS, AND SOME OF THE INVADERS' SHOTS ARE WELL PLACED!

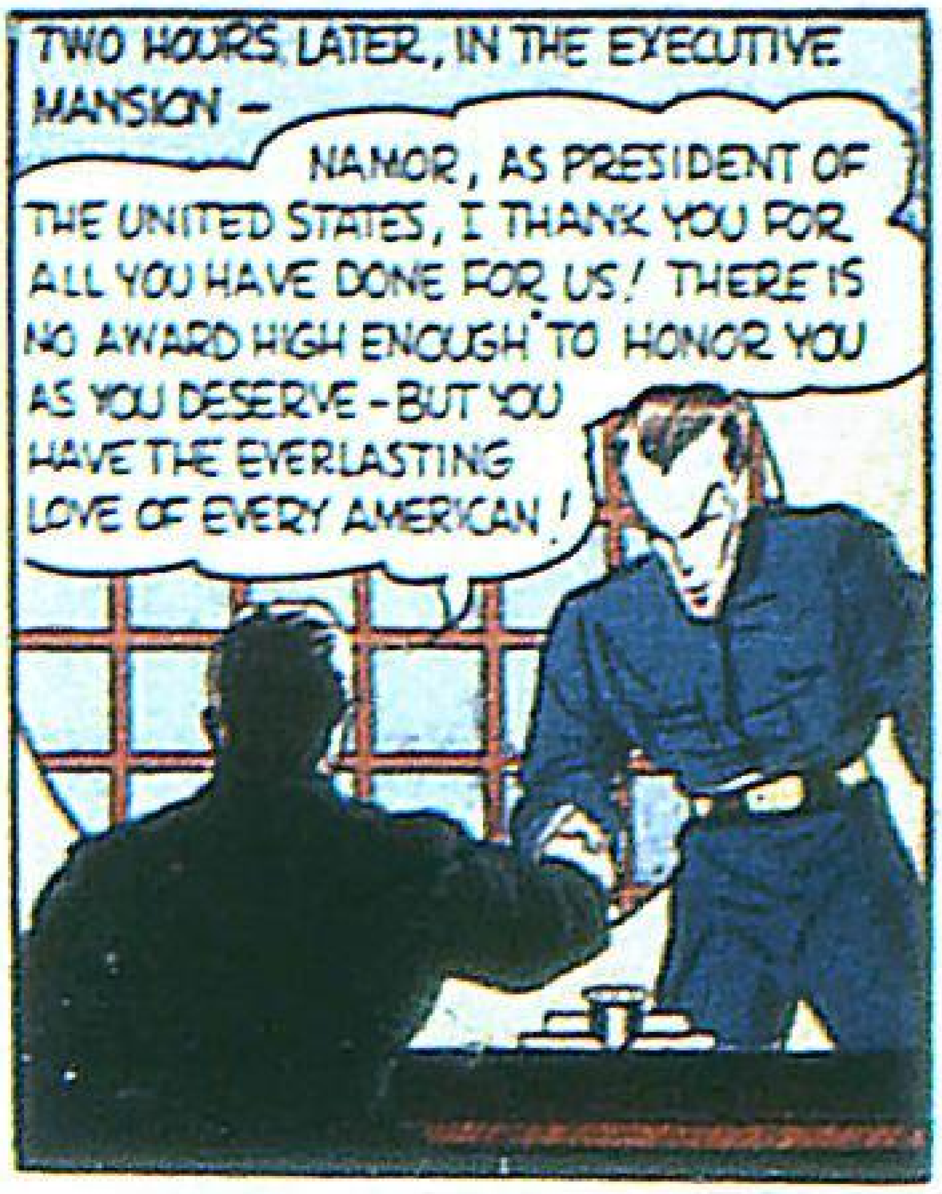

NAMOR, AT THIS POINT, TURNS TO THE TASK OF RESCUING THE SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE USING HIS MAGNETS AS BEFORE, HE QUICKLY DRAWS LIFEBOATS AWAY FROM THE SUCTION OF SINKING SHIPS

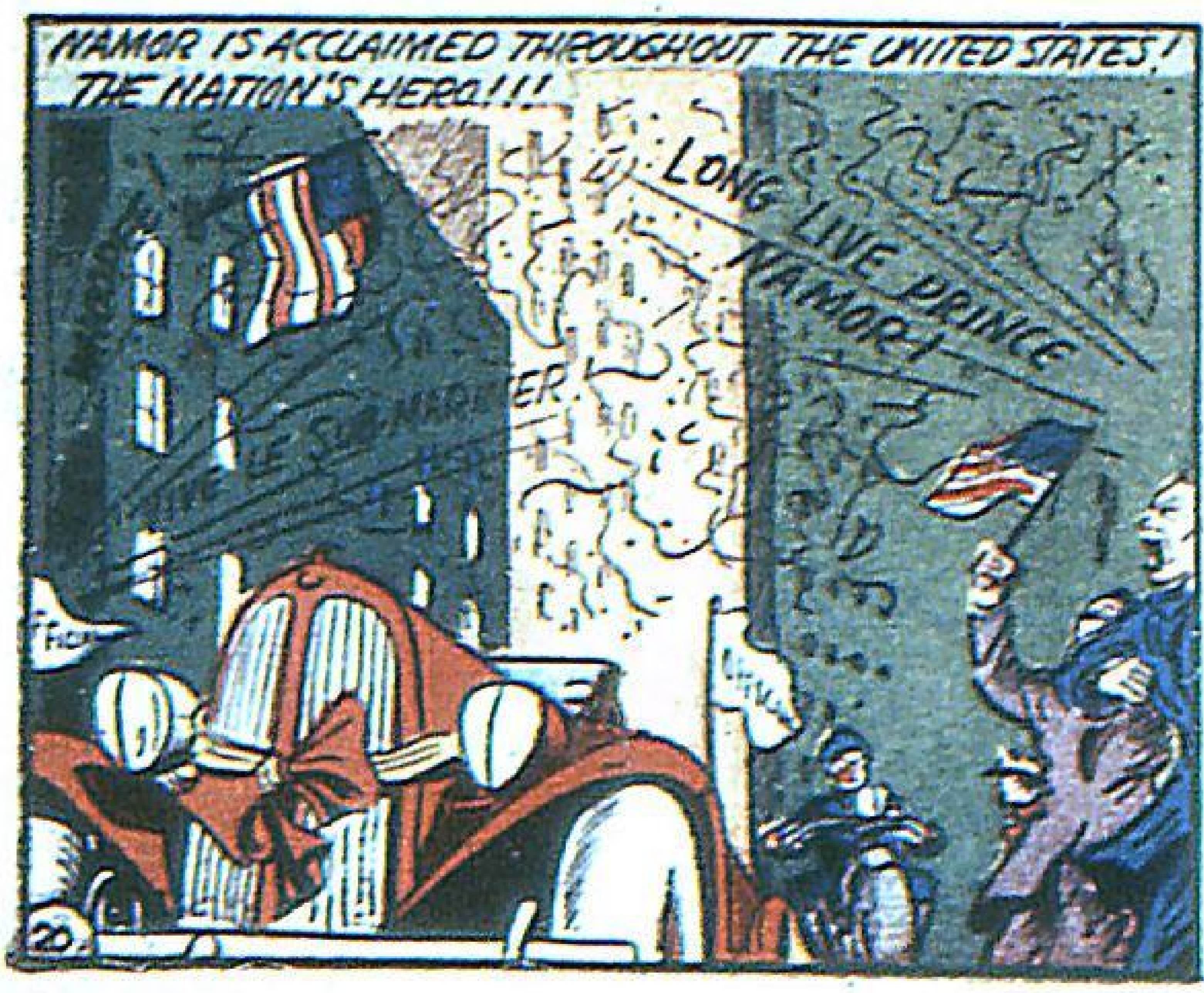

THE BATTLE RAGES SHORT AND SWEET, BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT — ON THE AMERICANS' SIDE. THE INVADERS MUST TURN TAIL BUT SPITEFULLY, BLASTING FAREWELL VENGEANCE AS THEY GO.


THE FIGHT IS OVER! UNDER A PROTECTIVE SMOKE-SCREEN THE LAST OF THE WOULD-BE INVADERS DISAPPEARS, AND ALL THAT IS LEFT IS A MOURNFUL BRINY GRAVEYARD, AND THE SURVIVING AMERICAN WARSHIPS LIMPING HOMEWARD, ESCORTED BY A HANDFUL OF AERIAL-SUBMARINES — ALL THAT IS LEFT OF NAMOR'S HEROIC ARMADA.

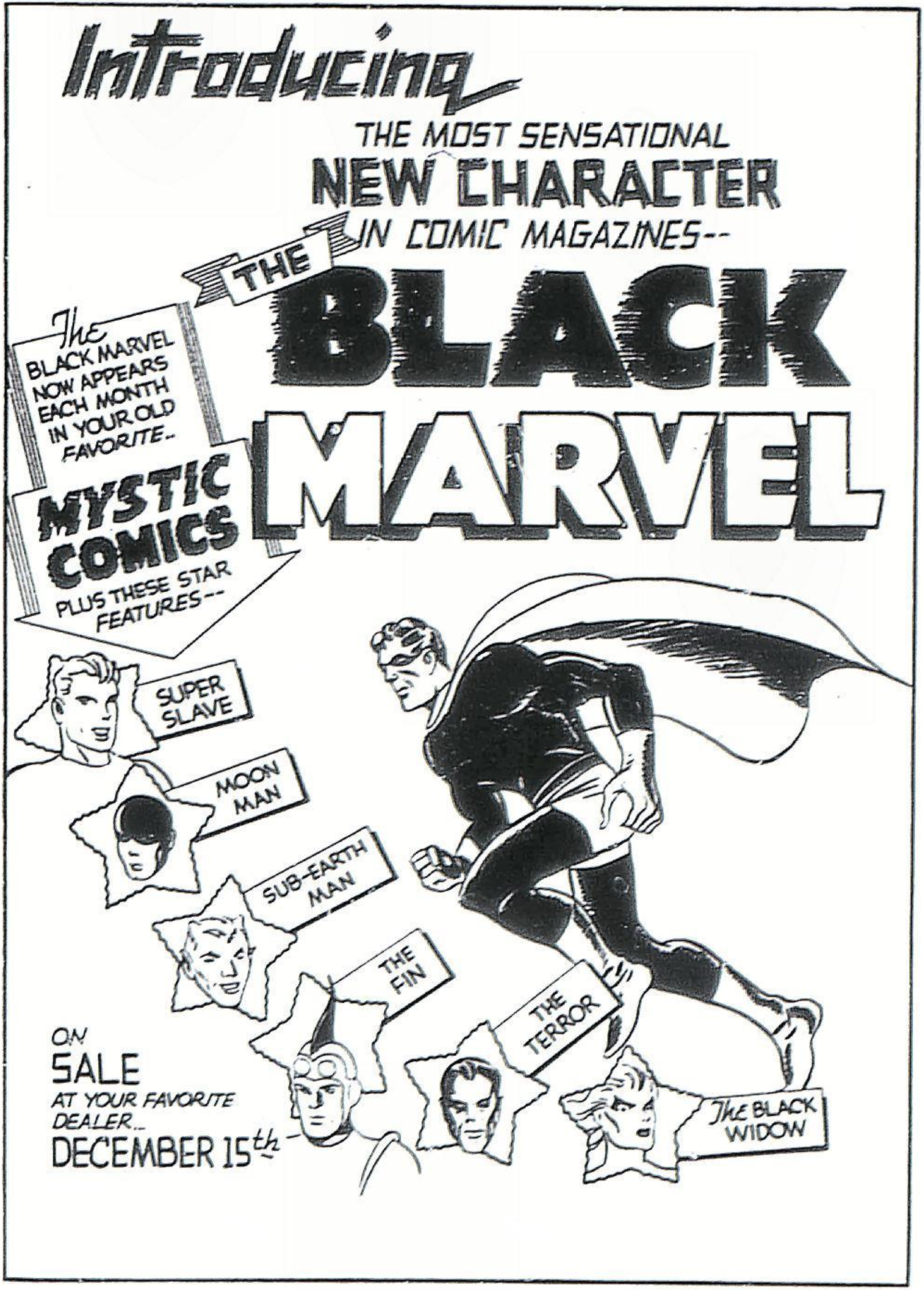

ON A CRIPPLED SHIP, TWO OFFICERS REVIEW THE BATTLE —
WOW! THAT WAS SOMETHING!
AND HOW! BUT WE'VE GOT THE SUB-MARINER TO THANK FOR OUR LIVES!

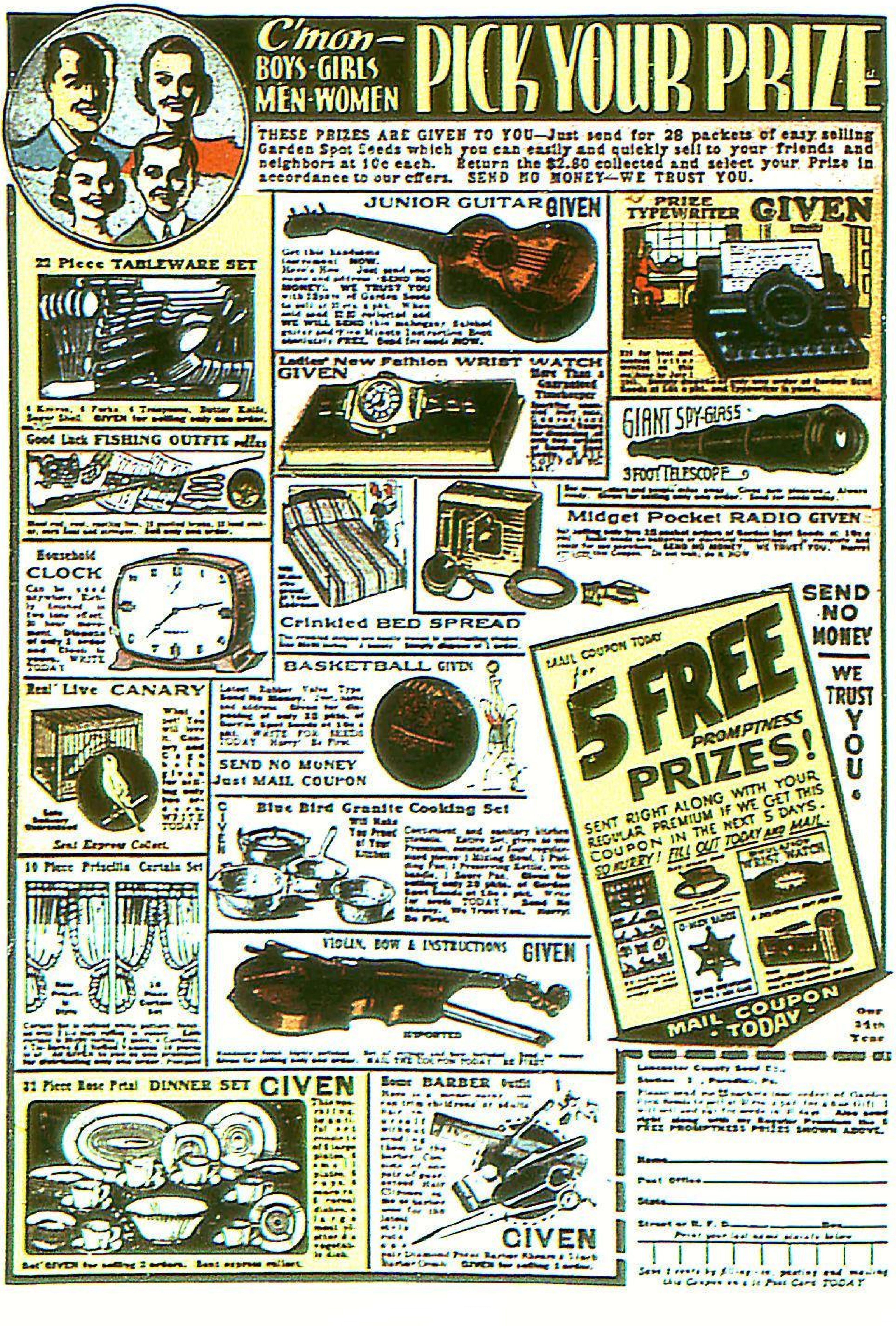

—AND A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE LAST SHIP REPORTS TO ITS HOME BASE, A GENERAL MESSAGE GOES OUT OVER THE AIRWAVES ....
CALLING PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER! COME TO WASHINGTON, D.C. — THE WHOLE NATION WANTS TO THANK YOU!!!


TWO HOURS LATER, IN THE EXECUTIVE MANSION —
NAMOR, AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, I THANK YOU FOR ALL YOU HAVE DONE FOR US! THERE IS NO AWARD HIGH ENOUGH TO HONOR YOU AS YOU DESERVE — BUT YOU HAVE THE EVERLASTING LOVE OF EVERY AMERICAN!


NAMOR IS ACCLAIMED THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES! THE NATION'S HERO!!!
LONG LIVE PRINCE NAMOR!
SUB-MARINER

HOW MANY
OF YOU WOULD
LIKE TO SEE
a Complete
64 PAGE BOOK
on SUB-MARINER?
Let us know.—
Will you?


Introducing
THE MOST SENSATIONAL
NEW CHARACTER
IN COMIC MAGAZINES--
THE
BLACK
MARVEL
The
BLACK MARVEL
NOW APPEARS
EACH MONTH
IN YOUR OLD
FAVORITE..
MYSTIC
COMICS
PLUS THESE STAR
FEATURES--
SUPER
SLAVE
MOON
MAN
SUB-EARTH
MAN
THE
FIN
THE
TERROR
The BLACK
WIDOW
ON
SALE
AT YOUR FAVORITE
DEALER..
DECEMBER 15th



C'mon— BOYS-GIRLS MEN-WOMEN PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 28 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the $2.80 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

22 Piece TABLEWARE SET

6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, Butter Knife, Sugar Shell. GIVEN for selling only one order.

JUNIOR GUITAR GIVEN

Get this handsome instrument NOW. Here's How. Just send your name and address. "SEND NO MONEY". WE TRUST YOU with 28 pkts of Garden Seeds to sell at 10c a pkt. When sold send $2.80 collected and WE WILL SEND this mahogany finished guitar and Five Minute Instruction Book absolutely FREE. Send for seeds NOW.

PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN

Ladies' New Fashion WRIST WATCH GIVEN

More Than a Guaranteed Timekeeper

Good Luck FISHING OUTFIT

GIANT SPY-GLASS

3 FOOT TELESCOPE

Midget Pocket RADIO GIVEN

SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU. Hurry!

Household CLOCK

Can be used anywhere. Richly finished in two tone effect. 30 hour movement. Dispose of only 1 order and Clock is yours. WRITE TODAY

Crinkled BED SPREAD

Real Live CANARY

What a pet! You will love it. Canary and Cage given for selling only two orders. WRITE TODAY.

Live Delivery Guaranteed

Sent Express Collect.

BASKETBALL GIVEN

Latest Rubber Valve Type. Send No Money. Just name and address. Given for disposing of only 28 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY. Hurry! Be First.

SEND NO MONEY
Just MAIL COUPON

10 Piece Priscilla Curtain Set

Blue Bird Granite Cooking Set

GIVEN

Will Make You Proud of Your Kitchen

Convenient and sanitary kitchen utensils. Entire Set, given as one Premium, consists of four regular-sized pieces: 1 Mixing Bowl, 1 Pudding Pan, 1 Preserving Kettle, with handle, 1 Sauce Pan. Given for selling only 28 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. Write for seeds TODAY. Send No Money. We Trust You. Hurry! Be First.

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN

IMPORTED

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST

MAIL COUPON TODAY for 5 FREE PROMPTNESS PRIZES!

SENT RIGHT ALONG WITH YOUR REGULAR PREMIUM IF WE GET THIS COUPON IN THE NEXT 5 DAYS. SO HURRY! FILL OUT TODAY AND MAIL.

WRIST WATCH

G-MEN BADGE

MAIL COUPON · TODAY ·

SEND NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU

Our 34th Year

32 Piece Rose Petal DINNER SET GIVEN

This sparkling beautiful set consists of 6 large plates, 6 small plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 cereal dishes, a large meat platter and a vegetable dish.

Set GIVEN for selling 2 orders. Sent express collect.

Home BARBER Outfit

GIVEN

GIVEN for selling 1 order.

Lancaster County Seed Co.,
Station 3, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 28 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10c a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with my Regular Premium the 5 FREE PROMPTNESS PRIZES SHOWN ABOVE.

Name ______________________

Post Office ______________________

State ______________________

Street or R. F. D. ______________ Box ________

Print your last name plainly below

Save 1 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY